

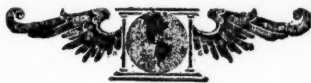
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## OPENING UP THE NORTHWEST

A RECORD IN RAILROAD BUILDING BY THE LATEST  
LINE TO THE PACIFIC COAST

By ELLIOTT FLOWER



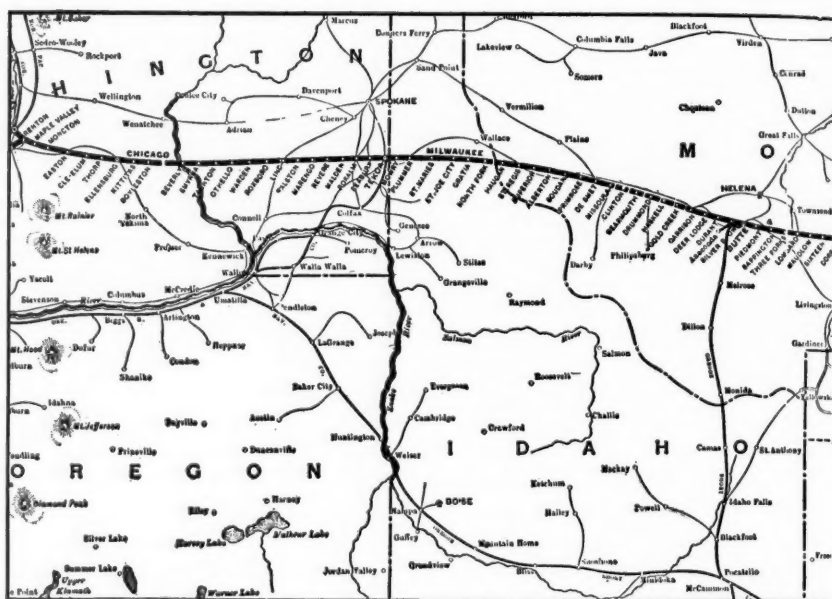
ABOUT the time this article meets the eye of the reader—possibly a little earlier—a fourteen-hundred-mile railroad will be in operation that had no existence three years ago. Fourteen hundred miles is some distance—about half again as far as from New York to Chicago,—and three years is no great stretch of time. Put the distance and the time together and you will have a record in railroad building.

Further, this new road crosses three mountain ranges and two large (not to mention several small) rivers; and mountains and rivers are not conducive to ease or rapidity of railroad construction. At its highest point, the road reaches 6350 feet above sea-level, and has twenty miles of bridges and thousands of feet of tunnels. If you care for any more figures, to give an idea of the magnitude of

the undertaking, consider these: It required 200,000 tons of rails to build the road; 60,000,000 cubic yards of earth and rock were excavated; the cost was approximately \$85,000,000; and it was built during a period of financial depression when most of us, and especially the great corporations, were cutting down expenses. This last fact, it should be said, had something to do with the rapidity of construction.

The railroad is the Chicago, Milwaukee & Puget Sound, otherwise known as the Pacific Coast Extension of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul; and it extends from Mobridge, S. D., to Seattle and Tacoma. Note, please, that it has western termini—always termini, never terminus; and that the title of the road itself, without mentioning either, practically includes both. There is a story in that. If you can find anywhere in the literature of the road a mention of Tacoma without a corresponding mention of Seattle, or *vice versa*, you will

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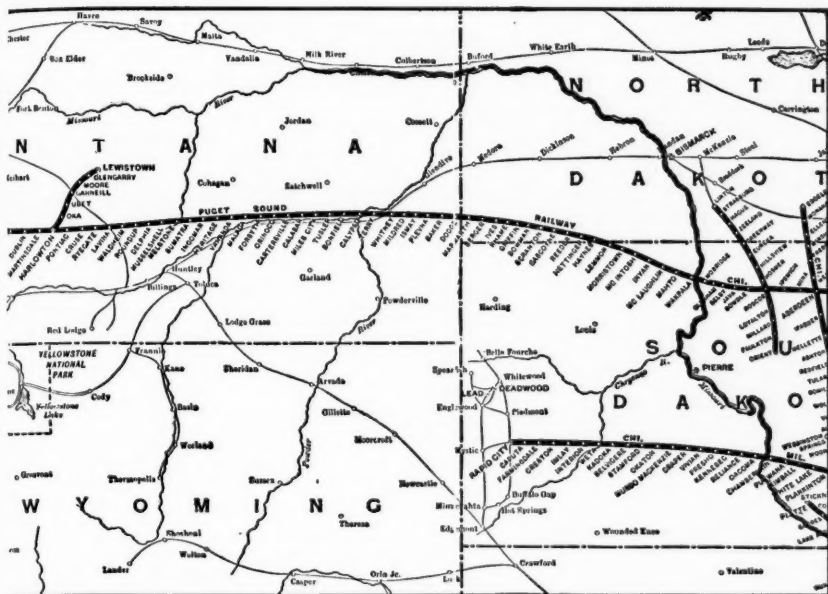
THE NEW RAILROAD TO

The Chicago, Milwaukee & Puget Sound Railway begins at Mobridge, South Dakota, at a point that point of the Chicago, Mil-

be entitled to a prize. If you can get any officer of the road to mention one without mentioning the other, you will be entitled to an even greater prize. Indeed, it is currently reported that, to avoid possibility of error, no one is allowed to write the name of either, but that rubber stamps, combining both, are provided for use whenever mention is to be made of the two points at which the road ends; and that these stamps are equally divided between those that read "Seattle and Tacoma" and those that read "Tacoma and Seattle." For, as is well known, there is rivalry between these two Puget Sound cities beside which the rivalry of St. Paul and Minneapolis or Fort William and Port Arthur is a mere kindergarten rumpus. The road divides at a point about equally distant from both, and a branch—no, not a branch, but half of the main line—runs to each.

This, merely to show one of the problems that beset the builders.

The road was begun April 15, 1906; it was in operation from Mobridge to Butte (over half the total distance to the coast) in September, 1908; the last rail was laid March 29, 1909; and the entire line will be in operation about the time this is published. But not for through passenger traffic. It will be quite useless to plan any through trips for some time to come. The road is as perfectly constructed as possible, but every new road is rough. The ballasting is not completed, and the road-bed must be given time to settle. There is an innovation in waiting until everything is in perfect condition before putting on through passenger trains, and the idea has much to commend it from the company's point of view. The man who rides on a new road, immediately after completion, usually ends by remarking, with some heat, "Well, I'll be hanged if I ever ride on that roller-coaster again! I had to strap myself into my berth." And the



SEATTLE AND TACOMA

three quarters of an inch to the left of the right-hand edge of the map, and is a continuation from waukee & St. Paul Railway

road gets a reputation that is quite undeserved, but that may, nevertheless, stick to it for years. So there will be no haste in putting on the through trains in this case. It will be freight first, then local passenger, and then through passenger.

The road crosses the Missouri and Columbia rivers and the Rocky, Bitter Root and Cascade mountain ranges, and these five obstacles naturally presented the great problems of construction. The Missouri is spanned by a \$2,000,000 steel bridge, just west of Mobridge. (Divide that name, by the way, into "Mo." and "Bridge" and you will have the derivation.) The bridge is 1270 feet long, has a steel approach on one side of 128 feet, and an approach that is 281 feet steel and 1289 feet timber trestle on the other. The timber trestle, of course, is filled in with earth and rock.

The Columbia River bridge cost much less (\$840,000), but is longer

than the other, having a total of 2900 feet of steel work and 1623 feet of trestle. It required two years to build this bridge, so it was under construction during almost the entire time that the rest of the road was being built.

The longest tunnel on the line is the one known as the St. Paul Pass tunnel in the Bitter Root Mountains, which is 8751 feet. The St. Paul Pass tunnel is near Taft, Montana, a town that will call for more extended attention later. The tunnel was worked from both ends, of course, and so perfect were the plans that the bores were only  $\frac{1}{16}$  of an inch out of the way when they came together. Two other tunnels, of 2268 and 1148 feet respectively, are in the Rockies.

Considering these obstacles, the rapidity of construction was truly remarkable. It required about ten years to build the Union Pacific and Central Pacific, which together reach

from Omaha to San Francisco, and the distance that they cover on this main line was not much greater than is that of the Chicago, Milwaukee & Puget Sound. Furthermore, they had every incentive for rapid construction, there being Government subsidies with bonuses for speedy work. But this more recent road, of course, while lacking Government aid, had many other advantages. For instance, the Union-Central Pacific was built from both ends toward the middle. That was the best that could be done at that time, as there was no way of getting material to any intermediate point. The Puget Sound road, on the other hand, could forward material by the Northern Pacific and begin building at points in the middle as well as at each end; and this is what it did.

Then, too, it had facilities that were altogether lacking in the earlier days: the track-laying machine and other appliances to do work that was formerly done by hand; improved tools of all kinds; every device that modern invention has contributed for expeditious building. And it used all of the labor-saving devices. Fifteen years ago a mile a day was considered rapid track-laying, but much of the space between Mobridge and Tacoma-Seattle was covered at the rate of five miles a day.

And the effect of the financial depression must not be forgotten. At first glance, that would seem to introduce only another obstacle, but a second thought will show that the trouble is merely to get needed cash. If a man has it, or can get it, he can do more at such a time than at any other: he has a clear field with the shopkeeper or the manufacturer or any one else whose attention he desires to claim. They are going to do just about the best they know how for him, and do it in the quickest possible time. And there will be a dozen applicants for anything in the way of an odd job that he wants done, when, at another time, he might have to skirmish to get it done at all. Well, that is a modest illus-

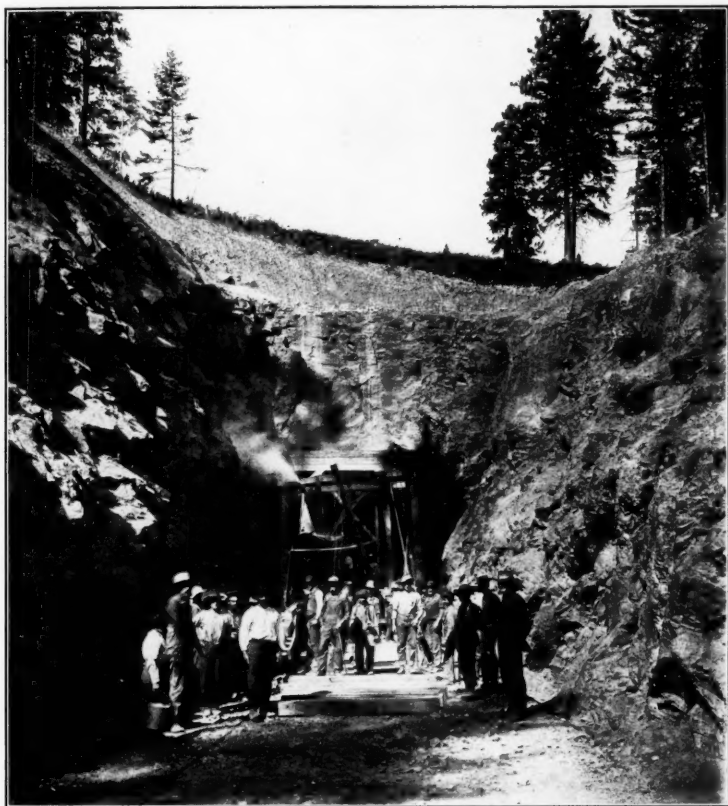
tration of the position in which the Puget Sound road found itself. There could have been no better time to secure quick work. It had the money and was spending it—eighty-five million dollars of it—at a time when no one else was spending a cent more than he could help. Labor was plentiful, as it always is in times of depression. The road could not only get all the labor it needed, but it could get the best, and to be able to pick your labor obviously counts for much. In many similar ways the corporation that was spending this enormous sum reaped advantage. So, having the money, the depression was helpful rather than hurtful and contributed much to the speed record made. Still, it made the record, which is the main thing.

Labor, however, contributed some problems, even if the usual one was lacking. Taft, Montana, was both the scene and the cause of one of these problems. Before the President rises to bow his acknowledgment of the honor of having this town named after him, let me hasten to say that it has been described as "a town of eighteen saloons and not much else." This was during the construction period, however. Taft, as I have already explained, is near one entrance to the St. Paul Pass tunnel, and tunnel-workers do not move along as rapidly as track-layers or graders. Wherefore, Taft had a construction camp of about three hundred men in its immediate vicinity for a long, long time. Perhaps that may explain the presence of the eighteen saloons. Men want some diversion, and there is n't much in a construction camp. Nor are railroad laborers noted for their abstemiousness. Taft provided the diversion, and liquor was a leading feature of it. There was also music, but that was only a lure. Men, wearied by the monotony of work in the tunnel and dreary nights in camp, drifted to Taft and neglected to get back to work the next day. After a holiday there were sometimes as many as fifty or a hundred absentees. The "fame" of



Taft spread among railroad men from St. Paul to Seattle, for Taft presented quite a problem in the construction of the road. Other

The former was of the opinion that the men were not so anxious to get drunk as they were to find diversion, relief from monotony, and the Taft



STARTING A TUNNEL ON THE CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & PUGET SOUND RAILWAY

camp moved on, but this tunnel camp, owing to the nature of the work, remained anchored in one place.

Thus it happened that the news of Taft came to the ears of a travelling secretary of the Railroad Branch of the Y. M. C. A. He has told of it in the *Christian Herald*, and says he heard of Taft in both St. Paul and Seattle. So he journeyed to the town and interviewed the superintendent of the construction camp. The latter was pessimistic as to any influence holding his men in check.

brand of amusement was the only kind available. This theory was at least worth testing, and the secretary was instructed to go ahead at the expense of the company.

A building was constructed, and a man was sent out from Y. M. C. A. headquarters to take charge of it. It was brilliantly lighted and provided with writing-desks, comfortable chairs, games and a phonograph. Even the lure of the "canned" music was not overlooked; for the music had much to do with taking the men to Taft. And

arrangements were made to cash their pay checks, which removed another Taft lure. It was a success. The day following Christmas, when the company would ordinarily have figured on a hundred absentees, there were only two. Furthermore, it paid in a business sense, aside from any humanitarian advantage, for the increased efficiency and reliability of the men more than compensated the company for the outlay.

Aside from the conveniences provided by the Y. M. C. A. building at this camp, perhaps there was a big idea in the phonograph. Club or recreation buildings are out of the question for constantly shifting camps but "canned" music is easily portable. At least one other camp had it. A correspondent of the *Anaconda Standard* thus describes the scene:

On a visit to one of the camps in the Hell Gate Valley, not long ago, the writer was impressed by one sight that further illustrates the change in conditions in railroad construction camps. The day's work was over, and the men had just come from the cook house after their evening

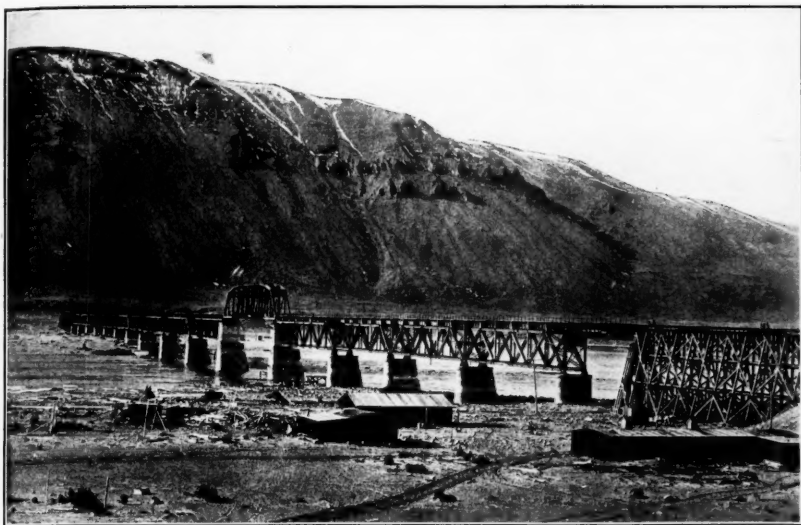
meal. On a grassy plot near by they gathered smoking, while one of their number brought out a graphophone and for an hour delighted his audience with the reproduction of the latest music, both popular and classical.

This becomes more significant when it is coupled with the plaint of the superintendent at Taft previous to the establishment of the club building. The notes of a saloon piano were wafted to his ears, and he remarked, "That's what draws them. These men get so restless for amusement that when they hear that music they can't keep away from it."

Possibly music in some portable form may be accepted as a regular and necessary detail of construction-camp equipment before long. If it will keep the men contented, or even help materially to that end, it will be a good investment, for the human problem is one that occasions much trouble in all such enterprises. Men will get restless in such circumstances, even as the superintendent observed, and restless men are hard to control. They are also likely to be irritable,



MISSOURI RIVER GAP AT LOMBARD



THE CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & PUGET SOUND RAILWAY BRIDGE ACROSS THE COLUMBIA RIVER  
AT BEVERLY, WASHINGTON

and irritable men are prone to welcome trouble, even going so far to search for it or make it. Contentment is the best assurance of peace and good work. If music will assure contentment, a full orchestra would be a profitable investment on some jobs. The company, in this instance, did everything possible to make the men comfortable, so far as the equipment and provisioning of the construction camps were concerned; but comfort, to such a degree as could be furnished, does not always mean contentment. Witness the trouble at Taft. The company, however, had no serious human problems to solve during the progress of the work, so it must have managed to keep the men reasonably contented.

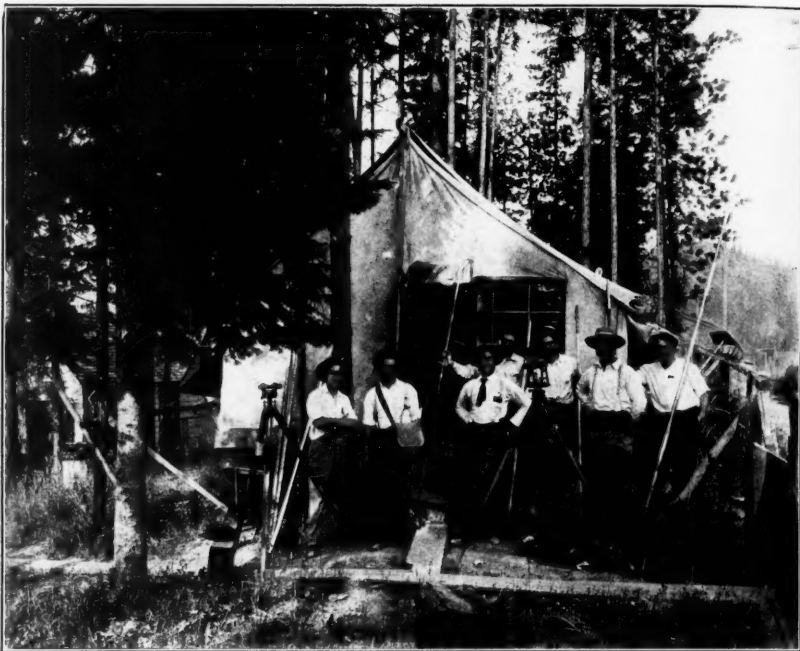
To return to the road itself, the reasons for its building are naturally of interest and importance. Railroads are not built for sport; there must be paying traffic. There is much traffic in this northwest country of course, but two roads—the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern—already run through it to Puget Sound; and when it comes to the ocean trade

reaching the North Pacific coast, there is the Canadian Pacific to be considered also. The new line will be a scenic line, as its route shows. It passes through four Indian reservations, many beautiful and fertile valleys, and has mountain scenery to spare. But scenery does not attract freight, and railroad profits do not lie in passenger traffic alone. So wherein is the excuse for the road?

Well, it passes through much new territory—new from a railroad point of view, that is. It parallels the Northern Pacific for some distance, but the rest of the way it has a territory that is pretty much its own and to which settlers are already flocking. By way of illustration: It began operation as far as Butte, Montana, last September, and in March of this year it carried eight hundred cars of immigrant movables into that district. Immigrants, for sake of economy, combine and charter entire cars when moving their household goods—sometimes two and sometimes three or more families using a single car. It has been estimated that the average for these cars is two-and-a-

half families, which would mean about two thousand families for a single month, with the road in operation only to Butte. As a further illus-

Another promise of new traffic lies in the Indian reservations. These are the Standing Rock, Flathead, Cheyenne and Cœur d'Alene. Indians



A RAILWAY SURVEYORS' CAMP IN THE WILDERNESS

tration of the possibilities of new traffic, from a thousand to fifteen hundred letters of inquiry from possible settlers are received at the main office in Chicago daily; and this takes no account of letters that go to offices in other cities.

On January 1st of this year Three Forks, Montana, gave a sort of housewarming, just to let people know that it was on the map. This was deemed necessary because it was not on the map until the new road began running trains in September. Therefore, it was just about three months old; but it already boasted of a depot and some eighty business and residence structures, and the road itself was building a roundhouse and machine shops. That shows how towns grow. Three Forks is near Bozeman.

do not produce much traffic, but their reservations do, when opened for settlement, and it is expected that the first three of these will be opened within a year. In fact, negotiations to that end are in progress now.

For a little better understanding of the possibilities, it may be well to describe the route briefly. Leaving Mobridge, South Dakota, it crosses the Missouri River, passes through the Standing Rock Reservation, runs to Marmarth, in North Dakota, to Terry, Montana, on the Yellowstone River, where it crosses the line of the Northern Pacific, follows the Yellowstone to Miles City, Montana, passes through the Musselshell River valley to Harlowton, crosses the Northern Pacific again at Lombard, proceeds to Butte, then through the Deer Lodge

valley to Garrison and Missoula, Montana, to Haugan, then through the Cœur d'Alene district to Beverly, Wash., where it crosses the Columbia River, passes through the timber lands of Snoqualmie Pass in the Cascade Mountains, and follows the Cedar River to Maple Valley and Tacoma-Seattle.

All in all, there would seem to be plenty of new traffic to be developed without materially encroaching upon the business of the other roads. But, as a matter of course, the new line is also looking beyond Seattle and Tacoma. Herein it will come into direct competition with the Great Northern, Northern Pacific, Canadian Pacific, and, later, with the Grand Trunk Pacific of Canada. The last is not yet completed to the coast, but it is pushing along rapidly and must be considered in all plans. All of these roads are, or will be, after the trade with the Orient—at least, so much of it as comes by way of the north coast points; but the men who have put the new line through believe there will be enough for all. Anyhow, they expect to get their share and will have direct steamship connection with the Orient. James J. Hill has no more roseate visions of what this trade should and ultimately will be, than have they.

Alaska is expected to furnish as much or more. The development of Alaska, it is claimed, has hardly been begun as yet, in spite of the fact that, since its purchase by the United States, it has produced approximately \$300,000,000 in gold, silver, fish, fur, and other products. Its trade with the States in 1908 amounted to \$46,000,000 and is the greatest *per capita* that any country on earth can boast. This, however, is held to be only an indication of what may be expected in the future. It has one of the greatest quartz mining properties in the world, with assurance of many more. It has, according to government geological experts, the greatest copper deposits in the world. It has, according to Geological Survey reports, large areas of the best

coal discovered west of the Allegheny Mountains. It has a better soil and climate than Finland, which has a population of 3,000,000 and exports annually \$3,000,000 in agricultural products.

All these facts were considered in building the road, it being held that, in addition to its mineral deposits, there was no reason why it should not do as well as Finland agriculturally. What it most lacks for the development of its undeveloped resources, including copper, coal and agriculture, are facilities for transportation—not necessarily railroad or water transportation, but mere wagon-roads that will open up some of the valleys of the interior. It is largely because of the lack of these, it is claimed, that Alaska's exports, except along the coast, have been confined to precious metals that do not call for heavy freighting. But all necessary facilities for getting whatever may be of value to man come in time, and in time Alaska is certain to increase largely the traffic at North Pacific ports.

A consideration of the resources of Alaska may seem to be wandering rather far afield from the building of the Pacific Coast Extension of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, but it is one of the things that justified the expenditure of the tidy sum of \$85,000,000, and, as such, is certainly entitled to some attention in an article on that enterprise. One always likes to know why a thing is done, and when you want to know why a railroad is built, you must look for the traffic possibilities.

The new road has two advantages that are worthy of note: It shortens the railroad distance between Chicago and Puget Sound, and it has easier grades. The latter point is of the utmost importance in operation. The hardest grade on a division is the "ruling" grade on that division. In other words, you cannot send over it a train that is heavier than the engine can drag up the steepest grade, no matter how easy the rest may be, so the grade counts for

much in economy of operation. It has been customary in road-building, especially through the mountains, to build rather roughly at first. The expense was bound to be heavy at best, and this not only reduced the first cost but was also a saving of time. Furthermore, in many cases, the early traffic was sure to be light, and heavy grades and sharp curves did not make so much difference: the main thing was to put the road through and get it in operation. But in the long run economy of operation beats economy of construction. A heavy grade means short trains or extra engines at the difficult points—and these mean additional expense. So some of the older roads had to spend much time and money later in easing the grades and straightening the curves, and it cost them more than it would have cost to do this in the first instance. The Puget Sound road, profiting by these experiences, has preferred to spend the money necessary to eliminate grades and curves, so far as possible, during construction. The figures of these grades would be meaningless to the average reader, so it is only necessary to say that they show an easier "haul" through the mountains than the older roads have. That counts for much with a line that crosses three ranges.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul system, which, of course, includes the new line, is the second to

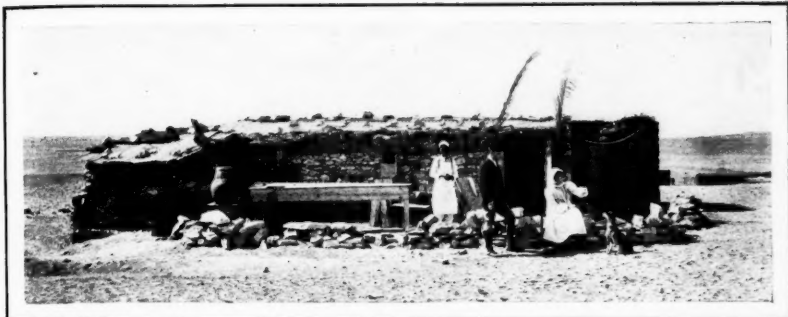
extend its tracks all the way from Chicago to the Pacific coast and the first to reach the North Pacific. The only other system that covers the entire distance is the Santa Fé, which runs to Los Angeles and San Francisco. All other roads send their trains over connecting lines, as the St. Paul has done heretofore, and as it will continue to do, so far as through passenger traffic is concerned, until freight and local passenger traffic have put its roadbed in what it considers satisfactory condition. It will be quite useless to plan a trip to the Seattle Exposition over the Puget Sound extension, for the exposition is likely to be over before any attempt is made to run through trains over that line. If you choose to go by the St. Paul road, your train will still run over one of the other lines after leaving the city of that name.

One noteworthy feature of the building of this extension has been the absence of brass-band methods of exploitation. As a matter of fact, very little has been said about it during the progress of construction—no more than the magnitude of the undertaking compelled. There was not even a "golden spike" provided for the laying of the last rail at a point two miles east of Missoula, Montana. There was no celebration, and no speech beyond the superintendent's remark to the foreman, "Well, Bill, that's a good job!"



CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & PUGET SOUND STATION AT MUSSELSHELL, MONTANA





Photograph by A. E. P. Weigall

AN EXCAVATOR'S QUARTERS

## EXCAVATING IN EGYPT

WHERE RICH TREASURES SOMETIMES REWARD THE DIGGER

By ARTHUR E. P. WEIGALL

CHIEF INSPECTOR OF UPPER EGYPT, DEPARTMENT OF ANTIQUITIES

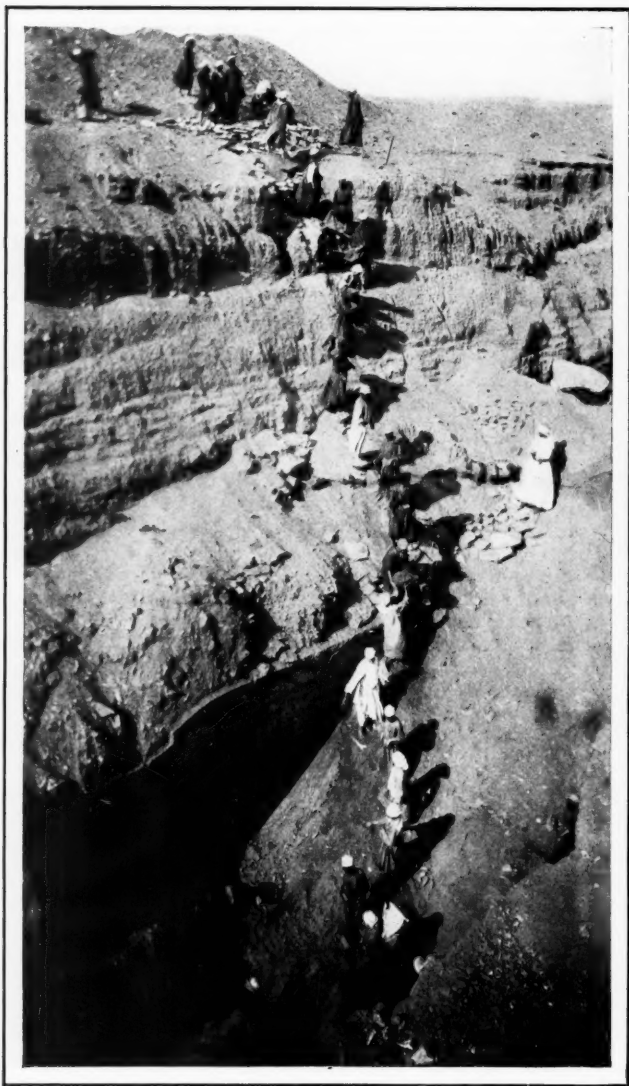


HERE came to the camp of a certain professor, who was engaged in excavating the ruins of an ancient Egyptian city, a young and faultlessly attired Englishman, whose thirst for dramatic adventure had led him to offer his services as an unpaid assistant digger. This immaculate personage had read in novels and tales many an account of the wonders which the spade of the excavator could reveal, and he firmly believed that it was only necessary to set a "nigger" to dig a little hole in the ground, to open the way to the treasures of the Pharaohs. Gold, silver and precious stones gleamed before him, in his imagination, lit by his electric lamp as he hurried along subterranean passages to the vaults of long-dead kings. He expected to slide upon the seat of his very well made breeches down the staircase of the ruined palace which he had entered by way of the skylight, and to find himself, at the bottom, in the presence of the bejewelled dead. In the intervals be-

tween such experiences he was of the opinion that a little quiet gazelle shooting would agreeably fill in the swiftly passing hours; and at the end of the season's work he pictured himself returning to the bosom of his family with such a tale to tell that every ear would be opened to him.

On his arrival at the camp he was conducted to the site of his future labors; and his horrified gaze was directed over a large area of mud-pie, knee-deep in which a few bedraggled natives slushed their way downwards. After three weeks' work on this distressing site, the professor announced that he had managed to trace through the mud the outline of the palace walls, once the feature of the city, and that the work here might now be regarded as finished. He was then conducted to a desolate spot in the desert, and until the day on which he fled back to England he was kept to the monotonous task of superintending a gang of natives whose sole business it was to dig a very large hole in the sand, day after day and week after week.

Most persons who have conducted excavations in Egypt have set out



Photograph by A. E. P. Weigall

"A GANG OF NATIVES WHOSE BUSINESS IT WAS TO DIG A VERY LARGE HOLE IN THE SAND"

with some such ideas, and all have found soon enough that the work of a digger is generally dull to all but enthusiasts, and fatiguing to all but the most active. Six months' work

great mass of royal jewels in one of the pyramids at Dachour. But such "finds" can be counted on the fingers, and more often an excavation is a fruitless drudgery. Moreover, the life

upon a refuse-heap in search of the broken crockery of a village is far more likely to be the young excavator's lot than the finding of the ruins of temple or palace; and it usually comes as a sad disillusionment to him to learn that he is expected to play the rag-picker amongst the ruins of an ancient hovel. It is, however, sometimes (but very rarely) the fortune of the excavator to make a discovery which almost rivals in dramatic interest the tales of his youth. Such an experience fell to the lot of Emil Brugsch Pasha, when he was lowered into an ancient tomb and found himself face to face with a score of the Pharaohs of Egypt, each lying in his coffin; or again when Monsieur de Morgan discovered the

of the digger is not often a pleasant one. He never has a spare moment in which to shoot gazelle, even if there were any accessible, which there are not! And he seldom returns with a

ies (for there certainly is to the antiquarian himself), but the interest of these rare finds pales before the description which many of us have heard, of how the archæologists of



Photograph by E. W. Bird

"WORK UPON A REFUSE-HEAP IN SEARCH OF THE BROKEN CROCKERY OF A VILLAGE"

good tale to tell to his family, unless he is gifted with a brilliant imagination.

It will perhaps be of interest to the reader of romances to illustrate the above remarks by the narration of some of my own experiences. A few doleful incidents from a very large collection of them, and a few interesting and unusual episodes in which I have had the peculiarly good fortune to be an actor, constitute the little tale of several years so far as it is worth telling. Such experiences will hardly be likely to thrill even the most enthusiastic, and they will thus serve only the purpose of revealing the truth to the reader, whose knowledge of an excavator's life is so often *nil*. There may, of course, be some drama to be felt in the account of the more important discover-

a past century discovered the body of Charlemagne clad in his royal robes and seated upon his throne; which, by the way, is quite untrue. In spite of all that is said to the contrary, truth is seldom stranger than fiction; and the reader who desires to be told of buried cities whose streets are paved with gold, should take warning in time and return forthwith to his novels.

If the dawning interest of the reader has now been thoroughly cooled by these words, it may be presumed that it will be utterly annihilated by the following narration of my first fruitless excavation; and thus one will be able to continue the story with the relieved consciousness that nobody is attending.

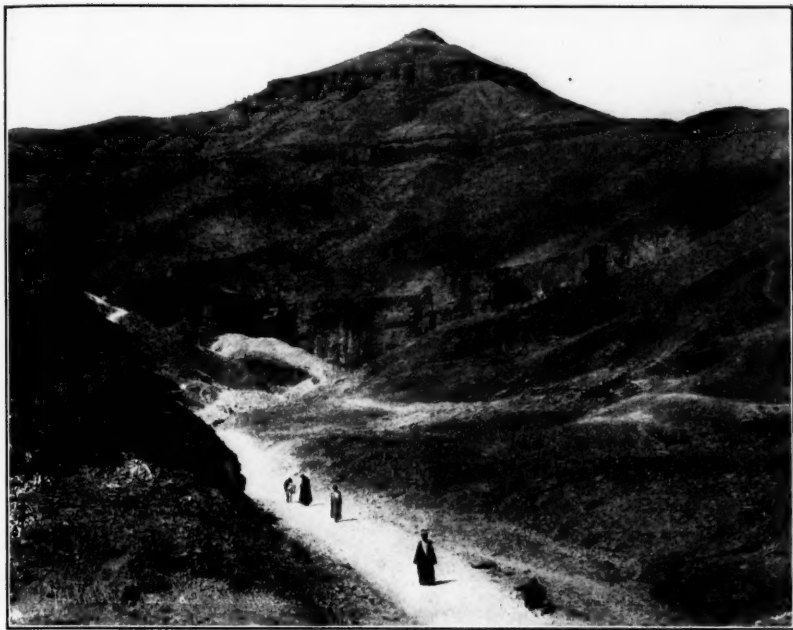
In the capacity of assistant to that truly great archæologist, Prof. Flin-

ders Petrie, I was set, many years ago, to the task of excavating a supposed royal cemetery in the desert behind the ancient city of Abydos, in Upper Egypt. Two mounds were first attacked, and after many weeks of work in digging through the sand, the superstructure of two great tombs was bared. In the case of the first of these several fine passages of good masonry were cleared and at last the burial chamber was reached. In the huge sarcophagus which was there found great hopes were entertained that the body and funeral-offerings of the dead prince would be discovered, but when at last the interior was laid bare the solitary article found was a copy of a French newspaper left behind by the last, and equally disgusted, excavator! The second tomb defied the most ardent exploration, and failed to show any traces of a burial. The mystery was at last solved by Prof. Petrie, who, with his usual keen perception, soon came to the conclusion that the whole tomb was a dummy, built solely to hide an enormous mass of rock chippings, the presence of which had been a puzzle for some time. These masons' chippings were evidently the output from some large cutting in the rock; and it became apparent that there must be a great rock tomb in the neighborhood. Trial trenches in the vicinity presently revealed the existence of a long wall, which, being followed in either direction, proved to be the boundary of a vast court or enclosure built upon the desert at the foot of a conspicuous cliff. A ramp led up to the entrance, but as it was slightly askew and pointed to the southern end of the enclosure, it was supposed that the rock tomb, which presumably ran into the cliff from somewhere inside this area, was situated at that end.

The next few weeks were occupied in probing the sand hereabouts, and at length in clearing it away altogether down to the surface of the underlying rock. Nothing was found, however, and sadly we turned to the exact middle of the court, and began

to work slowly to the foot of the cliff. Here in the very middle of the back wall a pillared chamber was found, and it seemed certain that the entrance to the tomb would now be discovered. The best men were placed to dig out this chamber, and the excavator—it was many years ago—went about his work with the weight of fame upon his shoulders and an expression of intense mystery upon his sorely sun-scorched face. How clearly memory recalls the letter home that week: "We are on the eve of a great discovery—" And how vividly rises the picture of the baking desert sand into which the sweating workmen were slowly digging their way! But our hopes were short-lived; for it very soon became apparent that there was no tomb entrance in this part of the enclosure. There remained the north end of the area, and onto this all the available men were turned. Deeper and deeper they dug their way, until the mounds of sand thrown out formed as it were the lip of a great crater. At last, some forty or fifty feet down, the underlying rock was struck, and presently the mouth of a great shaft was exposed leading down into the bowels of the earth. The royal tomb had at last been discovered, and it only remained to effect an entrance. The days were now filled with excitement, and, the thoughts being concentrated on the question of the identity of the royal occupant of the tomb, it was soon fixed in our minds that we were about to enter the burial place of no less a personage than the great Pharaoh, Senusert III (Sesostris), the same king whose jewels were found at Dachour.

One evening, just after I had left the work, the men came down to the distant camp to say that the last barrier was now reached and that an entrance could be effected at once. In the pale light of the moon, therefore, I hastened back to the desert with a few trusted men. As we walked along, one of these natives very cheerfully remarked that we should all probably get our throats cut, as



Photograph by J. P. Selah

#### THE VALLEY OF THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS

the brigands of the neighborhood had got wind of the discovery and were sure to attempt to enter the tomb that night. With this pleasing prospect before us we walked with some caution over the silent desert. Reaching the mound of sand which surrounded our excavation, we crept to the top and peeped over into the crater. At once we observed a dim light below us, and almost immediately an agitated but polite voice from the opposite mound called out in Arabic: "Go away, mister. We have all got guns." This remark was followed by a shot which whistled past me; and therewith I slid down the hill once more, and heartily wished myself safe in my bed. Our party then spread round the crater, and at a given word we proposed to rush the place. But the enemy was too quick for us, and after the briefest scrimmage, and the exchanging of a harmless shot or two, we found ourselves in possession of the tomb, and were able to pre-

tend that we were not a bit frightened.

Then into the dark depths of the shaft we descended, and ascertained that the robbers had not effected an entrance. A long night-watch followed, and the next day we had the satisfaction of arresting some of the criminals. The tomb was found to penetrate several hundred feet into the cliff, and at the end of the long and beautifully worked passage, the great royal sarcophagus was found—empty! So ended a very strenuous season's work.

If the experiences of a digger in Prof. Petrie's camp are to be regarded as typical, they will probably serve to damp the ardor of the nice young gentlemen in search of ancient Egyptian treasure. One lives in a bare little hut constructed of mud and roofed with corn-stalks or corrugated iron, and if by chance there happens to be a rain storm, as there was when I was a member of the com-



Photograph by A. E. P. Weigall

#### ENTRANCE TO THE TOMB OF YUAA AND TUAU

munity, one may watch the frail building gently subside in a liquid stream onto one's bed and books. For seven days in the week one's work continues, and it is only to the real enthusiast that that work is not monotonous and tiresome.

A few years later it fell to my lot to excavate for the Government the funeral temple of Thothmes III at

Thebes, and a fairly large sum was spent upon the undertaking. Although the site was most promising in appearance, a couple of months' work brought to light hardly a single object of importance, whereas exactly similar sites in the same neighborhood had produced inscriptions of the greatest value. Two years ago I assisted at an excavation upon a site



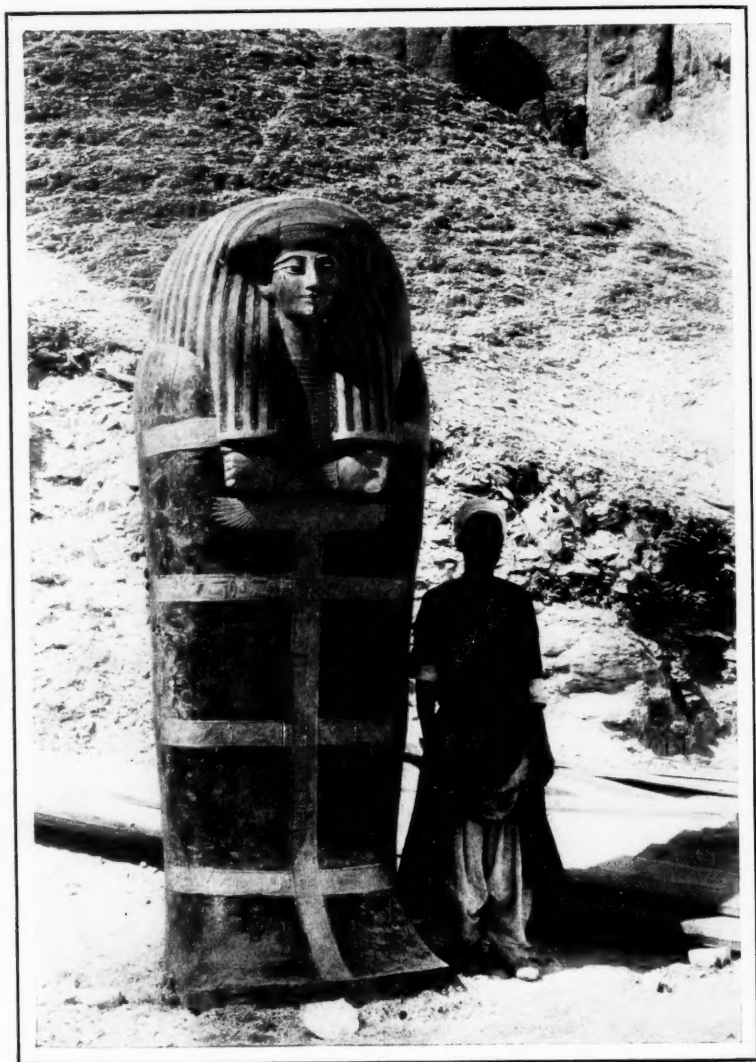
of my own selection, the net result of which, after six weeks' work, was one mummified cat! To sit over the work day after day, as did the unfortunate promoter of this particular enterprise, with the flies buzzing around his face and the sun blazing down upon him from a relentless sky, was hardly a pleasurable task; and to watch the clouds of dust go up from the tip-heap where tons of unprofitable rubbish rolled down the hillside all day long, was an occupation for the damned. Yet that is excavating as it is usually found to be.

Now let us consider the other side of the story. In the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings at Thebes, excavations have been conducted for some years by Mr. Theodore M. Davis, of Newport, Rhode Island, by special arrangement with the Department of Antiquities of the Egyptian Government; and as an official of that department I have had the privilege of being present at all the recent discoveries. The finding of the tomb of Yuua and Tuau, a few years ago, was one of the most interesting archaeological events of recent times, and one which came somewhere near to the standard of romance set by the novels. When the entrance of this tomb was cleared, a flight of steps was exposed, leading down to a passage blocked by a wall of loose stones. In the top right-hand corner a small hole, large enough to admit a man, had been made in ancient times, and through this we could look down into a dark passage. As it was too late in the day to enter at once, we postponed that exciting experience until the morrow, and some police were sent for to guard the entrance during the night. I had slept, the previous night, over the mouth, and there was now no possibility of leaving the place for several more nights, so a rough camp was formed on the spot. Here I settled myself down for the long watch, and speculated on the events of the next morning, when Mr. Davis and one or two well-known Egyptologists were to come to the valley to open the

sepulchre. Presently in the silent darkness a slight noise was heard on the hillside, and immediately the challenge of the sentry rang out. This was answered by a distant call, and after some moments of alertness on our part we observed two figures approaching us. These, to my surprise, proved to be a well-known American artist and his wife,\* who had obviously come on the off chance of there being trouble; but though in this they were certainly destined to suffer disappointment, still, out of respect for the absolute unconcern of both visitors, it may be mentioned that the mouth of a lonely tomb already said by native rumor to contain incalculable wealth, is not perhaps the safest place in the world. Here, then, on a level patch of rock we three lay down and slept fitfully until the dawn. Soon after breakfast the wall at the mouth of the tomb was pulled down, and the party passed into the low passage which sloped down to the burial chamber. At the bottom of this passage there was a second wall blocking the way; but when a few layers had been taken off the top we were able to climb, one by one, into the chamber.

Imagine entering a town house that has been closed for the summer; imagine the stuffy room, the stiff, silent appearance of the furniture, the feeling that some ghostly occupants of the vacant chairs have just been disturbed, the desire to throw open the windows to let life into the room once more. That was, perhaps, the first sensation as we stood, really dumbfounded, and stared around at the relics of the life of over three thousand years ago, all of which were as new almost as when they graced the palace of Prince Yuua. Three arm-chairs were perhaps the first objects to attract the attention—beautiful, carved wooden chairs decorated with gold. Belonging to one of these there was a pillow made of down and covered with linen. It was so perfectly preserved that one might have sat upon it or tossed it from this chair to

\* Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lindon Smith.

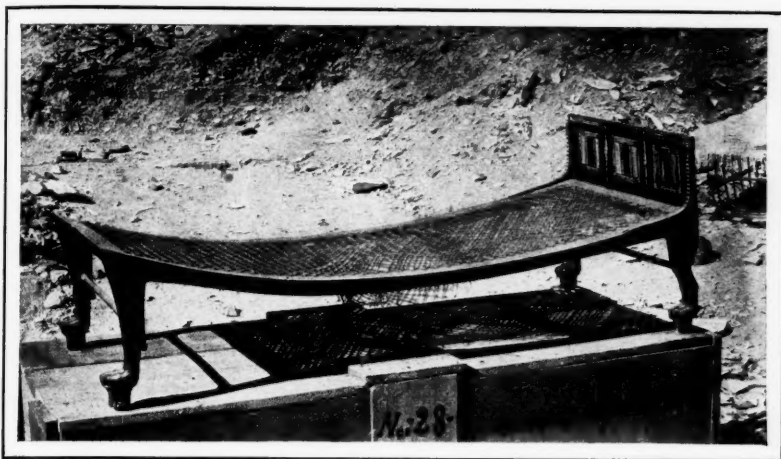


Photograph by J. E. Quibell

LID OF OUTER COFFIN OF YUAA, WITH NATIVE WORKMAN BESIDE IT

that without doing it injury. Here were fine alabaster vases, and in one of these we were startled to find a liquid like honey or syrup still un-solidified by time. Boxes of exquisite workmanship stood in various parts of the room, some resting on delicately wrought legs. Now the

eye was directed to a wicker trunk fitted with trays and partitions, and ventilated with little apertures, for the scents were doubtless strong. Two most comfortable beds were to be observed, fitted with springy string mattresses and decorated with charming designs in gold. And there



Photograph by A. E. P. Weigall

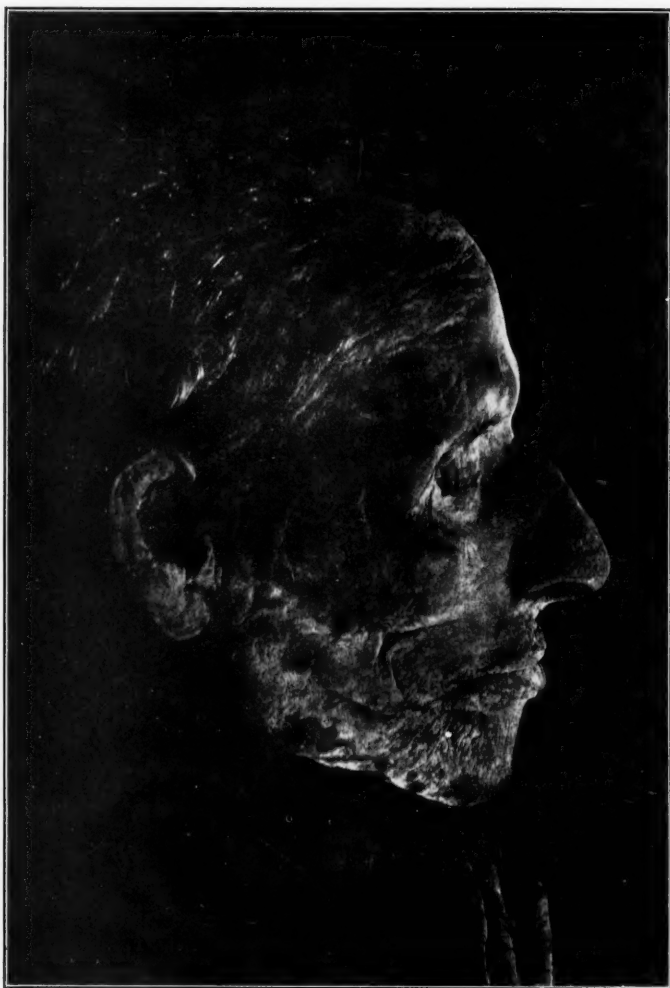
ONE OF THE BEDS FOUND IN THE TOMB OF YUAA AND TIAA

in the far corner, placed upon the top of a number of large white jars, stood the light chariot which Yuaa had owned in his lifetime. In all directions stood objects gleaming with gold undulled by a speck of dust, and one looked from one article to another with the feeling that the entire human conception of Time was wrong. These were the things of yesterday, of a year or so ago. Why, here were meats prepared for the feast in the Underworld: here were Yuaa's favorite joints, each neatly placed in a wooden box as though for a journey. And here was his staff, and here his sandals—a new pair and an old. In another corner there stood the magical figures by the power of which the prince was to make his way through Hades. The words of the mystical "Chapter of the Flame" and of the "Chapter of the Magical Figure of the North Wall" were inscribed upon them; and upon a great roll of papyrus twenty-two yards in length other efficacious prayers were written.

But though the eyes passed from object to object, they ever returned to the two gilded coffins in which the owners of this room of the dead lay as though peacefully sleeping.

First above Yuaa and then above his wife the electric lamps were held, and as one looked down into their quiet faces there was almost the feeling that they would presently open their eyes and blink at the light. I give here the photographs of these two Egyptians: that of the prince I took while he was still in the Valley, and it is now published for the first time. The stern features of the old man commanded one's attention, and again and again our gaze was turned from this mass of wealth to this sleeping figure in whose honor it had been placed here.

At last we returned to the surface to allow the thoughts opportunity to collect themselves, and the pulses time to quiet down, for even to the most unemotional a discovery of this kind, bringing one into the very presence of the past, has really an unsteady effect. Then once more we descended and made the preliminary arrangements for the cataloging of the antiquities. It was now that the real work began, and once the excitement was past there was a monotony of labor to be faced which put a very considerable strain on the powers of all concerned. The hot days when one sweated over the heavy packing



Photograph by A. E. P. Weigall

A MUMMY OF PRINCE YUAA

This likeness has never before been reproduced

cases, and the bitterly cold nights when one lay at the mouth of the tomb under the stars, dragged on for many a week; and when at last the long train of boxes was carried down to the Nile *en route* for the Cairo Museum, it was with a sigh of relief that the official returned to his regular work.

This, of course, was a very exceptional discovery. Mr. Davis has

made other great finds, but to me they have not equalled in dramatic interest the discovery just recorded. Even in this royal valley, however, there is much drudgery to be faced, and for a large part of the season's work it is the excavator's business to turn over endless masses of rock chippings, and to dig huge holes which have no interest for the patient digger. Sometimes the mouth of a tomb is



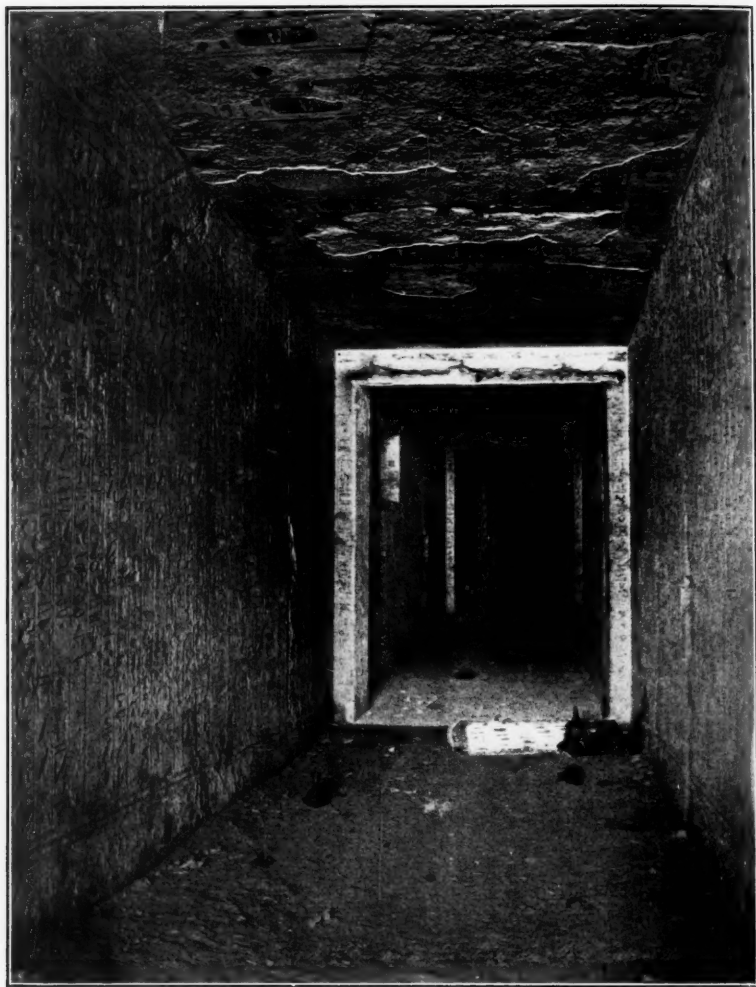
Photograph by Emil Brugsch, Pasha

#### THE MUMMY OF PRINCESS TUAU

bared, and is entered with the profoundest hopes, which are dashed at once by the abrupt ending of the cutting a few yards from the surface. At other times a tomb-chamber is reached and is found to be absolutely empty.

In another part of Thebes, the well-known Egyptologist, Prof. Schiaparelli, had excavated for a number of years without finding anything of

much importance, when suddenly one fine day he struck the mouth of a large tomb, which was evidently intact. I was at once informed of the discovery, and proceeded to the spot as quickly as possible. The mouth of the tomb was approached down a flight of steep, rough steps, still half choked with debris. At the bottom of this the entrance of a passage running into the hillside



Photograph by Zangaki

ENTRANCE TO A ROYAL TOMB IN THE VALLEY OF THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS

was blocked by a wall of rough stones. After photographing and removing this we found ourselves in a long low tunnel, blocked by a second wall a few yards ahead. Both these walls were absolutely intact, and we realized that we were about to see what probably no living man had ever seen before—the absolutely intact burial of a rich Theban of the Imperial age—*i.e.*, about 1200 or

1300 B.C. When this second wall was taken down we passed into a carefully cut passage high enough to permit of one's standing upright.

At the end of this passage a plain wooden door barred our progress. The wood retained the light color of fresh deal, and looked for all the world as though it had been set up but yesterday. A heavy wooden lock, such as is used at the present day,



held the door fast. A neat bronze handle on the side of the door was connected by a spring to a wooden knob set in the masonry doorpost; and this string was carefully sealed with a small dab of stamped clay. The whole contrivance seemed so modern that Prof. Schiaparelli called to his servant for the key, who quite seriously replied, "I don't know where it is, sir." He then thumped the door with his hand to see whether it would be likely to give; and as the echoes reverberated through the tomb one felt that the mummy, in the darkness beyond, might well think that his resurrection call had come. One almost expected him to rise like the dead knights of Kildare in the Irish legend, and to ask "Is it time?"; for the three thousand years which his religion had told him was the duration of his life in the tomb was already long past.

Meanwhile we turned our attention to the objects which stood in the passage, having been placed there at the time of the funeral owing to the lack of room in the burial chamber. Here a vase rising upon a delicately shaped stand attracted the eye by its beauty of form; and here a bedstead caused us to exclaim at its modern appearance. A palm-leaf fan, used by the ancient Egyptians to keep the flies off their wines and unguents, stood near a now empty jar; and near by a basket of dried-up fruit was to be seen. This dried fruit gave the impression that the tomb was perhaps a few months old, but there was nothing else to be seen which suggested that the objects were even as much as a year old. It was almost impossible to believe, and quite impossible to realize, that we were standing where no man had stood for well over three thousand years; and that we were actually breathing the air which had remained sealed in the passage since the ancient priests had closed the entrance thirteen hundred years before Christ.

Before we could proceed farther many flash-light photographs had to be taken, and drawings made of the

doorway; and after this a panel of the woodwork had to be removed with a fretsaw in order that the lock and seal might not be damaged. At last, however, this was accomplished, and the way into the tomb-chamber was open. Stepping through the frame of the door we found ourselves in an unincumbered portion of the floor, while around us in all directions stood the funeral furniture, and on our left the coffins of the deceased noble and his wife loomed large. Everything looked new and undecayed, and even the order in which the objects were arranged suggested a tidying up done that very morning. The gravel on the floor was neatly smoothed, and not a speck of dust was anywhere to be observed. Over the large outer coffin a pall of fine linen was laid, not rotting and falling to pieces like the cloth of mediæval times we see in our museums, but soft and strong like the sheets of our beds. In the clear space before the coffin stood a wooden pedestal in the form of a miniature lotus column. On the top of this, resting on three wooden prongs, was a small copper dish in which were the ashes of incense and the little stick used for stirring them. One asked oneself in bewilderment whether the ashes here, seemingly not yet cold, had truly ceased to glow at a time when Rome and Greece were undreamed of, when Assyria did not exist, and when the Exodus of the Children of Israel was yet unaccomplished.

On low tables round cakes of bread were laid out, not cracked and shrivelled, but smooth and brown, with a kind of white-of-egg glaze upon them. Onions and fruit were also spread out; and the fruit of the *dôm* palm was to be seen in plenty. In various parts of the chamber there were numerous bronze vessels of different shapes, intended for the holding of milk and other drinkables.

Well supplied with food and drink, the senses of the dead man were soothed by a profusion of flowers which lay withered but not decayed beside the coffin, and which at the

time of the funeral must have filled the chamber with their sweetness. Near the doorway stood an upright wooden chest closed with a lid. Opening this we found it to contain the great ceremonial wig of the deceased man, which was suspended from a rail passing across the top of the chest, and hung free of the sides and bottom. The black hair was plaited into hundreds of little tails, but in size the wig was not unlike those of the early eighteenth century in Europe. Chairs, beds, and other pieces of furniture were arranged around the room, and at one side there were a number of small chests and boxes piled up against the wall. We opened one or two of these, and found them to contain delicate little vases of glass, stone and metal, wrapped round with rags to prevent their breaking. These, like everything else in the tomb, were new and fresh, and showed no trace of the passing of the years. The coffins, of course, were hidden by the great casing in which each rested, and which itself was partly hidden by the linen pall. Nothing could be touched for many days, until photographs had been taken and records made, and we therefore returned through the long passage to the light of day.

It is difficult to describe the sensations which a discovery of this kind arouses, and which now were experienced as the mind had time to reflect upon all the impressions it had received in the tomb. At first one was filled with sheer amazement both at the newness of the objects and at their similarity to those in use at the present day. One cannot bring oneself to believe that so many centuries have passed since the last human eyes looked upon them or fingers touched them. But presently a door seems to open in the brain, a screen slides back, and clearly one sees Time in its true relation. Three thousand years have the value of the merest drop in the ocean. One's hands may reach out and touch the hands which fashioned these vases, picked this fruit, and baked this bread. The

dead noble lying there in his coffin, a perfectly preserved man, is not a relic of an age of miracles, when the gods walked the earth or sent down their thunderbolts from an unremote heaven; but bone for bone, he is the same as the men of the present day, and his brain has known only the sights and sounds which we know, altered but in a few unessential details. The fact that those far-off days are so identical with our own does not speak to the mind of the changelessness of things, or of the constancy of human customs. That is a minor thought. It tells rather of our misconception of the nature of Time; it shows how difficult it is to judge the ages by the standard of human experience. In looking at these unharmed relics of a life which ceased thirty-two centuries ago, one sees that their amazingly modern appearance is not so much due to the persistency of custom as it is to the shortness of time since they were made. Thirty-two centuries is not a period which we have the right to call long, unless we have the impertinent conviction that we may reckon the might of the great god Time by the standard of our own silly little lives instead of by that of the whole life of the race. What are three thousand years in the duration of man's existence upon earth? If one considers, as now it seems that one must, that human beings have inhabited this world for six or eight hundred thousand years, three thousand years are to the lifetime of the human race what a couple of months or less are to our individual lifetime.

As we rattled at the door of the tomb the thought was that we had come to awaken the dead, not as angels instructed by the call of the last trump, but as the degenerate sons of a race that had outlived its miracles, and had come with the tidings that the gods were dead. But when the newness, the freshness, of the objects which lay in the tomb had opened the doors of the mind, the thought was only that the gods were still living and mighty who could

work, to our thinking, so slowly that three thousand years was not long enough to show any result of the application of their laws of Change and Decay. The finding of this tomb had taught one to know the little significance of years, and one felt that this old Egyptian might indeed be bidden to sleep once more, like the knights of Kildare, with the assurance that but the first moments of his long night had passed, and that the dawn was still very far off.

Discoveries of this kind, of course, repay one for all the tedium of excavation; but, as I have said, they are very rare. There must have been a large number of intact tombs to be found when first the modern interest in Egyptian antiquities developed; but the market thus created had to be supplied and gangs of illicit diggers made short work of the most accessible tombs. This illegal excavation, of course, continues to some extent at the present day in spite of all precautions, but the results are becoming less and less proportionate to the labor expended and risk taken. A native likes best to do a little quiet digging in his own back yard and to admit nobody else into the business. To illustrate this I may mention a tragedy which was brought to my notice a few years ago. A certain native discovered the entrance of a tomb in the floor of his stable, and at once proceeded to worm his way down the tunnel. That was the end of the man. His wife, finding that he had not returned two hours or so later, went down the newly found tunnel after him. That was the end of her, also. In turn, three other members of the family went down into the darkness; and that was the end of them. A native official was then called, and, lighting his way with a candle, penetrated down the winding passage. The air was so foul that he was soon obliged

to retreat, but he stated that he was just able to see in the distance ahead the bodies of the unfortunate peasants, all of whom had been overcome by what he quaintly described as "the evil lighting and bad climate." Various attempts at the rescue of the bodies having failed, we gave orders that this tomb should be regarded as their sepulchre and that its mouth should be sealed up. According to the natives, there was evidently a vast hoard of wealth stored at the bottom of this tomb, and the would-be robbers had met their death at the hands of the demon in charge of it, who had seized each man by the throat as he came down the tunnel and had strangled him.

The Egyptian peasants have a very strong belief in the power of such creatures of the spirit world. A native who was attempting recently to discover hidden treasure in a certain part of the desert, sacrificed a lamb each night above the spot where he believed the treasure to lie, in order to propitiate the *djin* who guarded it. On the other hand, however, they have no superstition as regards the sanctity of the ancient dead, and they do not hesitate on that ground to rifle the tombs. Thousands of graves have been desecrated by these seekers after treasure; and it is very largely owing to this that scientific excavation is often so fruitless nowadays. When an excavator states that he has discovered a tomb, one takes it for granted that he means a *plundered* tomb unless he definitely says that it was intact, in which case one calls him a lucky fellow and is filled with green envy. And thus we come back to my remarks at the beginning of this article—that there is a painful disillusionment awaiting the man who comes to dig in Egypt in the hope of finding the golden cities of the Pharaohs or the bejewelled bodies of their dead.



# NOBLESSE OBLIGE

By S. TEN EYCK BOURKE

ILLUSTRATED BY R. EMMETT OWEN



WAS one of the regular detective operatives, but I was subbing, on the side, in place of Mr. Robert's regular assistant, when the big Laster case came into the Detective Agency. (Mr. Rob, by the way, was Superintendent, as well as son of the "old man.")

It was the President of the Western Express Company who brought in the Laster case; I was going to make my congé, but Mr. Rob said, "Oh, it's only Rogers; he's deaf, dumb and blind." So I knew he wanted me to stay and hear and listen.

I kept right on working at the Mercator projection in the wall, sticking a lot of vari-colored thumb-tacks all over the face of the globe; that is the way we kept track of travelling operatives of the agency and where they were from day to day, and the cases they were supposed to be working on.

I just mention it to show how I was inside on the Laster case, because as a rule detective operatives seldom ever get to know all the rights of any agency case; an operative is called into the middle or either end of a case, just to do his own little specialty stunt, like some stage players that go on night after night when they get their cue, and speak their line and never know what the blessed play's about any more than a Fiji Hottentot.

Well, as I said, or meant to say, the President of the Express Company was scared; as he had a perfect

right to be. His express company was in for a cash indemnity of two hundred thousand dollars for "mis-appropriating and failing to deliver to consignee" that much worth of real sure-enough jewels, famous heir-looms mostly, belonging (before they got pinched) to the Honorable Mrs. Laster, a very great society lady indeed, and a sort of relative of the President's, so he said. Also the express company had lost a trusted messenger, murdered or suicided.

"The synopsis seems real interesting," Mr. Rob said. "Of course, I assume, for the lady's sake, you will desire a secret investigation, independent of the police." He said that real funny to my hearing. "Now for the details!"

"I really know very little more," the President told him, "beyond the fact that Mrs. Laster is famed for her magnificent jewels—as you know. She desired to wear them at the Administration ball in Washington to-night and yesterday evening called at the office personally and forwarded the package by Western Express."

"Package already sealed, I understand?"

"I *didn't* say so," the President said testily, "but it was. It bore a marked valuation of two hundred thousand dollars. The package was billed out by Messenger Elton, who runs on the 'Washington Cannonball.' The Cannonball stops only at Philadelphia and Baltimore. When the train reached Philadelphia, Messenger Elton was found dead, to all intents and purposes. He bore a terrible wound on the head and still gripped his revolver, of which one

cartridge was discharged. According to the conductor, the unfortunate messenger uttered a name that sounded like 'Barney—Butler,' as though he had recognized his assailant."

Mr. Rob started but the President did n't notice.

"The messenger's small portable safe was open and the package containing Mrs. Laster's jewels—valuation two hundred thousand dollars" (the President groaned)—"was missing."

"How did the Philadelphia people know anything about the lost jewelry package?" Mr. Robert asked, as if he did n't know perfectly well—he was studying more than listening.

"The express agent checked up the contents of the safe from Elton's waybills, of course. As a matter of fact," the President added, "Elton had also called the train-conductor's attention to the high valuation of the jewelry package, on leaving Jersey City. Said something to the effect that there was a trip for two round the world in that handful of sparklers."

I kept jabbing the thumb-tacks very industriously, into our unconscious operatives, from the icy mountains to the coral strand, wondering why the Superintendent wanted me to overhear the express man's tale of woe. He was a whole lot interested I know that, because he had his elbows on the arms of his swivel-chair, and his finger-tips joined together under his nose, and was sizing up everything the President had on, and the cost of it, like he always did when clients that held high and honorable jobs like that told their troubles and adventures.

"You wish the agency to make inquiry into the messenger's death and the loss of the jewels?" he said, as if he just thought of that casually.

"Yes," the President agreed; "the theft of the jewels and the murder of the messenger, of course."

That was n't just the way, nor the order in which Mr. Robert put it, but he let it pass. The President added, in a tone that was very—oh, very suggestively careless:

"You will report the result of your investigations direct to me personally; I assuming of course the financial obligations of the agency's employment."

"Sure," the Superintendent said. "It will be better that way all around."

I hate mysteries, and while I was wondering what the two meant by sparring like that, the President evidently concluded he had finished and grabbed his hat and cane and faded. I never looked around; a detective operative is n't any good who does n't know what's going on behind his back, and I knew very well that the President person went away minus some of his original pomposity, having told the story of his life, as stage-folk say. I stabbed a final yellow tack in Opr. Jimmy Powers's back, down in Callao, where he was chumming with an absconding bank-cashier, and most likely announcing tunelessly that "on no condition is extradition allowed in Callao." The Superintendent said:

"Get it all, Red?"

"Yes sir; he's scared, and keeping something back."

"Sure," he said cheerfully. "She's a queen of sassiety, and his relative, so he's got doubts inside of him making a noise like a floating kidney. There's a woodpile in this nigger, somewhere. I reckon I'll find Mrs. Laster's \$200,000 sparklers right inside of it, too!"

"So you got the case, son?"

The Superintendent jerked round like a galvanized frog. It was a real policeman who just came in unannounced, as usual—the Chief of the regular Central Office himself. He was n't a bit backward, and proceeded to reel off the President's tragic tale just as the President had told it to us.

"So," Mr. Rob said. "Well, if she sent 'em to Washington yesterday she sent 'em to Washington; just the same, she wore 'em at the debutante dance last night."

"She did!" the Chief roared.

"Sure," said Mr. Robert. "You



"YOU SOCIETY PEOPLE DO FUNNY THINGS SOMETIMES"

could n't fool *me* on that emerald brooch, and those old Dutch pendants and that horse-collar of girly pearls the old lady wears—no, nix, not!"

What Mr. Rob said on society topics went, and the Chief looked at him paralyzed. The Superintendent had a cheerful way of muddling up the old Chief's calculations sometimes, just when he had worked out a theory or had all the evidence in a case gathered in and nicely dove-tailed together in his own mind. Just the same, if a case took his fancy, he'd jump in and work on it a month without eating or sleeping. Frivolous

the Chief said he was. The Agency and the Central Office were good friends, but the knife was generally out—in a more or less friendly way.

"You need n't look glum," Mr. Robert grinned, "it 's perfectly simple when you 're in the know. Mrs. L. has a set of imitation heirlooms. Paste. Got 'em in Paris last season, precaution against hold-ups and that second-story epidemic of yours over here. The fake-lollipops 'll do for debutantes' dances, all right, but only the real thing goes with those legation connoisseurs down at the Capital. See?"



"Yes, I *see*," the Chief says—grumpy as you please. "But how do we *know* she sent the real things to Washington—on a valuation of \$200,000?"

"Goodness gracious me!" Mr. Rob exclaimed, winking slyly at me. "Chief you *are n't* insinnivatin' that Mrs. L. shipped fake jewels and—oh, on the *chance* of their being swiped en route?"

"Oh, I dunno," the Chief growled. "You society people do funny things sometimes—especially when expenses are bigger than incomes, like some people I happen to know about that's making a loud splash. Why is that fat express president so nervous? He's related to the lady, is n't he? Well! I reckon I 'll just go uptown and call on the woman in the case."

The Chief faded, and soon's the door closed on him, Mr. Rob jumped up.

"The old grouch!" he says. "I 'll just land *him* one for lambasting society—and particularly my side-partner, the Queen!" He yelled after the Chief:

"That messenger's name was Elton, was n't it?" he says when the old man stuck his head in the door; "why, say, Chief, Mrs. Laster got Elton his job with the X Co.! He used to be footman to her. She has an Irish butler too. What was it Elton said about 'Butler and Barney'? I should n't be surprised if she sent him to Washington to prepare for her arrival. I suppose he'd naturally want to chin his old friend the footman——"

You could knock the Chief's eyes off with a club; he did n't wait for any more; he just gave a gasp and took the stairs three at a time. Mr. Rob looked a whole lot satisfied, and then some. He sat with his brain purring awhile; then he jumped up and grabbed his bubble-wagon bearskin.

"Come on, Red!" he says. "We 'll take a joy ride."

"How about the office?" I remonstrated.

"Hang the office!" he said. "Have n't I got seven Old Sleuths

in the next room, kicking their heels at two-fifty per? We 'll do some *real* detective work. Come on!" So we went down and boarded his big red Panhard.

"Scout for Jersey, Mike," he told the French chauffeur. Then, when we hit the high places for the ferry, the Superintendent grinning back at the Traffic cops on the way, he says: "Red, what's the first principle of running up a clue? Sure!" he agreed. "Go where the thing happened, and work backwards. That's the Sherlock Holmes game. Grandma" (so he called the Chief) "goes where it started and works forward."

On the ferry he kept on grinning all over himself, like a kid playing hookey.

"I 'll teach old Granny to bump my society friends," he chuckled. "I been thinking about this case some myself, on advance information," he said. "I expect Grandma's got a theory something like he evolved in the Merchants' Bank case, eh Red?"

In the Merchants' Bank case the Chief had promptly "inducted" that the President of the bank had robbed his own vaults—only the loot was found afterwards to have been mislaid by a new teller.

"Same thing here," the Superintendent says. "Gone off half-cock again. If you're in society, or anyway well-heeled, you just *got* to stay awake nights figuring out how to loot your own property. That's what the Chief thinks. The world's jammed full of mysteries for Grandma—I only hope he won't go up and tell Mrs. Laster she's shipped fake jewels to Washington, just to have 'Barney the butler' pinch 'em from the footman-messenger on the train, so she can make the X Co. pay her butcher-bill. The Chief's fit to do it."

I had n't figured the thing out that way, so I was kind of startled. Mr. Rob laughed.

"That's what I wanted you to listen for," he said. "'Cause that's



just what the X President thought. See? The President gave her footman a job; getting the plant ready. See, Red? 'Course *she* needn't be in cahoots with 'Barney the butler' when *he* did the job." He was getting more tickled every minute. "She just let Barney get wise about the jewel shipment and sent him to Washington on the same train. Sure! Barney could pinch and she could collect—and keep the real stuff under cover till she got a new set of imitations made abroad. How's that, Red?" he chuckled. "Going Sherlock some, eh?"

"But how about slugging the messenger?" I asked him, a bit bewildered, the way he rattled it off. He waved it aside, offhand.

"Oh, that! The messenger would n't come in on the job, so there was an accident. Mind you, Red," he said, "that's the way the *Chief's* got it all doped out. You see. Just the same, I got a notion I'll bump him one for bumping my society friends. You watch my curves, Red, my son!"

I watched his curves all right and felt 'em too—or rather I felt the Panhard's curves. Mr. Rob never did anything slow, and we hit the pike out Jersey way like McCarty's mare. Mike, the imported chauffeur,

was bad as Mr. Rob, or worse—knowing the boss did n't have to pay fines; and my breath was all blown somewhere down into my waistcoat when we struck the railroad junction, half-way to Philly.

We had followed the "Cannonball's" road and pulled up at the Robinson Crusoe station where the branch-line from Atlantic City joined the main-line to Philadelphia and the South.

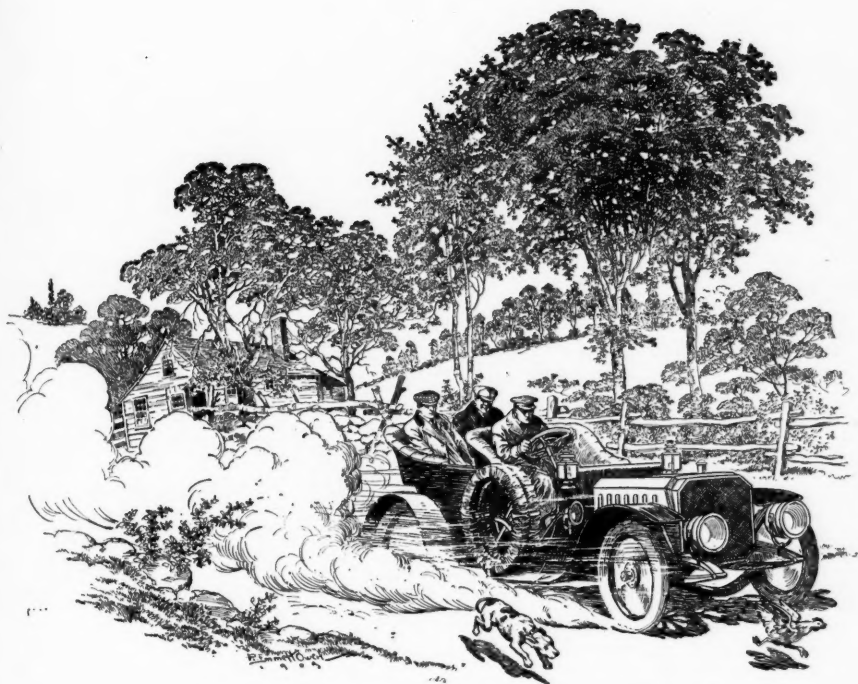
"Stop here and keep Mike company," Mr. Rob told me as he tumbled out of the devil-wagon. "I'm going to do a little sleuthing for the honor of New York society, and the confusion of Grandma. I'll teach old 'Eye that Never Sleeps' a lesson!"

He sure was enjoying himself, that boy.

"You two must a' been bouncing the town last night?" I said to Mike the chauffeur.

"Oui, but certaingmong!" he grinned. "Ever-ee night. But Monsieur Rob, he is going to fool the fat Chief, yes? It is always so when he laugh—ha, ha!"

I almost suspected that myself, because Monsieur Rob was laughing real hard when he hurdled out of the Station Agent's office and went up the platform, where he cut across the field to a farm-house.



"WE HIT THE PIKE OUT JERSEY WAY LIKE MCCARTY'S MARE"

It sure was a deserted spot on the Jersey map, that Junction place. Only the station and four streaks of shine where the tracks came together. Nothing else but a lot of marshy ground, the railroad signal-boards, a culvert hedged in on the far side and just short of it an iron arm, where the Agent hung up the Atlantic City mail-sack for the "Cannon-ball" to snatch off as she rammed by on the rush, going fifty miles an hour.

I was sizing up the place and wondering what crazy notion Mr. Rob had in his head when he sang out behind the automobile:

"Chuck me back that tool-bag, Mike; this rear tire wants tightening up. Look sharp! we got to get back to town p. d. q.!" He was excited too and pretty soon climbed in, stowing away the tools, and we made the return trip in the same near-leisurely way we had come out—

gathering in about the same number of wandering live stock we had laid out on the down-trip.

Mr. Rob did n't do anything much but sit and chuckle, which struck me as a pretty light-hearted fashion to treat a big robbery and murder case—even if he was trying to lay it over the venerable Chief of the C. O.

He stopped at the Central Office and had a long chin with the Chief when we got to town, but I was n't in on that talk. I got my next surprise when he came out and I could see by the Superintendent's jaws they'd been having it out. But all he said was:

"We go to Washington to-night, Red. Meet me on the Cannon-ball at five, and fetch your glad rags, so they'll let you look in at the Administration cake-walk." I gathered from that that the old Chief had kind of put it over *him*, and things would

be doing in Washington with the society lady who had "lost" her jewels.

I thought so a lot more when the Cannon-ball pulled out. I was rather surprised to see the Express President on the train. The Chief was there, too, and bagged the President and buzzed him all the way down, and the President looked real uncomfortable. Mr. Rob spent his time in the smoking-room of the Pullman chinning with a seedy-looking farmer chap. He went forward before we hit the Atlantic City Junction where we had autotomobiled that afternoon; never spoke a word to the Chief all the way.

There was a hot grouch between them all right, and the Chief looked at him mighty supercilious and disapproving—but then that's the way he always treated Mr. Rob when he thought he'd taken a rise out of him.

I'd never been to an Administration ball before, so you can imagine my eyes stuck out when I toddled into the White House and sized up that blaze of glory and beauty. The Superintendent's society friend Mrs. Laster sure was queening the shop, right in the middle of the mix-up, and just shimmering all over with gorgeous jewels, the cynosure of all eyes, as the newspapers say.

"They don't *look* much like paste, do they?" Mr. Rob says kind of regretful. "But we hustled, did n't we, Red?"

Not being a mind-reader I did n't know what he meant by the remark; but I could guarantee the last part of it, anyhow.

I was startled too. It suddenly struck me the Chief *had* scored, and I was worse mixed than ever. If Mrs. Laster had the colossal nerve to wear her jewels—the real ones—it was a dead open and shut certainty she had sent the paste imitations by the Express Company—valued at \$200,000! I knew the sort of bulldog the Chief was, and I felt sorry for the lady—and Mr. Rob.

I saw the Chief snoop in, and from

his looks I knew Mr. Rob could n't head him off now, any more than I could stop the Washington "Cannon-ball." Regular blood-hound look the Chief had on.

Just then a dapper gent in a regulation claw-hammer scraped and bowed to Mrs. Laster and they strolled off together. "Come on, Red!" Mr. Rob said between his teeth. "The drayma's started. Time we joined the ensemble."

We pushed through the crowd to a door that opened and shut behind us. The dapper gent (I recognized him as one of the Washington Secret Service men, and a swell society chum of Rob's) had his back to it, smiling real grim. Besides him and the Chief, there was Mrs. Laster (looking haughty), the Express President (looking sick) and Mr. Rob and me in the room. Mr. Rob did n't waste any time on preliminaries.

"Proceed, Chief," he said real curt. "I represent Mrs. Laster professionally."

The Chief looked at him kind of sneering.

"I have acted so far as consistent in treating this matter, in this particular phase, at least, as a personal investigation, at Mr. Weston's suggestion," he said, jerking his head at the Express President.

"Get down to brass—come to the point!" Mr. Rob said. "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Laster. I suggested the meeting, because, under the painful circumstances involved, any other procedure must necessarily involve police publicity."

"Because capital crime is involved and the facts concerning that part are public property—and already in the hands of the regular force; just so. The case is simple," the Chief toddled on, trying to hide his smug satisfaction. "A consignment of jewels with an *alleged* valuation of \$200,000 was shipped by express. En route between Washington and New York the express messenger was brutally assaulted and the jewels disappeared. The messenger was a



"YOU RECOGNIZE THAT, MR. JENKINS?"

former servant of this lady," the Chief bowed with a sardonic smile to Mrs. Laster. "The lady herself admits shipping the jewels personally, and subsequently sending her butler to Washington on the train which carried the consignment."

"Come to the point!" Mr. Rob said impatiently. "We're detaining Mrs. Laster."

"Unfortunately!" The Chief's tone was real sarcastic. "In one word then: I was advised in New York that the lady's butler, who is now under arrest in this city, has confessed."

Mr. Rob started, Mrs. Laster turned pale and the Chief looked triumphant. He had sprung something unexpected—I could see that.

"Confessed that he had full knowledge of the *valuable* consignment" (the Chief grinned openly) "expressed by his mistress, in charge, as he knew, of messenger Elton, a former fellow-servant. Also, that he proposed to get possession of them with Elton's help. The butler pretends to have

learned at the last moment that they were paste imitations, and that he abandoned his design. A transparent subterfuge to clear his skirts of murder."

"Where does Mrs. Laster come in—what is the charge?" Mr. Rob had a real nasty look in his eyes.

"Conspiracy—at present," the Chief snapped. "The lady has claimed damages."

I don't think Mrs. Laster understood the meaning of the charge, involving fraud, obtaining money under false pretences, and possibly complicity in robbery and murder (oh, the Chief loved society people all right!), but, she understood the Chief's sneering look when he sized up the glittering "heirlooms" that hung all over her, and she boiled over, mad as a wet hen.

"The implication is insulting! It's abominable! Why, I——"

"I wish to say," the Express President interposed feebly, "my company makes no charge against any person."



"I SAW HIM BANG THE PISTOL OFF WHEN HE KEELED OVER"

"There 's been murder and robbery done," the Chief said drily.

"And the charge, against Mrs. Laster, at least, stands or falls on the genuineness of the jewels sent by express?"

The Chief shot Mr. Robert a suspicious glance. "That part of it does," he admitted. "How are you going to prove it?"

Mr. Robert nodded to the Secret Service man and the dapper gentleman opened the door, and let in the same farmer-looking chap that Mr. Robert had chummed with coming over on the Cannon-ball. Real funny that farmer looked too, in a swallow-tail that fitted him four ways for Sunday. Mr. Robert took a brown paper parcel from his pocket.

"You recognize that, Mr. Jenkins?"

"I surely do," the farmer grinned. "I put that private mark on it afore I gave it to you t'day at the Junction."

The Chief jumped when he saw the green express seals on the package.

Mr. Robert handed it to the Express President, who shook all over when he grabbed it.

"Why," he says, "this is the identical package which Mrs. Laster handed to me yesterday to forward to Washington. Open it? Certainly!" He ripped off the cover, took out a morocco case, and touched a spring. Jiminy, I had to blink. There they were, the Laster jewels, all glimmering in cotton wool!

The Chief glanced from the heirlooms in the case to the jewels on Mrs. Laster; the lady flushed and the Chief went pale.

Mr. Rob motioned to the Secret Service man. The dapper policeman pawed over the sparklers and dropped 'em with a real yearning look.

"These are genuine," he said; somehow that made Mrs. Laster flush again.

"Mr. Jamison is government expert on precious stones," Mr. Rob explained kindly. "And now, Mr. Jenkins," he added, "if you will just



rehearse what you told me." The farmer in the swallow-tail was aching to talk.

"I found that there bundle in the culvert at the Junction, where I live, like I told you," he said. "I saw it jerked out o' that expressman's hand, w'en he stuck his head out o' the side-door of the car, and his head hit the iron arm that sticks up from the station platform, that they hang up the Atlantic City mail-sack on, for the 'Cannon-ball' to snatch off on the run when she blims past the station. I was watching the 'Cannon-ball' go past from my barn, fifty mile an hour. That there bundle was jerked out of his hand and he went sprawling down in the car. I went down and got the bundle, right where it was, inside the culvert. I was goin' to take it to town an' git the reward, on'y this young gentleman come, an' I give it to him."

"That's why you wanted the tool-bag to fix the bubble-wagon tire," I thought. Mr. Rob would n't even trust me, so bad he wanted to "bump" the Chief! The Chief was white, but he braced and made a bluff to pull himself together.

"That of course explains the discharged cartridge in the express messenger's revolver," he began; but Farmer Jenkins capped him.

"I saw him bang the pistol off when he keeled over," he said. "I opined he wanted to warn the engineer that he'd dropped somethin' an' was too stunned to ketch holt of the bell-cord. But that 'Cannon-ball' warn't stoppin' none."

The Chief tried once more, feebly this time.

"The messenger identified his assailant! He used the words 'Butler' and 'Barney'—or maybe it was 'O'Brien'."

"Gee whiz, that's easy!" Farmer Jenkins said. "W'y, that branch line from Atlantic City's called the Butler extension or Barnegat Bay extension."

"Surely," Mr. Rob said smoothly, "the poor fellow was trying to tell where he dropped the package. Satisfied, Chief?"

Waltz music floated in to us from the ballroom.

The Chief said nothing—nobody said anything, until Mrs. Laster grabbed the morocco jewel-box, and swept to the door, Mr. Robert in her wake. Then the Chief growled out:

"You're real smart, my son! Just the same, if that ex-footman was n't in cahoots with the butler, what was he doing with that package out of the safe?"

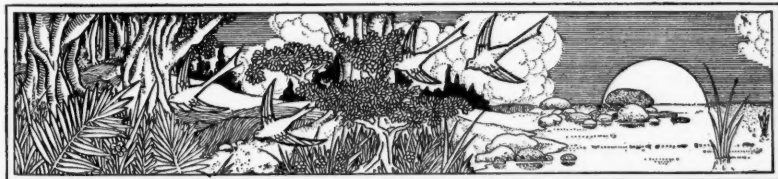
"He probably was," Mr. Rob kindly conceded. "Well, if he was, he got *his* right promptly for it."

"Well, anyway," the Chief said real bitter, "the Queen of Sassiety's wearing fake jewels *now*!"

"Oh, Chief, don't be spiteful," Mr. Rob laughed. "The Queen can do no wrong. I knew that before I locked horns with you. *Noblesse oblige*, old chap!"

I did n't know what he meant by that, but I took Farmer Jenkins down-stairs and we had some champagne on the Administration, and that suited both of us.

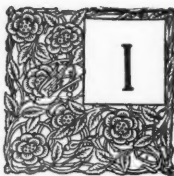
And that's the inside of the Laster case that never got into the papers.



# THE AMERICAN CHURCH ON TRIAL

By HUGH C. WEIR

## II



VISITED, on three Sundays, three of the leading churches of New York—whose edifices are rated among the leading architectural triumphs of the city, and whose pastors rank among the leading theological lights of the nation. I was a stranger. So far as I knew, this was the head and front of my offending. But from the moment of my entrance to my departure I had the feeling that I was regarded with suspicion.

In one instance, I waited twenty minutes for a seat—one of a dozen unfortunates strung along the rear of the church, while before us were over one hundred empty pews. We were obliged to stand, however, while the icy ushers glanced first at us and then at the vacant seats as though unable to determine how much we would injure the cushions. When I left I had the distinct consciousness that the sight of my back drew an audible sigh of relief from the gentleman whose white-gloved hand had pointed me to my six inches of pew. His mouth was closed tightly, but his eyes said, "I have given you a great privilege and I have taken a great risk in doing so."

I visited a trio of churches of this type, and then I entered a trio of the opposite extreme. The ministers I had heard in the first congregations had all mentioned, in haughty, dignified fashion, the charge that the power of the American Church is

failing. They had raised politely shocked eyebrows, and had declaimed in icy tones, "Nonsense! The vaporings of a sensational press!" I digested the words during a mental inventory of the churches. Perhaps a third of the pews were filled, and of this third perhaps two thirds were occupied by women and children.

In the face of these facts, the clergymen had shrilled "Nonsense!" and the stiffly starched men and women in the pews had shrugged complacent shoulders in agreement. In the three churches, as many thousands could have been added to the congregations without crowding. In the two Sunday services, 6000 more people could have been placed in the vacant pews, without annoyance to one another. These three churches are maintained at an annual cost exceeding \$125,000 and the ministers address an audience averaging less than that of a prosperous congregation in a town of 10,000—whose expenses would not reach five percent of this sum.

We have seen in the Chicago Sunday Evening Club\* one of the newest departures in the field of the modern church—in certain respects, one that is unique. We have seen a great audience gathered in the face of wind and snow, and this not on one Sunday only, but every Sunday. The program that has attracted these thousands has frankly swerved from the theological to the sociological. It has openly mixed man's religion with nuts and cakes. And it is called a new departure—a new type in the modern church. Is it a type that

\* See PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE for June.

has come to stay? Is the day of the old-fashioned religion gone with the old-fashioned schools and the old-fashioned courts?

What of the other extreme? I stood on the roof-garden of the Christ Presbyterian Church of New York, one September evening, as I asked myself the question. The rows of chairs around me were used by the congregation when they revolted at the stuffy atmosphere of the indoor pews. Below me was an auditorium capable of seating more than one thousand people. At one side of it there extended a series of lounging and smoking rooms for the men on week nights. If the visitor followed the main corridor far enough, he would find also apartments for the women's clubs, and long rooms where nurses cared for the little children and babies of the neighborhood when the mothers could not perform this duty. Across the hall from the smokers, who were playing cards, the observer might see apartments used as day schools for the young women and as night schools for the young men—where anything from sewing to carpentry could be learned. Overhead was a thoroughly equipped gymnasium, with perhaps a vigorous game of basket-ball or hand-ball in progress. On two nights of the month the gymnasium is turned over to the church dancing-club, and the strains of the "Merry Widow" waltz float over the polished floor.

This is one example of the "institutional church." There are others like it in the city of New York and scores of them throughout the country. The Christ Church is a branch of the famous Brick Presbyterian Church, of which Dr. Henry van Dyke was formerly the pastor, and is maintained at a yearly cost of approximately \$20,000. It is frankly operated on the principle that the modern church, to reach the world, must be open seven days and seven nights a week. It argues that the fact that there is only one Sunday in seven days, is no reason why the church doors should be fas-

tened on the other six days, or even on one day of the six.

The institutional church realizes at the outset that its work is not limited by the bounds of theology. It seeks to make the Bible the centre of the great human circle of activities which we call the world, rather than make it the circle itself and seek to compress the world within its circumference. It is from this direction that we approach the work of St. Bartholomew's and St. George's churches (Episcopalian); the Madison Avenue, Second Avenue and Memorial Baptist churches, the Free Synagogue, the East Side Parish House (Methodist), the Metropolitan Temple (Methodist), the Adams Memorial Church (Presbyterian), the Church of the Sea and Land, the Madison Square Church House and the Spring Street Presbyterian Church. All of these are in New York. The list could be extended to include other churches in virtually all of our larger cities, for the institutional church represents a type that may fairly be said to be national in character. Indeed, the statement may be made even broader.

Many of our institutional churches are aiming toward the ambitious goal of an international temple of worship, where men of all tongues may come to hear the same Gospel. Let us take, for example, the scope of St. Bartholomew's, whose "institutional" branch is situated at 205-213 East 42d st. Here we find services for Americans, Germans, Chinese and Swedish. Over at the East Side Parish House, we find sermons in Yiddish, Italian, Chinese and English. A religious project of this nature involves, of course, not only heavy expense but heavy labor. Often there is a staff of four or five assistant ministers in addition to the experts who preside over certain departments. In a church such as St. Bartholomew's the minister must know not only the dead languages, Hebrew and Greek, but he must know even better the live languages which will bring him into personal touch

with the cosmopolitan audience before him—gathered, perhaps, from half a dozen nations. It is obviously impossible for one minister or one sermon to reach such a gathering; in fact, three overworked men often find it a hopeless task.

But we have not done. St. Bartholomew's gives a course of two popular lectures each week, often illustrated with elaborate stereopticon views. It maintains a medical and surgical clinic, an eye and ear dispensary and a dental office. Here a man may be cured of appendicitis or his children of measles; and here he may have glasses fitted or an aching tooth removed. If necessary, the service is rendered free; and at most only a nominal charge is made.

To turn to still another feature of St. Bartholomew's: we find the stranger at the door who is about to fall into the clutches of the loan-shark. The church does not meet this man only with polite words of sympathy. It advances him the funds he may need, at a legal interest, gives him a hearty handclasp, and if he is "down and out" perhaps secures him a situation through its employment bureau. It may be that his children need shoes or his wife needs a hat. In this case he is ushered into the "clothing bureau," where long shelves of garments stretch before him, some of them second-hand, it is true, but all of them in good condition. We might mention the church's "penny provident" fund, the newspaper it maintains for its constituents and its summer outings for the overburdened mothers and their underfed babies. This outline, however, has given the reader a summary of its activities; and it applies with equal force to the activities of other churches of the class that this one represents.

Is it all worth while? From a sociological standpoint, the answer must be an emphatic yes. But from a theological standpoint? Is this a mission which will advance the scope of the church, and bring men to the Gospel, if not the Gospel to men?

As an argument on the negative

side, the case of the Ruggles Street Church of Boston comes sharply to the front. This was one of the leaders in the institutional church movement ten years ago. To-day it has greatly lessened its activities in this direction. Why? A former pastor summed up the reason to me as follows: "We could not combine a free-lunch counter, an employment-bureau and a church. The man who did n't keep his job did n't keep his religion. The man who failed to get a job failed to get any religion. And the impression was given that a person entering Ruggles Street Church of a Sunday morning came that he might carry home a free dinner. The self-respecting man turned away; and as for the other kind, they would patronize the free-lunch counter of a saloon just as quickly as they would patronize the free-lunch counter of a church. A lawyer deals only with the law, a doctor only with medicine, and a church should deal only with religion. If that religion is human enough, it will reach the people; and the functions of the free employment agency, the free dispensary, and the free night-school can be left where they belong—with the settlement-worker."

The institutional church unquestionably has a field and a mission. It is meeting a need and meeting it well. The New York churches of this type are reaching thousands—even tens of thousands. Behind them are some of the most earnest and capable men of the Gospel; before them, the flotsam and jetsam of a great city. If the gymnasium and employment agency were separated from the church, would the congregation likewise depart? The question meets generally with a doubtful response; if it is answered in the affirmative, the reply becomes a confession.

The reader may ask, If the world will take religion with sugar-plums, why object? But must we smear sermons with honey, and make the dangerous acknowledgment that without the honey they would not be palatable? Must we enclose the Bible

in morocco and tender it to the world on a silver tray, tacitly confessing that without the glitter of the exterior the interior would not be reached? The answer is that the average institutional church is doing a great work which does not and should not belong to the church.

This does not necessarily mean that the mission of the institutional church is wrong. The criticism applies more to its method than to its purpose. Its danger is the fact that it is making the material side of religion the goal, rather than the spiritual side. A library is a proper adjunct to any church, and shelves of well-selected books are eminently useful in the guidance and development of the children and even the adults of the congregation. Charity, if it be wisely directed, is as necessary to religion as prayers. Popular lectures on week nights have not only a wholesome educational value for the community, but deserve a place in the campaign of the Gospel. It is the so-called institutional church that, having gone thus far, seeks to go farther, that threatens the usefulness of the type. Card clubs and sewing classes and employment agencies and dispensaries are all right in their place; but that place is not *in* a church, although they may be maintained *by* a church. When a minister advertises for Sunday evening a stereopticon lecture on Niagara, the public may be excused for a cynical shrug at the Gospel. When a church devotes more time to filling a man's dinner-pail than to filling his soul, we can hardly expect that man to be either a very staunch or a very enthusiastic convert—when his dinner-pail goes empty. Sociology may blend with theology, but the trouble is that we are apt to get too much sugar and to have the flavor of both spoiled for us. This is the danger of the institutional church.

We have seen those churches of a ramrod stiffness—cold, deserted, barren. Is it necessary to swerve to a sentimental elasticity—to adorn religion with frills and ribbons—in

order to fill the pews? In answer, the scene of a certain blustering Sunday morning in Chicago comes before me.

A winter wind was whirling great gusts of needle-like snow through the air. The crisis of a gale was rapidly nearing and the streets were long stretches of deserted asphalt. Five thousand men and women, however, had defied the storm to attend the Sunday morning service of the Chicago Avenue Baptist Church. It was not an unusual service nor an unusual congregation. For a score of years this church has crammed the crowds into the aisles and corners, and then turned hundreds away. It has never used brass bands or imported choirs—has never held forth even the inducement of the conventional church "social." "We deal only in the Gospel," was its crisp statement, not a great while ago; and yet it draws the people with confident ease. How?

Perhaps the secret can best be revealed by the statement that it is the church Moody founded, and the fire which Moody kindled has never been quenched. Its present pastor is the Rev. A. C. Dixon. Dr. Dixon is a man of firm chin, firm voice and firm principles. His principles are not always popular, but because they are unpopular Dr. Dixon does not leave them unspoken. In the winter twilight of his library, he gave these words to me:

"We try to substitute for the science of God the science of Man, and we can't. Our universities seek to act as interpreters of the Bible. Many of the universities are not twenty years old, and the Bible is more than two thousand; but this does n't make any difference—to the universities. We tell ourselves that we should do good. True. But it is not enough. It is more important to do right. It is getting to be the present fashion of the world to put a question mark after the Scriptures. That is the trouble with the Bible. We accept the interrogation rather than the inspiration."

The Moody church deals only in the Gospel and presents it piping hot. It does not allow its doctrines to become chilled, for the normal man rebels at cold food. Dr. Dixon's library conversation is a fair sample of his pulpit oratory. He seeks to give his hearers a few homely thoughts that they can ponder in their week-day clothes. And they are thoughts that straighten tired shoulders and smooth away the wrinkles and give new life to dragging steps. This is why men come through the rain and snow to the Moody church.

Nor is this church the only one of its type. It has its counterpart wherever plodding man feels the soul-hunger of the heavy-laden. He may not find it—but this is his fault as much as that of the church. He may seek the towering edifice of polished stone and costly chimes, whereas his haven lies in the roadside chapel, among the oak trees. The Gospel for which he is yearning—whether he knows it or not—may come from a frayed pulpit and an age-yellowed Bible, and the minister who speaks the magic words of cheer may have worn the same Sunday suit for years.

Perhaps behind the tambourines and the drums of the Salvation Army, or of the Volunteers of America, the man indifferent alike to the sneers and prayers of the world may find the first inspiration in his battered life. In its nearly fifty years of world-circling, the Salvation Army has won more than 200,000 converts, snatched from the moral and physical mire of all countries. It shelters 25,000 homeless men every night, feeds 300,000 starving men, women and children yearly, and in the summer heat whisks tens of thousands of the victims of the city pavements to the shaded lanes of the country. Through its recently established suicide bureau, it has saved from self-destruction in two years almost as many thousand desperate men and women. In this country its forces are led by a woman, Miss Eva Booth.

Turning to its sister organization,

the Volunteers of America, we enter the slave-pens of the American prisons. Here a helping hand has been extended through the darkness to more than 5000 manacled men. The commander, Maud Ballington Booth ("Little Mother") has built an institution which she christens "Hope Hall," for the convict who finds the world more unfriendly than the prison; and one of the dreams of her life, as she told me in her busy New York office, is to found a series of such homes.

Most of us turn from the blare of the Salvation Army and the Volunteers as we turn from the circus band—forgetting that leather lungs may carry farther than a silver tongue. Because the jingle of the tambourine grates on our nerves, we say that the Salvation Army makes a mockery of religion; and we do not care to take off our gloves to probe deeper.

The men and women of the red and blue uniforms are the outgrowth of a condition as old as time. Religion finds long ugly stretches of mud in its path, which it may pretend not to see, but which will splash its boots just the same. The mud has always been there, just as the grass and the flowers have, and men have been caught in it, just as others have found long, happy lives among the birds and roses. It is to reach the men to whom the average church beckons through the back door of its slum missions, that the Salvation Army was born; and it is because it understands these men better than the well-to-do congregation, which spends its dollars to save its hands, that it is adding every night, rain or shine, to its 200,000 converts. The Salvation Army and the Volunteers are a development of modern religion. They have work to do and they are doing it well, regardless of the fact that the street corners are their pulpits, and their pews the curbstones.

The spirit of the martyrs who defied Nero, of Martin Luther, and of our own Plymouth Fathers is alive in the American Church to-day. It may be hidden like the ivy-buried walls



of a feudal castle. Congregations by the thousand have stumbled past it. Others have endeavored to manufacture a substitute, and the clamor of the starving world around them has given us the weird array of strange sects and creeds that have sprung up in answer to man's cry.

The public appetite demands substantial nourishment, and so we have the Emmanuel movement of Boston trying to rebuild a man's soul by rebuilding his body and mind. And to this list also we add the League of Right Living, of Chicago, seeking again to combine the spiritual with the physical. Men have starved for the cheer which comes alone from the spirit; it is because the spirit is elusive that we have seen the rush for those preachers who appeal rather to the body and the mind.

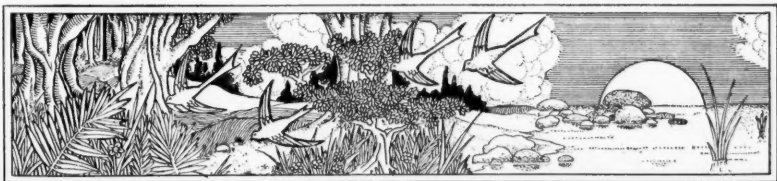
The Moody church has offered the tired man an inspiration he can understand, if not define. So do all churches that accept theology as being human as well as divine, and remember that Christ was a man as well as a God. Men are humble, workaday atoms after all. Most of them carry burdens, and all of them must deal with this life before they deal with another. If the promise of the next lightens the burden of this, well and good; but the wise minister remembers that a long preparation is needed before the promise can be redeemed, and he does not waste time explaining to the chafing man before him what or where his soul is, but binds up the bruises of his spirit and renews his strength and his faith for the next lap of the struggle.

The world knows the inspiration it should receive from the church. Few men call it spiritual, but all men know that it is spiritual. If they do not get it, the fault is divided.

The church is disposed to shoot either above or below the middle strata of humanity. The world is disposed to judge the result and not the effort, to overlook the energy behind the spent bullet, to denounce the whole for the mistakes of the few. This attitude is changing, as it is bound to change. The Church is much too gigantic to stand still and much too wide-reaching to slide back without tearing the whole fabric of society. In the nature of things it must go forward, and the world must go with it.

The increasing bond between the church and the modern man will be one of the main springs of the next ten years' progress, even as it has been one of the strongest points of attack in the past ten years' criticism. The achievement of the Chicago Sunday Evening Club shows what can be done, at this outpost of endeavor—and what has not been done. In fifty church services, covering a period of six months, I found the proportion of women to men to be as two to one, and in some instances three to one. The church has drifted away from the men, and the men have let it drift. The stoppage of the drift is one of the most hopeful signs of the future. When men like Shailer Mathews, Dean of the Chicago University Divinity School—one of the peace-makers and pace-makers of the American Church,—appreciate this danger and its remedy, to-day's crusade may be expected to result in victory to-morrow.

The American Church has made mistakes and it will make more, even as the nation of which it is a part. But, in spite of a muffled note here and there, it rings true; else both it and the nation would long ago have ceased to be.



# IN THE LAND OF THE TROUBADOURS

By ERNEST C. PEIXOTTO

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR



JUST south of Limoges, in the Perigord, on the line that connects Perigueux itself to Brive, we visited not long ago the fine old castle of Hautefort, crowning a rocky height and commanding a far-reaching panorama. The very name of this eyrie, a veritable robber's stronghold, remodelled at a later day into a spacious château, recalled at once the charming pages of "Richard Yea and Nay," for in it was born the turbulent troubadour Bertrand de Born, whose rôle in the history of the twelfth century was a conspicuous one. Among the many minstrels of his age and country, he was perhaps the most complete expression of the epoch in which he lived—a typical troubadour wandering from petty court to petty court in search of love and adventure,—son of the land that placed the pretty art of verse-making on a par with valor in feats of arms.

But nothing was sacred to him. Family ties counted as naught. Twice he drove his own brother from his castle that he might himself remain sole lord, and through his intrigues he arrayed Henry of England against the unhappy King, his father, and induced the young English Princes to wage their parricidal wars.

Dante pictures him in Hell wandering about carrying his head in his hand and thus addressing him: "Thou who, still in the world of the living,

comest to view the dead, behold my sorry plight. That thou mayest carry news of me back to earth, know that I am that Bertrand de Born who gave evil counsel to the young King. I made father and son enemies. And for the reason that I separated two beings so closely linked by nature, I now carry, alas, my brain separated from its motive, which is the remainder of my body."

His poems were remarkable alike for their fire and violence, sometimes satirical—directed against the Barons; sometimes martial—in honor of his royal friend Richard Cœur de Lion (it was Bertrand that dubbed him Richard Yea and Nay, *Oc e No*); and sometimes amorous—in honor of the lady of his heart, Maenz, wife of Talleyrand de Perigord and daughter of the Viscount of Turenne. This latter nobleman was perhaps the best known patron of the troubadours, and at his castle, two of whose giant towers still top a hill just south of Brive, poets were always sure of a welcome. Bertrand was the type of the more northern or Limousin school of minstrelsy, a virile swashbuckler, contrasting sharply with the troubadours of the south-land who, cradled in a more enervating air, sang a sweeter song.

Such was the "tres gaye compaignie des sept troubadours de Tolose et mainteneurs du gay sçavoir," protected by the powerful Counts of Toulouse. At this city in the Capitol, the Académie des Jeux Floraux, as it is called,—a lineal descendant of



PORTAL OF THE CHURCH AT CARENNAC

this "tres gaye compaignie"—still holds a meeting in the Salle de Clemence Isaure every three years, on May 3d, to contest for poetical prizes: a golden amaranth, a silver violet, wild rose and marigold

—laurels highly prized by all Gascon bards.

It is a very interesting country, this land of the troubadours, and surprisingly little known.



"ON EVERY CRAG IS PERCHED A FEUDAL CASTLE"

To one who is accustomed to think of France only as "Sunny France," who pictures but the broad pastures of Normandy, the smiling beaches of Deauville and Dinard, the vineyards of Burgundy, the rich gardens of Touraine, the sunshine of the Midi, it would be a revelation indeed to traverse this southwest portion of the country—this *pays perdu* of the Limousin, the Perigord, the Cantal and the Quercy.

From the mountains of Auvergne—the little Switzerland of France—a plateau, vast and monotonous, stretches westward and southward,

silent and savage to-day as it was in the Middle Ages. Heather and ferns, birchs and chestnuts clothe its hillsides. In the distance the mountains of Auvergne, forbidding and gloomy, profile their jagged barrier, rising and falling in peaks and domes. Here and there little lakes and swamps impart a sweetly melancholy note. Tiny streams issuing from these sources cut for themselves narrow beds, deeper and deeper, through the ledges, finally swelling into torrents rushing in cascades down slaty gorges. Little by little these cañons enlarge to form a vast granite



CHÂTEAU OF LAROQUE

plateau, once the bed of the Jurassic sea, but now constituting the drear reaches of the Causse, sadder even than the upper Segala—a rocky tableland, dried by the ardent sun and dotted only here and there with stunted oaks whose roots cling for life in the crevices. Its sole water-courses flow in a subterranean world and can only be seen at the risk of one's life by descending into deep caverns whose narrow orifices open below into great halls polished by running waters, and into dark chambers hung with stalactites reflected in murky pools.

Now and then a dolmen silhouettes its dark profile against the sky where the wild thyme perfumes the evening air. Human habitations are rare indeed. Great herds of sheep graze in these treeless plains and they and the truffles for which the country is famous are the only riches of the peasants—the *caoussenaous*.

Into this Causse, in its savage splendor, rivers formed by these subterranean watercourses have now worn deep furrows which in time become valleys with fertile fields and broad sheets of water reflecting tall files of poplars and giving



A GASCON PEASANT WOMAN

life to villages crude and barbarous, it is true, but replete with vestiges of other days.

On every surrounding cliff or crag is perched a feudal castle or a pilgrim church. Franks and Visigoths, Dukes of Aquitaine and Lords of England, one after the other, have despoiled these river valleys; and their frays and forays were followed by even more disastrous religious wars, that tore brother from brother and drove peasant and villager alike to refuge

in fortified caves that are still to be seen loop-holed in the cliffs on every hand.

Richard the Lion Heart, friend of poets and himself a minstrel of no mean talents, spent much of his turbulent youth in this, his Duchy of Guyenne, and the whole country teems with recollections of him. At Martel his elder brother died penitent just after he had sacked the rich sanctuaries of Rocamadour nearby to pay his Brabançons—a fact to



which many of the faithful attributed his untimely end. And at the castle of Chalus, just beyond Limoges, Richard received his own death wound from the bow of Bertrand de Gourdon.

At all the castles in the valley-lands and on the craggy hilltops, tales of him are told, his hairbreadth escapes, his magnanimity to his enemies and his loyalty to his friends forming the theme of many a tradition. His friends too were all devotion to him. Is it not told of Blondel de Nesles, another poet of Languedoc, that he searched all Germany for his royal comrade when he was made captive by Leopold of Austria, and finally found him by singing a romance that they had composed together?—a pleasing legend, to be sure, but not altogether substantiated by history.

Each succeeding master left his impress upon the land; a Gallic fort near Vers, a Roman arch of Diana at Cahors, relics of feudalism in castles such as Beynac and Laroque, and of the Renaissance in superb châteaux like Cènevriers.

But here the story ends. Three centuries have elapsed and scarcely left a trace. The ruins are there, standing as on the morrow of their devastation, among rocks whose reddish tints at sunset seem still to reflect the glare of conflagrations and along the banks of rivers whose saffron-tinted waters seem still to roll their floods of mud and blood.

At each turn of the road—and there are many—a new point of interest presents itself; now a ruined watch-tower perched solitary upon a hilltop, now a giant crucifix planted upon a jagged rock, now an ancient church or dismantled castle with its vassal town clustered round its grass-grown moat; and ever and anon glimpses of smiling meadows hemmed in by walls of oolite and enriched by windings of the ruddy-watered rivers.

All is smiling where the Dordogne rolls its waters through a valley which is so easily reached by rail from Bordeaux yet so seldom visited.

Stop first at Saint Emilion. From the station you will see nothing. But climb the hill and you will discover for yourself, unknown to tourists, as quaint an old town as you can find in many a long wandering—a town of warlike aspect, whose dismantled ramparts slashed by numerous breaches, and crumbling walls encircled by wide moats, evoke a past filled with struggle and bloody combat. You will find, too, within its gates, a royal castle and quaint old houses and rock-paved streets; and it will reserve for you an unique surprise hidden away in the very bowels of the earth, its existence only betrayed by a Gothic portal and some mullioned windows.

Yet enter this portal and you will find yourself in an immense monolithic church which has been pronounced "the most singular in France and quite unique in the world." And truly I know of none like it, with its nave and aisles, its apse and altars, its huge square pillars and soaring arches dug from the living rock away back in the dark ages by the patient hands of persevering monks, disciples of the saint who lived and died in the cave hard by. Six windows pierced in the hillside project into its long aisles a pale, uncertain light which, before reaching the farthest extremities, is so attenuated that the arches cross in darkness and the eye can scarcely discern the altars rising in their shadowy niches and the tombs in their darksome chapels.

But a little beyond Saint Emilion through the rich vineyards of the Bordeaux district lies Bergerac, indelibly connected with Cyrano, "the demon of bravery," made near and dear to all of us so recently by a troubadour of our own day. It is a pretty, smiling village, set in gardens hung with wistaria, and spreading its sunny quays along the river-bank, very prosperous indeed and quite bourgeois-looking—in no way recalling the peppery poet-swordsman.

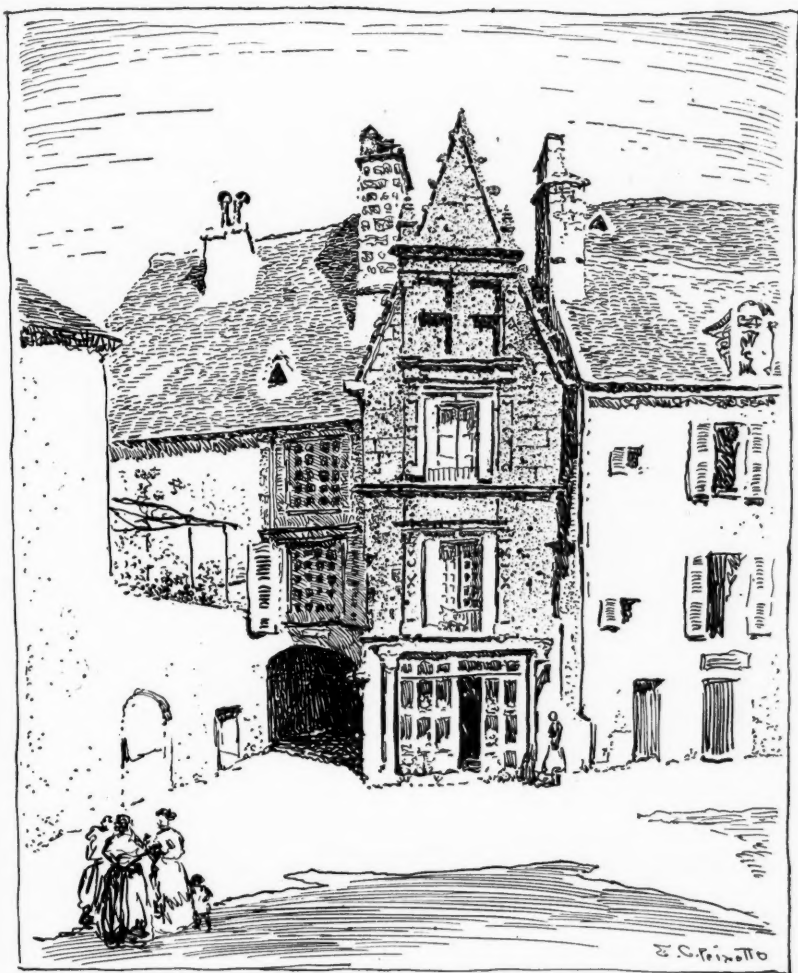
Then the valley narrows, hemmed in by crags ribbed in courses like the massive rustica basements of giant



BEYNAC

castles. The houses throw up their roofs to steeper angles so the snow may slide away. We cross bridge after bridge over the turnings of the river thrown from side to side by its rocky walls and thread as many tunnels; then pass St. Cyprien, climbing its steep hillslope with cypresses leading in line to its church. At last, at twilight, we come upon the mediæval vision of Beynac seated on its proud cliff—as perfect a type of feudal keep as one could hope to see.

We were to spend the night at Sarlat, and as we drove down the dark hillslopes from the station to the town under the deep shadows of overhanging trees, I remembered that I had heard somewhere that wolves still abound in the vicinity, and that not so long ago one was killed in the very streets of the town.



HOUSE AT SARLAT IN WHICH ÉTIENNE DE LA BOÉTIE WAS BORN

Sarlat is a fine old place, with sombre, twisting streets lined with splendid stone houses whose tall turrets and high-pitched slate roofs and Gothic portals leading to spiral stairways, evoke the heyday of its prosperity—the time of Louis XII and his immediate successors. Perfect object lessons, these, in the domestic architecture of the Middle Ages.

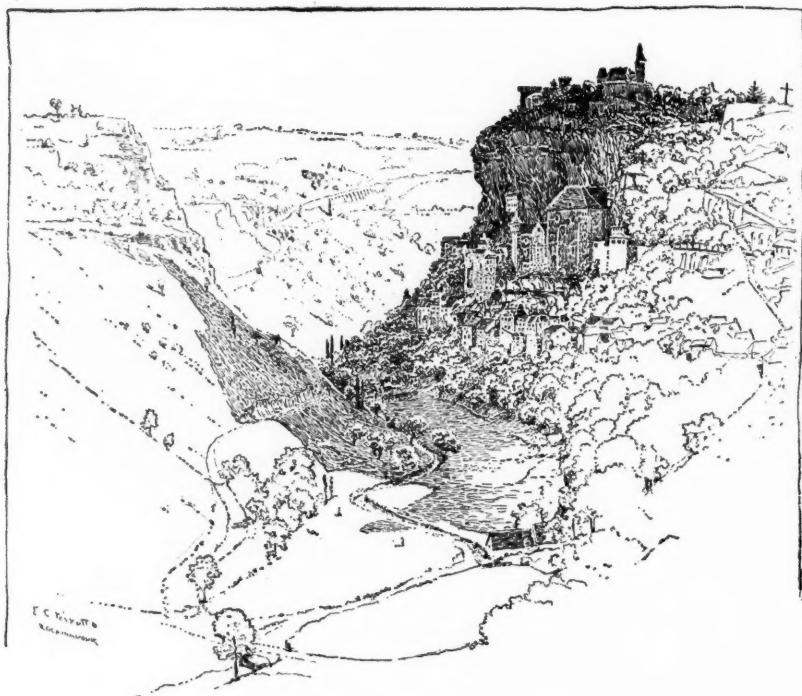
Here we were fairly in the land of the troubadours, and discovered on a pillar of the old City Hall an

inscription freshly placed there (1908), which runs thus:

AUX TROUBADOURS ELIAS CAIREL, AIMERIC DE SARLAT, GIRAULT DE SALIGNAC, LOU BOURNAT DÔU PERIGORD.

This plaque was put up at a recent reunion of the Felibres, poets and writers of the Gascony country—the direct inheritors of the troubadours.

Sarlat has other claims to literary laurels. In a charming house fronting



"THE SHADOWY VALE OF ROCAMADOUR"

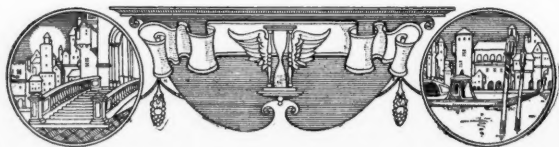
the cathedral church and dating from the time of Francis I was born Étienne de la Boétie, Montaigne's life-long friend.

The old town makes a very pleasant centre for excursions. In the near vicinity lie the castles of Montfort and Fénélon, the latter the birthplace of many members of that illustrious house and remaining to-day a perfect specimen of a fifteenth-century stronghold.

Beyond it we made a special pilgrimage to Souillac to see its early Byzantine church, the curious pillars of whose west door are adorned with sculptures of the greatest rarity, naïve, archaic in drapery and movement and reminiscent only of the crude

efforts of Northmen or the rude carvings of the Assyrians.

Beyond Souillac the Dordogne describes a sweeping bend around the Cirque de Montvalent, whose steep palisades, rising sheer from the river's bank, form a vast amphitheatre sheltering a number of picturesque old towns. Here lies Martel where Prince Henry died of a fever in a house (still pointed out) adorned with the leopards of England. And in the depths of these cliffs of Montvalent, which shore up the Causse de Gramat, lies the shadowy vale of Rocamadour, with its forgotten pilgrimage, sleeping the sleep of the centuries.



# LETTERS TO SANCHIA

By MAURICE HEWLETT

## INTRODUCTION



THE pages which follow, and the tale which they unfold, are the work of a man still living, and, in a sense, the property of a lady in the same state of grace. For these reasons the names are not warrantable. The writer must remain a voice crying in the wilderness; Sanchia Percival is as near to the recipient's name as I care to go. With this provision, I have the consent of both parties to the publication of letters which do them no discredit, and do not reveal an intimacy of which they have any reason to be ashamed. It is hardly necessary, perhaps, to add that while the writer has my sympathy, I by no means share all his opinions with him, and that I have taken upon myself the responsibility of selecting what I would print. The correspondence as a whole is massive; some of it is occasional; some relates to private affairs, and some to the private affairs of other people. There is a good deal of freedom used in dealing with the names and deeds of persons much in the world's eye. To publish names and comments together might be scandalous; either without the other would be stupid. So also with the tale—such tale as lay in the relations of the eloquent, profuse and random writer of these letters and Miss Sanchia Percival: with that again I have had to be very frugal, contenting myself for the most part with the briefest explanation, introductory of each chosen document. It is a good tale, as all true tales are,

and may some day be told—but not now. I have found my present interest amply in the opinions of the man, not in his emotions, except in so far as they sway his opinions.

By way of introduction, however, to such tale as there is, something must be said before the letters can be left to speak for themselves. Their writer, when I knew him first (red-hot and sizzling with theory) was the most cheerful revolutionary you could conceive of. Anarchism—for he signed himself Anarchist,—on his showing, was the best joke in the world. He would have dethroned kings and obliterated their dynasties as Isaak Walton would have had you impale worms on your hooks, with the same tender nicety. "My dear old chap," one might hear him say to a doomed monarch, "we've had a splendid time; but a game's a game, and really yours is up. You perish for the good of your so-called people, you know: upon my honor, it's all right. Now, this bomb is beautifully timed. It'll be over before you can say 'Knife!' Just you see."

That was the sort of impression he made upon one in those early days; he was frightfully reasonable, and perfectly ridiculous. He was then at Cambridge, King's his college, embroiled forever with the dons—heading his examination-papers "Down with the *bourgeois!*" or "Death to tyrants!"\*—and yet forever in their houses. It was the women who would have him there; his manner with women was perfect. He put them on his own level, to begin with, and his level was high. He neither flattered nor bullied, never told fibs,

\* This he used to call "sowing the seed."

nor paid compliments, nor posed for what he was not; nor, so far as I can learn, did he ever make love. Flirtation and he were contradictories; for, ridiculously as he would put things, and do them, the most ridiculous part of his performance was always that he was perfectly serious. But he was all for liberty and equality, and very likely was waiting for the ladies to begin. He would have seen no reason whatever against that; and I can imagine him discussing a tender proposal from one of them with the most devastating candor, lying on the hearth-rug (his favorite place in the room) with his face between his thin hands, and his black eyes glossy with mystery. He was extraordinarily popular; and when he was sent down for some outrageous act or another—I forget exactly what it was, but fancy it had something flagrant to do with Lord Beaconsfield or the Athanasian Creed—he spent the time of rustication actually in Cambridge, in the house of a Fellow of his college, as everybody knew perfectly well. They dug a canoe out of a tree-trunk, the queer pair of them, and navigated the Cam from Ashwell to Littleport.

He was a great reader, but a fitful, an excellent Grecian, and left the University without attempting his degree. He had come, he said, to consider the course of study prescribed an absurdity, and the reward held out to be a foppery unworthy of a serious man's time. Such a man, with that persuasive, irresistible smile of his, he solemnly proclaimed himself in a letter to the Vice-Chancellor—or with what he fully intended to be solemnity. But his manner of leaving Cambridge was so characteristic that I cannot omit it, though I study to be brief.

It was simplicity itself. On a certain May morning in the year 1885 he rose as usual, dressed as usual in gray flannel trousers, white sweater and pair of nailed boots; breakfasted as usual upon an egg and some coffee, and walked out of his rooms, out of his college, out of Cambridge, never to return.

That was literally the manner of his going. The only thing he took away with him, except the clothes he stood in, was a holly stick. He never wore a hat, and his bedmaker found all his loose change—gold, silver and copper—lying at random on his dressing-table, and his cheque-book in a drawer. The rest of his belongings, which were ordinary, neither more necessary nor less various than the common run—clothes, furniture, books, pipes, correspondence, including the morning's post, which, I am told, had not even been opened: he left everything where it was, dropped it just then and there, and vanished. Nor was anything heard of him in England for two years, after a letter received by his father, which had the postmark Cracow, and the date 14th July, in which he said that he had come to the sudden conviction of waste of time, money and opportunity and must be excused from indulging either the parental partiality or his own proneness to luxury any longer. He had chosen to come to Poland, he said, because nobody could tell him anything about it except that it was, on the whole, the most oppressed country in Europe. He was uncertain of his return, and begged to assure his correspondent that he was well, happy, self-supporting, and his affectionate Jack.

His adventures in Poland, which led him certainly and expeditiously to Siberia, are no concern of ours just now. He conspired, I believe, in Latin, since he had not the tongue of the country; but, being overheard and more or less understood, to Siberia he went, and was there lost sight of for a year. How he escaped, whether by intervention from home or his own address, does not matter. I know that he was in England in 1887, for I met him in the autumn of that year in his father's house in the Eastern Midlands, irredeemably enthusiastic in the cause of absolute liberty, in touch with Tolstoy, Kropotkin, Stepniak and half the dreamers of Europe; a confirmed wanderer, a sojourner in tents;



as much artist, scribbler, desultory scholar as ever, but with a new taste, which he had acquired in his exile from a fellow-conscript, a taste for botany which became later on the ruling passion of his life. He was more charming and more ridiculous than ever, and, mentally, entirely naked and entirely unashamed. To please his father—with whom he was on the best terms—he went into the counting-house at Dingley for six months; but in the spring of '88 he was off again, none knew whither, though it was discovered afterwards to have been the Atlas; and after that never settled down in the haunts of civilized man for more than a few weeks at a time.

What could be said or done to him? He was of full age, took nothing of his father's store, kept himself entirely to his own satisfaction on his painting and journalism. Of the former I am not qualified to speak. It was very impressionistic, highly poetical rendering of atmosphere and color. If Corot was not his master in the art, I am a dunce. As to the other, he wrote pretty constantly for wild newspapers of which you and I hear nothing—*Dawn*, *The Fiery Cross*, *The Intransigent*, *The International*,—and now and then had a poem in *The Speaker*, and now and then an article in a review. As for his wants, which were simple, he lived in a tent of his own stitching, which he carried about in a tilt-cart, drawn by a lean horse, well called Rosinante. Everything he owned was in this cart; and he seldom stayed in one place for more than a week. Periodically he would vanish, as the mood took him, and perhaps be heard of in California, Colorado, the Caucasus or Cashmere; but as he grew older and his passion for naturalizing foreign plants grew with him, he confined himself more within the limits of our seas; and his knowledge of England's recesses must have equalled Cobbett's or Borrow's. He was hail-fellow with all the gipsies, tinkers, horse-stealers and *rascaille* on the road, and with most of the tramps. They

all liked him consumedly, all trusted him, but all called him Mr. John, or by his patronymic with the prefix of ceremony. That was odd, because I am certain he did not expect it of them.

Thus wandering, perpetually busy and inordinately happy, one used to meet him in chance angles and coigns of our islands, and more occasionally still in or near the house of a friend: seldom in it, for he nearly always begged leave to pitch his tent in park or paddock, whence to come and go as he pleased. It was during one of these temporary returns to civilization as we call it (and how he used to declaim upon that!) that he became acquainted with Sanchia Percival. It must have been in or about 1894.

She was then in her twentieth year, the youngest daughter of a gentleman, whom I will call John Welbore Percival, a wealthy man with a business in the City of London and house in Great Cumberland Place. A brother of his (Sanchia's uncle), the Reverend William Harkness Percival, was Rector of Graseby. There was a goodly tale of young Percivals, high-spirited all of them, and all girls: four daughters besides Sanchia, of whom one was married substantially, another betrothed to a county gentleman, Sir George Pinwell, Baronet, an insufferable blond person. They all had romantic names—were Philippa (Mrs. Tompsett-King), Melusine, Hawise (the betrothed), Victoria, and then this young Sanchia-Josepha, who from a romp with her hair all about her face had developed into a thoughtful, slim girl with gray and dreamy eyes and a sad mouth; and later on, when I knew her best, was a beautiful woman of the classic type, having a profile exactly like one of the maidens bearing baskets in the Panathenaic frieze. Our friend's, the letter-writer's, first acquaintance with her was in the middle period, that of her dawn, when, as it were, her glory-to-be was palely shadowed forth from her. It lay brooding in her eyes, was to be discovered, like a halo, about her broad

brows. Her chin had already that roundness which is the type's, but her mouth was not the lovely feature it afterwards became. It had a pathetic droop; it was tremulous, very expressive. All this I learned afterwards from my friend on one or other of the rare occasions when he could be led on to talk about her. He showed me, in fact, a photograph. She hit him hard, I know.

They met, as I say, in the country. She was staying with an old Lady Mauleverer; he was in a neighbor's house, that of Roger Charnock, the Liberal member for Graseby: that is to say, he was in Charnock's park, encamped there; dining at the house whenever it suited his whim, but otherwise free as air. Charnock and he had been at Rugby together, though the member had been in the Sixth, and the tramp his fag. But Charnock had been kind, and a friendship had arisen and persisted. The rebel was allowed to do as he liked up at Bill Hill.

There was much intercourse between Gorston Park, the Mauleverer stronghold, and Bill Hill, which was Charnock's. Our man, whose high spirits were not to be denied by anyone who came within a mile of them (least of all by a receptive young Sanchia Percival), had them all under his spell in no time. Even Lady Mauleverer, I am told, called him a "ridiculous creature," which, for her, was a term of high endearment. He was a noticeable fellow, unlike anybody else, very thin, very dark, saturnine, looking taller than he really was. There was something elusive about him, which may have been the effect of his piercing black eyes, or of his furtive smile. You could never tell whether he was chuckling at you or with you: he rarely laughed outright. He had the look of a wild animal, which seems friendly and assured, but is ready at any instant to dart into hiding. They used to call him the Faun, and tease to be shown his ears. Charnock declared that he wore his hair long and let it tumble about his brows to hide a fine pair of

horns. He was a wonderful talker; to see his fallow face light up under the glow of his thought was to feel as if the sun had burst through a great cloud. Like all good talkers he had fits of long and most eloquent speechlessness. He would sit then with his chin on his knees, and bony hands clasped over his shins, and look like a dead Viking crouched in his cairn: vacant-eyed, fixed, astare—a silence, I assure you, that could be felt. Add his strange nocturnal prowlings, during which he was supposed to hold mysterious communion with the creatures of darkness, bats, owls, badgers, otters, foxes, and talk secrets with the plants, and you may guess how he might have struck the imagination of young Miss Sanchia-Josepha, a girl on the threshold of womanhood, in the throes of her power to come. At the end of a week, as I understand, they were fast allies, at the end of a fortnight inseparable companions, sketching together every day, and he teaching her to read Greek, out of the Anthology. At the end of three weeks they were eternal friends, and had sworn it to each other, no doubt, with the appropriate ritual. That is where the correspondence begins, at the end of that third week. I only have his side of it—he destroyed her letters, as they came—and can only give selections, of course. It lasted intensely for two years, with occasional breaks when they saw each other, and was most voluminous. Then it stopped, for reasons which are to be made plain, and which, I shall add on my own account, do the writers credit. A relationship had developed which was not, and could hardly be again, the old one. The man broke it, the young woman accepted his decision.

I will allow myself but one more word. Those who know Sanchia Percival at this hour know not only a beautiful, but an exquisite woman. Her mind corresponds with her pure face, her moral stature is of a piece with her physical perfection. One indeed fulfils the other. She is the perfect woman nobly planned of the

poet, charitable, tolerant, self-respecting yet humble-minded. She performs her duties exactly, is interested in every humane thing, and a charming hostess. Her life is her art, her art delicately expressive of herself. All

this she declares to be her friend's doing; whereupon he flames forth with the cry that every ideal he ever had was lamped in her from her birth. This generous debate shows you that their intimacy persists.

#### FIRST LETTER: ON WORLDLY WISDOM

*The letter explains itself. He had just left her after three weeks of constant and idyllic companionship. Signs of hurt are visible to the experienced eye. The pleasure he takes, for instance, in the use of her name—that's one. Another is his plain anxiety to prove to her his unconcern.*

12th September.

I am thirty miles away from you, Sanchia, encamped upon the edge of a glimmering marsh, awaiting dawn to take up my bearings. All about me the shore-birds are piping their wild, sad music; most melodious of them all, the curlew: how I love that bird! You never heard the little owls, did you, at San Gimignano, —plaintive trebles fretting to each other in the night? They are said to be the souls of two murdered lads, Rossellino and Primerano by name. I am sure Pythagoras was right concerning wild fowl, and that the soul of my grandam may fitly inhabit a bird. I forget whose moan the Greeks heard in the curlew's cry: some robbed young life's, no doubt. But I wander.

I wish to report, Sanchia, please, that I have travelled since I left you at daybreak (yesterday!), with a long rest at noon, and am now going to bed in my sack, for it's too dark yet and I'm too sleepy to pitch a tent. Besides, it's close and steamy. I think that I can smell the rain, as, saving your presence (but I know you'll laugh), I have the knack of doing. Perhaps you'll remember, please, that I did it on the day of the Oulton cricket-match; and who turned up a nose, and left a cloak behind, and would have got a wet skin if it had n't been for a masterful Anarchist and his jacket? Saint Martin was beat, that time; for

he divided his jacket; whereas—So there's for you, pert maid.

Charnock the Great, with Percy and the Dowser, came pelting after me, and caught me up at the second milestone. Apologies, compliments, *bon voyages*, and other pretty nothings passed. The boys escorted me for a mile or so. Did you meet any of them, I wonder? No—of course you did n't. You went home through the woods, like a respectable Dryad, I know.

Charnock, by the by, drew me awfully aside, and, in a whisper which could have been heard from Graseby to Colehampton, as good as said what he thought about me and my deplorable way of life. He's done that before, often enough. This was what he called "a special appeal." He *looked* what an ass he thought me. That I should renounce six hundred a year (to begin with) and a certain share in the colliery for wandering by the hedgerows on what I can pick up! He had no words to voice his thoughts. They lay too deep for tears—or jeers—or swears. Poor old chap, with his Stake in the County, and Vested Interests, and Seat in Parliament; with his hounds and his horses at break of day, men-servants (all touching their hats), maid-servants (all bobbing), boys at Eton, girls at Cheltenham, family pew; imagine how he chafes. I tell you, I irritate him to madness; he can't stand it. He's fond of me too, you know, which makes it worse; but he does n't want to remember that I live. It's a tarnish on his prosperity. It mildews his roses, and blights the hops that make the beer by which he lives and fares softly.

If I argue with him he foams at the mouth. So I laughed at him,

and made him give me a cigarette. That soothed him. It had a gold-tip, and was very spluttery. You know the kind. Bond Street. He'll be better now I'm gone.

So will you, my Lady, perhaps. I think that—once or twice—I scared you: indeed, I know that I did. I've seen it in your eyebrows, and in your eyes too. The gray goes lighter and the iris-rings contract when you're really scared. I don't say that you think me mad: I'll put it that, to you, I'm unaccountable. You think it all rather a pity, and that it would really be more comfortable if you could be sure of me in a large stone box, with a carriage-drive and entrance-lodge, and a tidy old woman to bend her knees whenever she opens my worship a gate. Hey? Confess, Sanchia, confess. And then, my painting should be a gentlemanly amusement, not a livelihood—should n't it now? Why should I sell my wits when I've got a rich father and a family coal-mine? Why not put on a black Melton coat and square-topped felt hat and go to church of a Sunday, like a Christian or an ordinary man? My dear, shall we reason together? Shall we have it out? I've told you all of it before—by fits; but I feel your scare on me now, and can't stand it at a distance. Every man must seek salvation his own way. That's all I'm doing, upon my honor.

Let's clear the air. What precisely do I mean by salvation, or, for that matter, what do *you* mean by it? (I'm talking of this world now, remember. Perhaps I'll have it out with your reverend relative about the other, some day.) Well, I'll tell you. According to me, salvation in this world is the power of using every faculty we have to the full—every available muscle to the highest tension, every ounce of brain to the last drop, every emotion to the piercing and swooning point, every sense to an acuteness so subtle that you are able to feel the hairs on a moth's underwing, separate the tones on a starling's neck, smell, like a hare, the very

breath of the corn, see like a sea-bird, hear like a stag. Those, with respect to Charnock and his fellow-pundits at Westminster, or to the Able Editors of Fleet Street with their telephones to their long ears, and their eyes on the latest intelligence—those are the faculties which God has given us to save ourselves withal. We are to replenish the Earth, I believe—but what for? For the Earth's advantage? Not at all, but for ours. (Personally, mind you, I don't subscribe at all to the doctrine that we are lords of creation. Why should we be? The little that I know about the beasts, and what I am learning about the plants, suggest to me that they have their salvation to work out by the side of us, and that we can help each other a good deal more than we do at present. I once saw a child playing horses in a garden with a little dog. The dog was the horse, and wore a halter of string over his muzzle; *she* held the reins. They had a great run, and she brought him back to his loose-box, undid the halter, and set him to a wisp or two of hay. If you'll take it from me, he buried his nose in it and made believe to have his feed. Upon my honor, that's true! All right: then don't tell me that we and the beasts can't help each other any more. But *you* won't, I know. It's old Charnock I'm doubtful about, who blows birds to pieces with a gun.)

That was a digression. I was waiting for you to admit that the full use of our faculties is our way of temporal salvation: to think to the full, reason and remember, to swell or uplift the heart, to walk and run; to learn how to *do* things, make them, use them, delight in them; to be alive in every fibre, and at all times; to be always alert, always awake, always at the top of perfection, until we are wholesomely and thankfully tired—and then, dear God, to sleep like the dead! If we are things of body, mind and motion, as you'll allow, that must be salvation. Very well: we agree so far—at least, I hope we do; for I give you fair warning, my

friend, that in that admission you have placed in my hands a most powerful weapon. And don't you forget it!

Now then. If the use and perfecting of faculty is salvation, liberty to learn is the only way of it. We must be absolutely free, Sanchia. Salvation demands it, our manhood expects it of us. We started, mind you, free enough; all our hamper is of our own making. But we've never been free since we were turned out of Eden in the days before the flood.

Consider old Charnock, Squire of Graseby—is he free? God pity the poor, he's the veriest shackled slave in this land of slaves. You are all slaves, you know—your sublime Lady Mauleverer (who fancies herself a slave-owner, bless her!); you, my poor dear child, qualifying for your yoke; your respected Uncle William (squire and parson by shifts): all the lot of you, Sanchia, but with a difference. Some of you can't help yourselves. My Lady was bought by the late Sir Giles, who was himself a descendant of slaves from the time of the biggest slave of them all, the late William Conqueror; and she was sold by her father to him for thirty (or thirty-two) pieces of an escutcheon and a country-seat thrown in. And she was a good girl in those days, and did as she was bid—besides, Sir Giles was a fine figure of a man, I hear. You are a slave for the same reasons—goodness and girlhood. Why, you've only just been allowed to put up your hair! And your Uncle William? Well, he put his neck under the yoke of the Church with great intention. It was deliberate; he knew very well what he was doing; I admire him for it. He'd be the first to admit the slavery. Service which is perfect freedom, he'd say. I don't agree with him. According to me, we are all priests forever after the order of Melchizedek; but I'm a sort of quaker, you know; a pagan quaker, or a quaking pagan, whichever you please. No! I don't agree with him at all. I disapprove of your reverend relative. But I re-

spect him mightily, all the same—and here's his very good health.

But old Roger Charnock, M.P., J.P., D.L.,—out upon the hobbled wretch! He's done it himself from the start, and has no one but himself to thank for it. I've seen him at it all along, watched him from the playground to the hulks—the gilded hulks in which he now sweats. Rugby does n't count, though he was in the Sixth, and a swell. At Cambridge he was a jolly chap (as he is now, confound him!), quite an easy-going, God-bless-you kind of a man, with a taste for prehistoric remains which might easily have developed into a passion. He took a second in History and was going off to Petersburg to study under Vinogradoff. But what did he do instead? Articled himself to a brewer! and when his father died and left him a thousand or two, what next but he must buy the brewer out? It was a rotten concern, I believe, and he got it for a song. Well, that was the end of him; he set to work to “build up his fortune.” You might put it that he set to work to brick himself up in a great house. God help him now; he was at it from dawn to midnight, slaving, and driving slaves. He starved himself, would n't look at the pretty girl he was fond of, and who was fond of him, too; took no days off, forgot his barrows and tumuli; thought of nothing but beer-shops and how he could rope 'em in: a foreclosure here, an advance there, here a little and there a little; nor did he rest until he had every poor devil within a thirty-mile of Graseby under his arrogant old purple thumb. He “got on,” as they say; bought land; built little painty villas for his dependents to rent of him; was what they call a just landlord, which means that he abated a man a fiver a year if he saw that by doing so he would get a tenner out of him later on. Then he married into the house of Badlesmere and became one of the Salt of the Earth. Salt! Yes, indeed; an irritant poison.

What did he get? What was his price? I'll tell you. He got a



country-house five times too big for any reasonable man, with as many rooms in it as there are days in the month. He could have slept in a new bed every night for three weeks if he had pleased. And that did please him vastly. And he got all the rest of his glories after that. J. P. came next—easily; and they all followed,—M. P., D. L., M. F. H. They say he's to be Sheriff this year. There are the Privy Council and a peerage ahead of old Roger; he's got his eye on 'em. Lord Graseby, eh? Viscount, Earl, Marquis of Graseby, Duke of—I believe there's only one county left to be duke of, and that's Flint. Duke of Flint—and well-named, for a party petrified to the heart. Wicked old Roger, whom I protest I still love, for all I chasten him.

Now, do you see how the fellow's tied himself up—like one of his own beer-shops? He has tied up his morals absolutely. I don't mean in the cheap sense that he can't live in splendor and ease unless people get drunk. That's true, but refers to the vulgar notion of morals, as meaning good morals. (Morality doesn't mean good morals at all. It means customs. Very bad customs may be very good morals to some nations, and t'other way about. The only really good morality, common to all people, consists in being true to yourself.) But I mean that he can't follow his own bent. He can't have a single motion of the mind unless public opinion backs him up. Hopeless! Can he punch a man's head? Of course not! he'd be liable to appear before his own bench. And he's chairman! Can he lie down under a hedge on a starry night in summer and sleep under the stars? An excellent custom, according to me, but bless you, the scandal! Can he walk down Bond Street on a July noon with his coat off? Not without a crowd at his heels—and I've done it half-a-dozen times. Can he delve? There's forty stalwart gardening men to know the reason why. Can he pass the time of day with a railway guard, bus-conductor, crossing-

sweeper, gipsy woman, all first-rate authorities in their own arts? Not without an apparatus of curtsseys, forelock-pullings, tip-expectations, moppings and mowings which smother his manhood up in a silly halo, pulled from the backs of the might-be honest creatures he's with. Upon my soul, Sanchia, did you ever dream of such wretchedness as this? Cribbed, cabined, confined—why, if the man plays golf he must have another at his heels to carry his toys about! Why, if the man's hungry he must wait until two others have put on plush breeches and brass-buttoned coats, and spread the table, and called in Tompkins (the flap-cheeked, elephant-eared Tompkins) to approve, and to tell him heavily, "Luncheon is served, sir." And then he'll have one tall fellow to fill his plate, and another to take it away again; and neither of them, for their lives, will dare give him anything to drink when he's athirst, because, if they did, Tompkins would be drawing a hundred and fifty a year, and nothing to show for it. Oh, wretched, wretched, hobbled, crippled, groping old Charnock! Now do you see why I have renounced my patrimony, and live at my ease, as my wits choose? Now do you think me a madman? I vow to you, Queen Mab, I think myself the second wisest man on Earth. The first wisest has been dead some years. His name was Diogenes; and he was neither M. P., J. P., nor D. L. Nor did he marry into the house of Badlesmere.

But he's happy, the old sand-blind rascal, you'll tell me. I reply, of course the fellow's *snug*; and as he has a superfluity (the only thing left him which he shares with me, I suppose), when you stroke him he's pleased. His hunters and hounds stroke him, no doubt; caps off from the lads, bobs from the lasses, stroke him. There's a lot of pretty tickling done when a great policeman holds up the traffic from Victoria to Westminster Bridge, in order that Charnock, M. P., may walk unhindered to the House. Oh, yes, if you tickle



him he can still purr, I grant you. If that's happiness, he's happy.

He tickles himself, too, or gets his haberdasher to tickle him. I was watching him the other day when we were all there. You remember how you and I got sick of the golfing talk and went off over the lake, and pretended we were lost? Well, before we broke loose, after luncheon, on the terrace, I was watching the old chap—with his fat cigar well alight, and his coffee and old brandy (which are very bad for his liver, and he knows it) at his elbow. I wonder if you saw it all: I did—in a flash. There he sat, you know, quite the prosperous, clean Englishman—a great buck in his way—in his good clothes, neatest boots, *point-device* all over, absolutely nothing wrong. His blue flannels! His small black satin tie under the flawless collar; the pearl pin; the brown shoes! Exquisite cut, those shoes, brogued, and with a surface like old lacquer. His valet, he tells me, is worth his weight in paper. Superb, prosperous creature; tickling himself, and purring hard. It was his silk socks which were the crowning touch to his happiness: I saw that—in a flash. Cornflower blue, you may have noticed, with little gold threads meandering up his calf. They fitted like a skin, showed off his wicked old ankle to a nicety. The high light came on the bone and gleamed like a satiny rose-petal. Neatness, daintiness itself. Stroking! You could n't help stroking. I wanted to, myself. That was his purring-point.

I saw him watch it, turn his foot about to catch the light; then he pulled deeply at his cigar, sighed his contentment, crossed his leg and clasped that jolly ankle—and purred, and purred! No trace of snobbery, mind. He didn't want any one else to admire or envy. He's not low—not a bit. No. He liked it to be there, to be sure of its perfectness, to feel that it was all of a piece with the rest of him, with Bill Hill, with Grosvenor Gardens, the House of Commons, with the horses in the loose-boxes and the great landau and

silver-harnessed pair of browns. It was a finishing touch, a corner-stone, bless him! So let us sing, Happy, happy, happy Charnock! He's got his reward, worked hard, and ta'en his wages. Now let him order his tomb in St. Praxed's Church, and his life's work's done. No, no! I forgot the peerage.

Esau, being hungry as a hunter, sold his birthright for porridge. The thing was done in a minute: he yielded to the passion of hunger, and was none the worse, because a full meal doesn't root you forever to the glebe. And his birthright—flocks and herds and wives, mostly—was, if he had only known it, a birth-wrong. But Roger, if you'll forgive a vile pun, has bartered his manhood for *purrage*—for a landau and pair, and the rest; the girl he loved (such a nice girl, too) for a daughter of the house of Badlesmere—and the rest of *that*; the teaching of his own sons for a deer park and pack of hounds; and his digestion for a great table, three men-servants and a French cook with a temper. He had a brain, and has condescended it to low cunning; he had sinews, and has coated them with lard. He might have climbed the heights—and he gets carried up in a landau. He might have made his boys his friends; but he sends 'em to Eton, and teaches 'em to look on him as a paymaster. He can do nothing whatever that he has a mind to unless he can coax his neighbors to admire him for doing it; and the moment they carry their admiration to the point of copying him, he wants to do something else, and must coax 'em again. And you think I'm a madman for not copying that way of life! You don't, my dear: I won't believe it. I'm an angel of light compared to old Roger. Upon my soul, I'm a Superior Person, though I've only got three pairs of trousers to my name.

The dawn is here and shames my rage. I ought to thank God that I'm alive and free as air, instead of

blaspheming Him for letting other wretches live also. The sun has risen out of the North Sea, and all the little eager waves of the Wash are on fire at the edges. The air is wondrous mild—as tremulous and close to tears as a convalescent child. I wish—I wish—I wish—that one dear child was here to watch the pearly wonder of this dawn with me. No, I don't; I swear I don't. It's not going to last; it will rain before eight o'clock, and I shall be squelching through miry Norfolk on my way to Ely. But while it lasts it's too awfully beautiful for words. A filmy wonder: Aurora, new out of bed, wistful after her dreams. That's rather pretty.

I sha'n't go to bed at all: it's too good. I shall swim in the gilded sea while the coffee is a-making, and then paint what I can remember of this astounding glory; and then shove along through the soak to Ely. There ought to be a letter for me there. Address me care of Mrs. Webster, basket-maker. She lives in a caravan and smokes a pipe; but she's an honest woman. She shaves twice a week.

Good-bye, Sanchia. Don't think me mad, and remember me in your prayers.

Leagues of sea-lavender here—exquisite clouds of gray-mauve. And samphire—like wet emerald!

(To be continued)

## GEORGE MEREDITH

By EMILY JAMES PUTNAM



EREDITH was born in 1828, of Irish and Welsh parentage.\* He was sent as a very little boy to a Moravian school at Neuwied in Germany, where he stayed until he was fifteen. On his return to England he read law for a time and then turned to journalism. For seven or eight years he was a regular contributor to the *Ipswich Journal* and to the *Morning Post*. On one occasion he edited the *Fortnightly Review* for a few months while Mr. Morley paid a visit to this country. He was for many years reader and literary adviser to Messrs. Chapman & Hall. During the Austro-Italian war of 1866 he spent several months in Italy as correspondent of the *Morning Post*.

As a journalist he was a partisan of the South in our Civil War, and an opponent of Cobden and Bright, but he was a home-ruler, a free-trader and

an advocate of the suffrage for women. His first book, a collection of poems, appeared in 1851; "The Shaving of Shagpat" in 1855 and "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" in 1859. Between 1859 and 1901 he published twenty-one volumes of fiction, verse and criticism. He was twice married; his first wife was a daughter of Thomas Love Peacock. For many years he lived at Box Hill in Surrey, visiting occasionally London and the Continent. He was a lover of nature and the open air, a mountain-climber and a member of the noble body of "Sunday Tramps" of which Leslie Stephen was captain. He grew very deaf in later life and his legs failed him, but his great personal beauty endured, together with his wit and his youthful habit of mind. Those who had the good fortune to visit him felt themselves in the presence of one of the great spirits of the time.

"Richard Feverel," the first of the novels, was published in the astonishing year, 1859, in which appeared also

\* Died at Box Hill, Surrey, 18 May, 1909.

"The Virginians," "Adam Bede," "A Tale of Two Cities," "The Bertrams," "Love Me Little, Love Me Long," the "Idylls of the King," the English version of the "Rubaiyat," the "Essay on Liberty" and the "Origin of Species." Most of these books were written by authors whose point of view was already well known. The three that required a readjustment of the reader's notions were the "Origin of Species," the "Rubaiyat" and "Richard Feverel." In the case of the first, the agony of readjustment is part of the history of thought. Of the poem and the novel it may be said that by some forecast of genius they were fitted to meet the psychological wants of a public that had assimilated Darwinism. That is the reason why on reviewing the list of 1859 we seize upon FitzGerald and Meredith as the "moderns" among the poets and the novelists. FitzGerald and Omar between them knew how some men would feel when the inferences from Darwinism had been drawn; Meredith in his field was penetrated with Darwin's spirit and method, which hold nothing dear, exempt nothing from investigation and take nothing for granted. For many years, needless to say, no one read the "Rubaiyat" and but few read "Richard Feverel." Both were new in method, odd in form and startling in content. Moralists who wept with unmixed pleasure over the misfortunes of Hetty were horrified by Richard's fall. Partly it was the new trick of plainness of speech that abashed them; partly, also, the novelty of thought about men and women in general. The seduction of a young girl had something natural and homelike about it. There were Olivia Primrose and Effie Deans and Little Em'ly to show how poetically it could be handled. But the seduction of a young man involved questions that mid-Victorian society was not prepared to discuss—questions that originate very far down in the relation of soul to body, a dangerous place, and come out into the light in the neighborhood of the social status of women, a place

where respectable people did not like to be found. It was bad enough to hear Mill talk about their political status, but that did not actually touch bottom. Mill's argument was stirring, bold and seemingly irrefutable. It would doubtless do much harm. Still, it was altogether gentlemanly; it could (with proper cautions) be permitted to young girls. But it was clear that Meredith, like Darwin, would stop at nothing. With a rather irritating purity of heart and an undeniable disinterestedness he would make appalling disclosures of what everybody knows. As far as the novelty in "Richard Feverel" consists in a somewhat unusual statement of the relations between the sexes, it has to readers to-day the refreshing quality that always accompanies an inversion of the conventional. It is the quality that makes Stevenson admire Whitman's phrase about "the love of healthy women for the manly form." "If he had said 'the love of healthy men for the female form' he would have said almost a silliness; for the thing has never been dissembled out of delicacy, and is so obvious as to be a public nuisance. But by reversing it, he tells us something not unlike news." It is the quality that makes Bernard Shaw exult in the fact that it is the heroines who do the lovemaking in Shakespeare. Meredith, who could hardly, by his most exasperated critic, be called indelicate, had from the first a keen eye for the literary value of the thing that has been "dissembled out of delicacy."

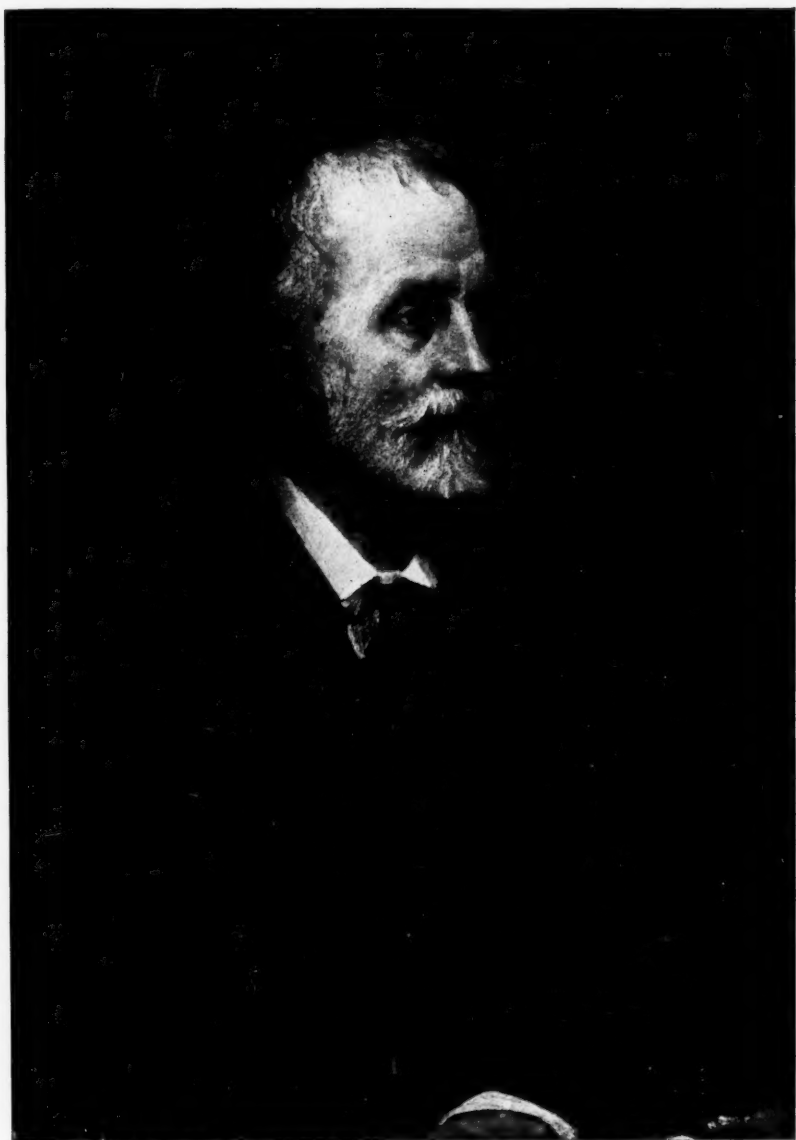
Besides the plain offence of the matter of "Richard Feverel," the public that saw its birth refused for the most part to suffer its style; and the mention of this objection raises a question that is still a living issue. Meredith has become, in the half-century since "Richard Feverel," a very great figure—perhaps the greatest—in contemporary English letters. There he is; and no critic who deals with books of the day can avoid speaking of him. He has soaked through our literature from best to

least. If the friendly offices of Jim Pinkerton remind us of the blighting kindnesses of Richmond Roy, so does the Beloved Vagabond recall his unexplained erudition and his personal charm. If Prince Otto is related to the house of Eppenwelzen-Sarkeld, surely the lovely heroine of "A Digit of the Moon" had heard of the language, the costume and the amorous temperament of Bhanavar the Beautiful; and the Man of Property's ideas of women were forestalled in many a manly breast revealed to us by Meredith. Bernard Shaw and Mrs. Humphry Ward show us what different tissues can be nourished by the same diet. Though all writers are his readers, they do not now monopolize the distinction. Everyone has read "Diana"; most have read "Richard Feverel." But the currency of Meredith's ideas is so great that people who have never read him use his thoughts. The psychology of the Egoist is as well known as that of Hamlet or of Alice in Wonderland. Meredith's verses, which call for separate consideration, have a vogue of their own. The great bulk of his work lies across the critic's path, impenetrable, he sometimes complains, as the Boyg. It cannot be explained away. No formula will enclose it. Its goodness and its badness must be dispassionately inventoried. Unfortunately, it contains elements which both excite the emotions and play upon the nerves. Much that has been said of him is loverlike, uncompromising, blind as Letty Dale. Much, on the other hand, that professes the calm of judicial disapproval is really the forced calm of a critic who knows he has a temper.

The truth is, it is a real misfortune that our critics, if they are to read outside the Germanic literatures, are for the most part forced to contemplate perfection or the struggle for it. The ancients, and the moderns of the races we call Latin, agree in demanding a certain evenness and coherence which is more complete in proportion as the genius is stronger.

There seems to be left among French writers, for instance, as a classical tradition, a sort of splendid serviceableness—a theory, or perhaps an instinct, that the best cannot be surpassed and that strength is shown by proud obedience to law. Finding this notion prevalent in most of the civilized world, Englishmen have hardly been taught by centuries of experience that it is not law in English. Genius with us means license. The first use a great talent makes of its strength is to do as it likes. This situation should really be a stimulant to criticism, keeping it on the alert. When one reads Homer or Catullus or Pierre Loti, the critical sense is lulled, because, within its limits and after its kind, the work is all good. If the inspiration slackens, the style carries it on. In English there is hardly a voluminous imaginative writer of whom we can say the same. The fatal fallacy may be typified by a bald case. Sophocles is a great dramatic poet, so is Shakespeare; Sophocles may be swallowed whole, therefore so may Shakespeare. The quest for perfection, the belief that art should govern a work of art, the notion that the English people have ever wanted such a limitation, or that their men of genius have on the whole felt it cogent, is repugnant to the individualism of the race. If we have a man of great originality, with the power of producing work of pure beauty, like Defoe or Wordsworth or Poe, he is pretty sure to leave us fifty times its weight of unreadable matter. Our whole art of dealing with them consists in making allowances. When, therefore, a writer appears whose work is apparently of value, the critic has two equally necessary tasks. He must make sure of the existence of the value, and then he must ask, what are this writer's faults, and can we stand them?

Meredith's faults are of two kinds, failures due to weakness, and perversities due to unchastened strength. His weakness is that he is by temperament as little of an artist as a man can well be who has produced



Courtesy of Frederick Keppel & Co.

From the painting by George F. Watts

GEORGE MEREDITH

masterpieces of art. Without the direct evidence of his own style and methods we could infer this from the absence of art as a motive or an interest among his characters. Could anything be odder as a study of an artist's nature and career than the double novel, "Sandra Belloni" and "Vittoria"? Sandra uses her larynx as a humbler heroine might use a typewriter. It is a social and commercial instrument, makes her useful, gives her a sense of importance and keeps her happy. She develops her talent by the most unusual means, practising preferably out of doors and after dark, and a casual reference informs us that she composed an opera at odd moments during a few very distracted days. Apart from these technical singularities, the reader is struck by the absence from Sandra's inner life of the preoccupations and the consolations of art. She prizes her gift as a means of gratifying Wilfrid Pole, or freeing Italy, or what not; when it is temporarily lost, she dallies with suicide because she sees her worth annihilated. If the specific statements in regard to her performances were omitted, there would be nothing to differentiate this young woman from young women who are not artists. Aside from Sandra's alleged qualification, there is not an artist in the novels; and there is no art.

It is not unnatural that a man whose wide and penetrating gaze upon the human soul failed to notice the part played by the organized æsthetic faculties should himself practise a great art without knowing it. His immense talent rises often to the production of the purest art; but of the artist's intellectual passion, his tireless effort to make the whole a thing of reasoned beauty, there is no evidence in his work that he ever felt the stirring. One fatal result is that his books almost always start off at a pace they cannot sustain. The first three hundred pages of "Harry Richmond" are so brilliant, so competently and surely handled, that the reader's confidence is won. He

feels he is in safe hands. Then there is a change. A perfunctory tone is heard. Characters fade and shift. Finally Roy himself dissolves, as did M. Waldemar when the mesmerist's spell was removed. "Diana," a work of by no means so much merit at its best, is still a delightful book until its back is broken. The reader of "Lord Ormont and His Aminta," after following with emotion the struggles of two upright young souls in passion's grasp, is asked to admit that they surrendered on the highest moral grounds. "Sandra Belloni" is sprightly enough, if in somewhat too high a key, while its action takes place against the background of the Pole family; when they are superseded by the incredible brother and sister Powys, it seems a pity that Emilia was not allowed to drown herself when she wanted to. The unjustifiable tragedy at the close of "Richard Feverel" throws doubt on the logic of the whole; evidently the System was not responsible for Lucy's death; was it then responsible for anything?

These grave structural defects in Meredith's works are the result of a limitation of his intelligence. They are not, however, the chief cause of his lack of general acceptance. The English reading public can stand a great deal of defective structure without noticing it. There are people who think Diana's baseness credible, and Richmond Roy's death a tragic justification of his life. The real trouble is, of course, his style. In all matters that can be classed under the head of style, there is no doubt that Meredith's errors are due to perversity, to the misuse of the very greatest ability. No one has ever questioned his ability to say anything he likes, in any way he likes. He is a highly cultivated writer, aware of the associative value of every word he uses. He is alive to the literal meaning of words tarnished and defaced by vulgar use. He has the genius of phrases, a natural distinction. The "Essay on Comedy" is written in a style that it would be hard to imagine bettered — straightforward, pointed



and close-wrought. There are innumerable passages in the novels that are not to be surpassed in our language.

It is clear, then, that if he does not write always in this excellent way, it is because he takes the license that great power is apt to take in English, and that, like Shakespeare and Richardson and Sterne and Scott and Carlyle and Dickens, he writes to please himself. To this license are due his habit of irrelevant excursus, of indifference to the question of precedence as between cart and horse, of expatiation on the obvious and neglect of the necessary. All this comes of singing as the bird sings. Unpremeditated art is a contradiction in terms. It was a misfortune for Meredith that two of the great men who set their mark on him when his youth was impressionable used styles of wild civility. In the "Essay on Comedy" it is said that the sense of the comic is much blunted by the habit of using humoristic phrase: "the trick of employing Johnsonian polysyllables to treat of the infinitely little." Nothing is gained, one would think, by substituting Carlyle or Dickens for Johnson. Meredith's diction though often peccant is not the worst of his style. Its most irritating quality is the constant assumption that he is immeasurably cleverer than anybody else. The human heart has no secrets from him. The Spirit of Comedy has made him her confidant. We are not left to judge his characters by their acts because we are incompetent to do so. They are explained to us at every step. The tiresome mechanism of the Philosopher and the Pilgrim's Scrip is based on this assumption. His much abused obscurity, which is really not very serious and consists chiefly in failing to be off with the old metaphor before he is on with the new, is in fact less exasperating than his habit of over-explanation. If the elucidations were omitted, his books would not be nearly so obscure. And if he did not assert his own superhuman cleverness we should all admit it on our knees.

For the mere truth is that he does know the human heart as only the great masters know it. Only now and then does a fair young woman so beguile his sympathies that she can do no wrong. In general he does stern justice—to his men always. He is capable of rounding on Beauchamp and Whitford and Weyburn. He esteems them, but he is not their advocate. Not only "Richard Feverel" but every other book is the story of an ordeal. Evan Harrington and Clara Middleton and Harry Richmond, Chloe and Aminta and Carinthia, are placed in circumstances in which they must do well or ill. Nothing is static; between the first page and the last the persons of the drama are morally changed. It is notorious that Meredith regarded his work as a department of comedy. Manners as well as morals are its matter; man in society is its problem. Crusoe's moral change would not concern it. Not every one can judge it. Its audience must be a middle class, "cultivated men and women who do not skim the cream of life and are attached to the duties, yet escape the harder blows." A complex social formation furnishes, he believes, the most fertile field and the best audience for comedy. It is for this reason, doubtless, that he inclines to place his action in a time earlier than his own, or to stress in contemporary life the survivals of old institutions. The height of the cliff the Poles had to climb is exaggerated. The Earl of Ormont might be a mediæval baron. Meredith is democratic in theory and by temperament; Emilia and Evan and Woodseer are there to prove it. But when society has taken a few steps farther along the road he helps her on, there will apparently be no more comedy. In regard to women, Meredith is equally anxious to state the old positions strongly in order that his revolutionaries may shine the more. He is thus at once ancient and modern. His people have the ideas of Ibsen and Bernard Shaw, while they live in the social conditions of Sir Walter Scott. The great



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GEORGE MEREDITH'S HOUSE AT BOX HILL

period of Bath is so congenial to him that not only does his most perfect tale lie there altogether, but Richmond Roy by his genius brings on an Indian summer of its charm. There is no positive anachronism in all this. It is but a legitimate device to heighten contrasts. The main thing is that Meredith's interest is always caught by the opposition of a strong personality to the ideas, not necessarily wrong or altogether wrong, of those among whom it lives, and that he is able to see his people plainly and to make them human. He has the most indubitable sign of genius, fertility. It has been estimated by the laborious that more than sixteen hundred named characters are his offspring. He wrote each book as though he expected never to write another, exuberantly, ungrudgingly, pressing down his matter and letting it run over.

The comfort and ally of man in his struggle with society is nature. If Meredith's people never flee for solace to art, they think and speak abundantly of nature, which (one may say) is the next best thing. Meredith himself says the finest things of the beauty of the world. Every one knows Carinthia's and Chillon's morning walk and Richard's night in the rain and Vernon's double-cherry tree and how the moon shone on Wilming Weir; but, apart from the great passages, there is a constant reference to nature that answers to modern feeling. There is a good deal of mystic allusion to "the Mother," which is not perhaps to be counted among his happiest veins; and there is a great deal of beautiful, convincing imagery borrowed from a stock of exquisite sensation; and there is now and again a passage of sheer description which rises to great heights. The beauty of nature and the beauty of women are closely allied in his mind, so that one is very likely to recall the other. Comeliness indeed in man and woman is freely dispensed by Meredith, but we have few details. The frigid catalogue of Carlo's features in "Vittoria" is as exceptional as it is

uninviting. In general the portrait is achieved by suggestion, by a single stroke, by the effect on others. No heroine is clearer to the eye than Laetitia Dale and on none are fewer words expended in inventory.

Meredith believed that Comedy is, among other things, an exhibition of the battle of women with men; "and as the two, however divergent, both look on one object, namely Life, the gradual similarity of their impressions must bring them to some resemblance." Life, in his hands, is by no means synonymous with love. Evan Harrington's battle with his mother, Clara Middleton's with her father, Lady Charlotte Eglett's with her brother, are among the most vivid of its manifestations. Meredith's innovation in regard to women was in fact not a championing of their intellects or their charms or their rights, but a determination in the interests of Comedy to exploit them on the same scale as men. When they were in arms his love of justice was no doubt stirred, but the primary appeal was to his dramatic sense. Some of his shrewdest epigrams are at their expense. He had no idea of "comforting them and tucking them up." He saw that to lump them on the grounds of their relative economic insignificance and monotony of emotional reaction was to throw away half the resources of art. One more turn of the microscope shows their structure to be highly complex and to repay research. The fruitfulness of his method consists not only in producing a good deal that is fresh to say about women, but by striking out new lights on men. It cannot be wondered that women as a rule read Meredith with pleasure. Far more deeply than by any flattery of their own sex are their susceptibilities consoled by such a snap-shot as this: "And are you well?" The anxious question permitted him to read deeply in her eyes. He found the man he sought there, squeezed him passionately, and let her go."

Of the many great gifts that make Meredith's shortcomings something

to sigh over and dismiss, the greatest is imagination. He stands high among those, most magically differentiated from their kind, who are able to create. That is what his admirers mean when they call him Shakespearian. Real human creatures swarmed from his mind. Of some his account is happier than of others; some are sacrificed by errors of method; some are not fully realized. But on the whole they make a world. He has been for many years the only novelist who could fill a canvas as Fielding and Dickens and Thackeray did. Even General Ople and Lady Camper have a chorus. What occasionally happens to painters of large canvases every visitor of galleries knows; but it must be admitted of Meredith that "Vittoria" is his only instance of a battlepiece fairly swamped by the combatants. It is sometimes maintained that Meredith's world is unreal. Of course, the question of reality in art rests entirely on personal impression. Truthful representation ranges from the five-dollar bill painted on the counter of a bar-room to Monet's Westminster series, from the police-station blotter to "Macbeth." Civilized man believes that in art reality must be seen through a film of the artist's personality. Film upon film does Meredith spread, and if one reader sees nothing but the medium, and a second sees the action obscured behind it, there is always a third to whom the whole is real beyond anything the world about him can show, because it glows with the eternal iridescence of art. It is true that Meredith's characters often utter speech that is unimaginable from human lips. So do Hardy's people and Henry James's. Often, on the other hand, Meredith's folk speak as humanly as Charles Reade's. Whatever they speak, they contrive to let us know them. Sir Willoughby Patterne's style, though sometimes highly realistic is for the most part as foreign to the ear as blank-verse, yet few of us are so fortunate as to pass a day without hearing words spoken that bring him to our minds.

We come near actually meeting him as in some special atmospheric conditions we come near seeing the world as "a Corot." One of the marvels of Meredith's power, doubtless one of those that have endeared him to students of technique, is his ability to exhibit strong modelling of the human form beneath all sorts of costume. The "Tale of Chloe" is a masterpiece in this style. From the first something sinister is felt behind the high finish of the surface. The fatal irony so prized by the Greeks makes the reader shudder as Chloe, brilliant and impenetrable, ties a fresh knot in her silken noose.

Second only to his power to create personality is Meredith's power to create a story. He brought down with him from the middle of the last century the conviction that a novel is the better for having a plot. Harry Richmond is so good a story that it has inspired dozens of lesser ones. It was seen that the mere situation of a plain Englishman beloved of a royal lady could, independently of character-drawing or literary quality, support a whole Ruritania school. The plot of "The Egoist" is objected to by some as too good. It is neat and well-fitted and pat as a comedy meant for acting. There is no artifice in it, however, unless Crossjay's sleep on the ottoman be so characterized, and Crossjay's sleep is by no means indispensable to the plot.

Apart from his imaginative gifts, Meredith had a general mental endowment of a very high order. He was as learned and as thoughtful as George Eliot, but he was never pedantic or professorial. He had a wide hospitality for ideas, a cosmopolitanism that in itself would distinguish him among Englishmen. His works abound in the keenest reflections on life. Although the Spirit of Comedy becomes sometimes no laughing matter, he is, in spite of its domination, genuinely humorous. Nothing upsets him; he sees life without passion and without impatience. His genius gives us, in Stevenson's inimitable phrase: "Beauty, touched with sex and laugh-

ter; beauty with God's earth for the background."

A reader of Meredith's novels would be likely, with no other source of information, to reflect that he must be also a writer of verse. As a prose writer he is often merely a poet unripped. His first book and his last were collections of poems, and throughout his productive years verse alternated with prose. Two at least of his poems have general acceptance, "Love in the Valley" and "Modern Love." There are good judges who believe that his poetic works in general will take a very high place. They are so varied in method, in form and in manner that they cannot be characterized as a whole. His good gifts are embodied there, and there are his limitations. Having an excellent ear, a sensitive taste and familiarity with great poetic forms not of English growth, he often selected metres that need the highest and most confident poetic endowment. Perhaps no one will feel that Meredith is wronged by the admission that his hand was not perfectly sure. When his first verses appeared in 1851, Charles Kingsley, who reviewed them kindly, remarked with great good sense: "If the hounds are running hard, it is no shame to any man to smash a gate instead of clearing it; but if any gentleman larks his horse over supererogatory leaps at the cover-side, he is not allowed to knock all four hoofs against the top-bar." It is needless to say that Meredith does not infrequently smash a gate; still more often does the telltale bar rattle beneath his hoofs as he larks at the supererogatory. "Love in the Valley" is written in an exquisite metre; its current returns upon itself with a ripple that inevitably suggests flowing water. It abounds in perfect lines, and the difficult trochaic rhythm is for the most part a willing slave. Many sorts of beauty meet in such lines as these:

All the girls are out with their baskets for the primrose;

Up lanes, woods through, they troop in joyful bands.

My sweet leads; she knows not why, but now she loiters,

Eyes the bent anemones, and hangs her hands.

But the more keenly one admires, the more sadly must one be aware that whereas "sweet" scans short in the third line, it is as long as any syllable in the language.

Meredith made his verse the vehicle of much difficult matter, moral, social and political. His intellectual faculty was ever crowding out the sensuous, and when his reason was in full cry he had a short way with the metre, dropping out a preposition or a conjunction here and there. He could combine the dulness of Wordsworth with the prickliness of Browning. On the other hand he could write such clear, melodious, chastened verse as the famous "sonnet" beginning

We saw the swallows gathering in the sky.

In verse he was torn between Rossetti and Browning, as in prose he was torn between Molière and Richter. Years must pass before it can be decided where he stands in the mighty chorus of English singers.

Last night returning from my twilight walk

I met the grey mist Death, whose eyeless brow

Was bent on me, and from his hand of chalk

He reached me flowers as from a withered bough:

O Death, what bitter nosegays givest thou!

Death said, I gather, and pursued his way.

Another stood by me, a shape in stone,  
Sword-hacked and iron-stained, with breasts of clay,

And metal veins that sometimes fiery shone:

O Life, how naked and how hard when known!

Life said: As thou hast carved me, such am I.

Then memory, like the night-jar on the pine,  
And sightless hope, a woodlark in night sky,  
Joined notes of Death and Life till night's decline:

Of Death, of Life, those inwound notes are mine.



Drawn by Robert Edwards

( See page 465 )

"HE GAZED LONG AT CALLISTA'S FACE ON THE PILLOW"



# THE WIVING OF LANCE CLEAVERAGE

By ALICE MACGOWAN

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT EDWARDS

## CHAPTER VII

### A HAVEN OF REFUGE



It was a strange day whose gray dawn brought Callista to her father-in-law's door. Where she had wandered, questioning, debating, agonizing, since she dismissed Flenton Hands at the corner of old Kimbro's lean home pasture, only Callista knew. The Judas tree down by the spring branch might have told a tale of clutching fingers that reached up to its low boughs, while somebody stood shaking and listening to the sound of the creek that came down the gorge past that home Callista was leaving. The mosses between there and the big road could have whispered of swift-passing feet that went restlessly as though driven to and fro over their sodden carpet for hours.

The bluff where a trail precariously rounds old Flat Top kept its secret of a crouching figure that looked out over the Gulf, black beneath the turgid, late-risen moon, of a sobbing voice that prayed and accused and questioned incoherently.

The household at Kimbro Cleavage's rose by candle-light. Sylvane, strolling out to the water bucket, barely well awake, caught sight of his sister-in-law at the gate, gave one swift glance at her face as it showed gray through the dim light, wheeled

silently, and hurried ahead of her into the kitchen to warn his sister not to question her. So she was received with that marvellous, fine courtesy of the mountaineer which proffers only an unquestioning welcome, demanding no explanations of the strangest coming or of the most unexpected comer. She answered their greeting in a curiously lifeless tone, said only that she was tired, not sick at all, and would like to lie down; and when Mandy hastened with her to the cherished spare bed and saw her safely bestowed there, the girl sank into almost instant slumber as soon as she had stretched herself out.

"She's went to sleep already," whispered Mandy to Sylvane, as she stepped back into the kitchen; and while she quietly carried forward the breakfast preparations, the boy crept up to the loft where Mary Ann Martha and Polly slept, and whence the little one's boisterous tones began to be heard. A little later he came down with the two, holding the five-year-old by the hand, imposing quiet upon them both by look and word; maintaining it by constant watchfulness.

They ate their breakfast, speaking in subdued voices, mostly of indifferent matters. Mandy, who, woman fashion, would have made some comment, inquiry or suggestion, was checked whenever she looked at the faces of her men folk. The meal over, Sylvane and her father went out to the day's work. Mandy cleared away the dishes and set the

house in order, returning every little while to hover doubtfully above that slim form lying so silent and motionless in the bed. She was frightened at the way the girl slept, not knowing that Callista had not closed her eyes the night before, and that she was worn out mind and body with weeks of fretting emotions.

The morning came on still, warm and cloudy. There was silence in the forest—the softened loam making no sound under any foot, last year's old leaves too damp to rustle on the oak boughs. It was a day so soundless, windless, colorless, as to seem unreal, with a haunting sadness in the air like an undefined memory of past existences, a drowsiness of forgotten lands. Even the hearth fire faded faint in that toneless day, which had neither heat nor cold indoors nor out. Again and again, as the hours wore on, the Widow Griever stole in and looked upon her sleeping guest with a sort of terror. She sent Polly away with Mary Ann Martha to look for posies in the far woods that the house might be quiet. Quiet—it was as if the vast emptiness which surrounds the universe had penetrated into the heart of that day, making all objects transparent, weightless, meaningless, without power of motion. She would stand beside the bed noting the even breathing of the sleeper, then go softly to the door and look out. The trees rose into the stillness and emptiness and spread their branches there, themselves thin shadows of an overpast growth and life; the water of the pond below lay wan and glassy, unstirred by any ripple; the very rocks on its edges appeared devoid of substance. From ten o'clock, it seemed one standstill afternoon, lacking sign of life or the passage of time, until the imperceptible approach of dusk and the slow deepening of a night which might to all appearances be the shadow of eternal sleep.

Kimbro and his son had taken their bit of dinner with them to their work of clearing and brush-burning in a distant field. At dusk they came quietly in to find the supper ready,

Polly still herding Mary Ann Martha to keep her quiet, Mandy Griever putting the meal on the table, worried, but saying nothing. On their part, they asked no questions, but each stole an anxious glance at the shut door behind which was the spare bed. As they sat down to eat, Mandy said to her father:

"I don't hardly know, Poppy—she's a sleepin' yit—been a-sleepin' like that ever sence she laid down thar. Do you reckon I ort—?"

"I'd jest let her sleep, daughter," put in the old man gently. "I reckon hit's the best medicine she can get. The pore child must be sort of wore out."

After supper, while Mandy with Polly's help was washing the dishes, Kimbro and his younger son held a brief consultation out by the gate, after which the boy moved swiftly off, going up Lance's Laurel.

A little later Callista wakened briefly. She sat listlessly upon the side of the bed, declining Mandy's eager proffer of good warm supper at the table, and took—almost perforce—from the elder woman's hand the cup of coffee and bit of food which Mandy brought her.

"No, no, nothing more, thank you, Sis' Mandy!" she said hastily, almost recoiling. "That's a-plenty. I ain't hungry—just sort o' tired." And she turned round, stretched herself on the bed once more, and sank back into sleep.

The next morning, when the breakfast was ready, although Mandy had listened in vain for sounds from the small room, Callista came unexpectedly out, fully dressed. She sat with them at the table, pale, downcast, staring at her plate and crumbling a bit of corn pone, unable to do more than drink a few swallows of coffee. She did not note that Sylvane was missing. Later, the boy came back from Lance's Laurel, to tell his father and sister that he had spent the night with his brother, that the cabin in the Gap was now closed and empty, and Lance gone to work at Thatcher Daggett's sawmill, some

twelve miles through the woods, out on North Caney Creek, where several men of the neighborhood were employed.

"That 's the reason Callista come over here," old Kimbro said, mildly. "She and Lance have had a difference of opinion, hit 's likely, about whether or no he should go there. Well, I 'm sure glad to have her with us. She 'd 'a' been right lonesome all to herself."

"Would you name it to her?" asked the widow anxiously.

Kimbro shook his head. "Don't you name nothin' to the girl, except that she 's welcome in this house as long as she cares to stay—and don't say too much about that—she knows it."

"Lance has fixed it up with old man Daggett so that Callista can get what she wants from the store—Derf's place," put in Sylvane.

An expression of relief dawned upon Mandy's thin, anxious face. The Kimbro Cleaverages were very poor. Truly Callista, the admired, was welcome; yet the seams of their narrow resources would fairly gape with the strain to cover the entertainment of such a guest. If she could get what she wanted from Derf's, it would simplify matters greatly.

"Well, you 'll tell her that. Won't ye, Buddy?" his sister prompted Sylvane.

He nodded. "I 've got some other things to tell her from Lance," he said, boyishly secretive. "I 'm goin' over to see him at the mill some Sunday, and she can send word by me. I 'll be passin' back and forth all the time whilst he 's workin' there."

But when this easy method of communication was brought to the notice of Callista, she made no offer toward using it.

It was mid-afternoon of the day after her arrival. The rain was intermitted, not definitely ceased; there would be more of it; but just now the air was warm and the sun brilliant. Mountain fashion, the door of the cabin stood wide. Mary Ann Martha had a corn pone, and she took occa-

sional bites from it as she circled the visitor, staring at her with avid, hazel eyes that troubled Callista's calm whenever she caught the fire of them, so like Lance's. Marauding chickens came across the door-stone and ventured far on the child's trail of crumbs; the light cackle of their whispered cluckings, the scratch of their toes on the puncheons, alone broke the stillness.

Callista sat by the doorway, a dead weight at her heart, the pallor, the weariness of it shown plainly in her face.

"Good land, Polly—cain't you take this chap out in the woods and lose her?" demanded the widow in final exasperation, as Mary Ann Martha turned suddenly on the chicken that was stalking her, and shooed it squalling from the door. "I want to get out my quilt and work on it."

All unconscious that these things were done on her behalf, Callista saw the unwilling Mary Ann Martha marched away. She beheld the quilt brought out and spread on the widow's knees, quite as some chatelaine of old might have produced her tapestry for the diversion of the guest. Over the gulf of pain and regret and apprehension—this well of struggling seething emotion—lightly crackled the surface sounds of life, material talk, bits of gossip, that Callista roused herself to hearken to and answer.

Mandy spoke in a solemn, muffled tone, somewhat the voice she would have used if her father or Sylvane were dead in the house. She would have been more than human, and less than woman, had she not to some degree relished the situation. She was in a position to say, "I told you so." She remembered with deep satisfaction that, though she was his own sister, she had always reprehended Lance publicly and privately, holding him unfit to mate with this paragon. Callista had the sensation of being at her own funeral. She drooped, colorless and inert, in her chair, and stared past everything the room contained, out through the

open door and across the far blue rim of hills.

"I believe in my soul these here needles Sylvane got me is too fine for my cotton," Mandy murmured, by way of attracting attention. "I wonder could you thread one for me, Callista. Your eyes is younger than mine."

Callista took the needle and threaded it, handing it back with a sigh. As she did so, her glance encountered Mandy's solicitous gaze, then fell to the quilt.

"You—you've done a sight of work on that, haven't you, Sis' Mandy?" she asked gently.

The widow nodded. "An' there's a sight more to do," she added.

"Hit's a pretty figure," Callista said, producing a kindly show of interest.

Mandy brightened. "Ef I only had some purple, for them laylocks," she deprecated.

"Purple," hesitated the visitor. "I've got a piece of purple calico at—at home." Her voice trailed and faltered huskily over the words. Then she set her lips hard, crested her head in the old fashion, and went on evenly. "I've got a piece of mighty pretty purple, and one as near gold as ever goods was, that you're welcome to, Sis' Mandy, if—if you or Polly would go over and get 'em."

"Yes—shore, honey; I'll be glad to go any time," said Mandy Griever, "ef you'll jest tell me where to look."

So life went on at the Kimbro Cleavage place, a curious interlude; and still no word was said to Callista of the strangeness of her advent, and no explanation vouchsafed, till on the evening of the third day the girl herself sought her father-in-law and opened the matter haltingly, timidly. They were out at the wood-pile where Kimbro was cutting the next day's wood for Mandy's use. He dropped his axe to the chopping log and stood leaning on it, peering at her with mild, faded, near-sighted eyes.

"Well now, Callisty," he began gently, "I'm glad you named this to me becaze I've got a message for you from Lance, and I did n't want to speak of it for fear it would seem like hurrying you away, or criticising any of your actions. I want you to know, daughter, that I don't do that. Lance is a wild boy, and he's got wild ways. But he has a true heart, honey, and one of these days you'll find it; now, I reckon you might be having some trouble with him."

"A message," repeated Callista in a low tone. "Is he gone away?"

"Well, he's out on North Caney," old Kimbro told her, "a-workin' at Thatch Daggett's sawmill. Lance can make good money whenever he'll work at his own trade, and I doubt not he'll do right well at this sawmill business, too. He hain't got the land cleared over where you-all was livin' that he ought to have, an' I think it's better for you to stay on with us awhile—we're sure proud to have you."

Callista's eyes filled with a sudden rush of tears. Kimbro did not explain to her that Sylvane had gone to see his brother. He fumbled in his pocket and brought out a little packet of money.

"Lance sent you this," he said. "He never had time to write any letter. My son Lance is a mighty poor correspondent at the best; but he sent you this, and he bade Sylvane to tell you that you was to buy what you needed at Derf's store, an' that he'd hope to send you money from time to time as you should need it."

Callista looked on the ground and said nothing. And so it was settled. The comfortable, new, well-fitted home at the head of Lance's Laurel was closed, and Callista lived in the shabby, ruinous dwelling of her father-in-law. The help that Callista could offer was welcome. She had always been an ideal, a pattern of perfection, to Mandy Griever, and now they made a sort of queen of her. The widow begrudged her nothing, and waited on her hand and foot. Polly followed her around and served her

eagerly, admiringly; but, most astonishing of all, Mary Ann Martha would be good for her, and was ready to do anything to attract her notice. Sometimes Callista seemed to want the child with her, and sometimes when the little girl looked at her with Lance's eyes, and spoke out suddenly in his defiant fashion, Callista would wince as though she had been struck at, and send the little one away almost harshly.

She never referred to what Kimbro Cleaverage had told her, but she presently began, of necessity, to buy some things at the store for her own use, where she had formerly purchased only that which would make good her stay with her father-in-law.

And so the wild, cool, shower-dashed, sun-dappled, sweet-scented, growing days of spring followed each other, passing into weeks and months, until midsummer with its pause in rural life was come. Octavia Gentry, who was a little out of health, had sent word again and again that she wanted Callista to come home. It was a Sunday morning in the deep calm of July when she finally came over herself to the Cleaverage place to try to fetch her daughter.

"Honey,"—her mother took the girl into a reproachful embrace, and then held her back and looked at her, tears streaming down her face,—  
"honey—I've come for you. Me and gran'-pappy is a-goin' to take you right home with us when we go this evenin'. Git your things a-ready. Me with but one child on this earth, and her to go through what you've got to, in the house of—well, of course, not just strangers—but other folks!"

But Octavia was denied. As old Ajax helped her into the buckboard that evening, something in her tear-disfigured face seemed to anger him.

"Well, ye spiled the gal rotten!" he said testily, without introduction or preface, climbing meanwhile to his seat beside her. "Ye spiled Callisty rotten, that's what ye did! And then you give her to one of the cussedest high-headed fellers I ever seen—a man that'd as soon take a

charge of buckshot as a dare—a man that'd die before he'd own he's beat. Lance Cleaverage ain't the meanest feller in the world, and Callisty would do very well if she could be made to behave; but the two of 'em——"

He sighed impatiently, shook his head, and flogged the old horse gently and steadily without in the least affecting its gait. Suddenly he spoke out again with a curious air of unwillingness, and at much more length than Grandfather Gentry usually did.

"Them two was borned and made for each other. Ef they can ever fight it out and git to agree, hit'll be one o' the finest matches anybody ever seed; but whilst they're a-fightin' it out—huh-uh,"—his face drew into a look of wincing sympathy,—  
"I don't know as I want any one of 'em under my roof. I used to raise a good deal of Cain o' my own—yes, I played the devil a-plenty. I put that through as best I might, an' I'm a old man now. I like to see some peace. I did tell you that you could bid Callisty come home with us; but she's said no to you—an' I ain't sorry. She's the onliest grandchild I've got left, an'—I think a heap of her. If she was to come on her own motions—that would be different. But having spiled her as you have, Octavy, best is that you should let her and Lance alone for a spell."

His daughter-in-law looked at him mutely out of her reddened eyes, and the balance of the drive was accomplished in silence.

## CHAPTER VIII

### THROUGH THE STORM

Lance Cleaverage was come to a thing at which he could not shrug the shoulder. He could not fling this off lightly with a toss of the head or a defiant, "Have it as you please." What was he to do? Was he not man enough to rule his domestic affairs? Could he not command the events and individuals of his own

household by simply being himself? To go to Callista and exert authority in words, by overt actions, by use of force—this was not his ideal, it was impossible to him. Well, what then? Must his child be born under the roof of another?

Summer wore to autumn with all its clamant grandeur of coloring, its dreaming airs and blue silences over great slopes of tapestried mountains, and still the question was unanswered. Callista herself was in the mood when she found it hard to think of anything beyond her own body, the little garment she was fashioning, the day which rounded itself from morning into night again.

And now came a new complication: Daggett announced that he had no money to pay. Credit at the store was all very well for Callista's present needs, but Lance Cleaverage's wife must have a sum of money put at her disposal for the time which was approaching. Lance walked from North Caney to Hepzibah one Saturday night to offer Satan for sale, and found the black horse lame. The man who had agreed to buy him expressed a willingness to take Cindy in his place—the black filly which he had, in the first days of their marriage, given to Callista for her own use—presented with sweet words of praise of his bride's beauty and her charming appearance on the horse—a lover's gift, a bridegroom's. Yet the money must be had, and the next time Sylvane came across to the lumber camp, he carried back with him and put into his young sister-in-law's listless hand the poor price of the little filly.

At last the day came when Sylvane knew that he must go for his brother. It had stormed. About noon the rain ceased, and, with its passing, the wind began to blow harder. At first it leaped in over the hills like a freed spirit, glad and wild, tossing the wet leaves to the flying clouds, laughing in the round face of the hunter's moon which rose that evening full and red. But it grew and grew like the bottle genie, drunken with strength;

its laughter became a rudeness, its pranks malicious; it was a dancing satyr, roughly riotous, but still full of living warmth and glee. It shouted down the chimney; it clattered the dry vines by the porch, and wrenched at everything left loose-ended about the place; it whooped and swung through the straining forest. Such winds bring the little fox snows, or hominy snows, that drift into crevices, and, edged with winter now, search every joint in the cabin armor, uttering sounds as of the great night-mare owl of Indian mythology; voicing the malignance of the old North, clawing and biting whatever flesh makes bold to face them.

But this night it sank to a whisper, as Sylvane made his way finally into the camp. The next morning dawn walked in peace like a conquering spirit across the whiteness of snow, wind-woven over night into great laps and folds of sculpture. As the day lengthened the cold strengthened. Again the wind awakened; and now it was a wild sword song in the tree tops. Ice glittered under the rays of a sun which warmed nothing. It was a day of silver and steel. The frost bit deep; under the crisping snow the ground rang hard as iron. Wagons on the big road could be heard for a mile. As the two brothers passed Daggett's cow lot on setting forth, with its one lean heifer standing humped and shivering in the angle of the wall, Sylvane spoke.

"Reckon we'll have pretty hard work gettin' 'crost the gulch." He glanced at Lance's shoes. "This here snow is right wet, too—but hit's a-freezin'. Maybe we'd better go back an' wait till to-morrow—hit'll be solid by then."

"I aimed to go to-day," said Lance, quite as if Sylvane had not come for him. "I'll stop a-past Derf's and get me a pair of shoes, Buddy."

No more was said, and they fared on. There was no cheerful sound of baying dogs as they passed the way-side cabins. In such weather hounds crouch by the roaring chimney, pigs huddle under projections and over-



hanging rocks; man and the creatures under his care only shiver through the time, being unprepared for it. All true life seems to have stopped—it can only wait for this cruel hand to be raised. Most of all the mountaineer dreads snow, chiefly because he is apt to be ill shod. The fierce winter of New England forces defence; but where the weather is irregular, a wet day and a dry one, a cold day and a hot one, where sometimes there is thunder every month of the year, and the red bird whistles by the pond through the bleakest days, man merely crouches under the thong of occasional outbursts of winter.

The woods were ghostly still. The birds, the small furry wild creatures crept into burrow and inner fastness under the impish architecture of the ice and snow. Going up past Taylor Peavey's boardshanty they found that feckless householder outside, grabbling about in the snow for firewood.

"My wife, she's down sick in the bed," he told them; "an' I never 'lowed it would come on to be as chilly as what it is; an'—she's got both her feet froze tol'able bad."

The Cleavage brothers paused in their desperate climb to help haul down a leaning pine tree near the flimsy shack. They left Peavey making headway with a skilfully swung axe whose strokes followed them hollowly as they once more entered the white mystery and wonder of the forest.

Arrival at Derf's place was almost like finding warmer weather. The half-dozen buildings were thick and well tightened, and the piles of firewood heaped handy were like structures themselves.

"It's sin that prospers in this world," jeered the gentle Sylvane, blue with cold, heartsick as he looked at his brother's set face, poor clothing and broken shoes. Lance stepped ahead of Sylvane, silent but unsubdued, bankrupt of all but the audacious spirit within him.

Garrett Derf admitted them to the store, which was closed on account

of the bitter weather that kept everybody housed. But there was a roaring fire in the barrel stove in its midst, and after a time the silent Lance approached it warily, putting out first one foot and then the other. Derf, in an overcoat, stood across by the rude desk, fiddling somewhat uneasily.

"I hain't figured out your account, Cleavage," he observed at last; "but I reckon you hain't much overdrawn. Likely you'll be able to even it up befo' spring—ef Miz Cleavage don't buy quite so free as what she has been a-doin'."

There was a long, significant silence, the wind crying at the eaves, and bringing down a fine rattle of dry snow to drum on the hollow roof above their heads. At first neither of the half-perished men looked up, but Sylvane instinctively drew a little nearer to his brother.

"W'y—w'y, Mr. Derf," he began, with an indignant tremble in his boyish voice, "I've fetched every order for Sis' Callie, and packed home every dollar's worth she bought. Hit don't look to me like they could amount to as much as Lance's wages. Lance is obliged to have a pair of shoes."

Lance cast a fiery, silencing glance at his brother.

"I ain't obliged to have nothin' that ain't comin' to me," he said sharply. "Callisty's bought nothin' that was n't proper. Ef she needed what was here—that's all right with me," and he turned and walked steadily from the room.

"Hey—hold on, you Lance Cleavage!" Derf called after him. "Thar you go—like somebody was n't a-doin' ye right. I'll trust you for a pair of shoes."

In the wide-flung doorway, Lance wheeled and looked back at him, a gallant figure against the flash of snow outside, gallant in spite of his broken shoes and the tattered coat on his back.

"Go on, Buddy," he said gently, pointing Sylvane past him. Then he turned to Derf.

"You will?" he inquired of the man who, he knew, was trying to rob him. "You'll trust me? Well, Garrett Derf, it'll be a colder day than this when I come to you and ask for trust." And without another word he stepped out into the snow and set his face toward his father's house. He even passed the boy with a kind of smile, and something of the old light squaring of the shoulder.

"It ain't so very far now, Buddy," he said.

Sylvane followed doggedly. The last few miles were merely a matter of endurance, the rapid motion serving to keep the warmth of life in their two bodies.

Octavia Gentry, coming to the back door, found Lance sitting on a little platform there, rubbing his feet with snow, while Sylvane crouched on the steps, taking off his own shoes.

"I thought I'd be on the safe side," Lance said in an unshaken voice. "They might be frost-bit, and then they might not. No need to go to the fire with 'em till I can get some feeling in 'em. How"—and now the tones faltered a little—"how is she?"

Octavia's horrified eyes went from the feet his busy hands were chafing with snow, to his lean, brown young face, where the skin seemed to cling to the bone, and the hazel eyes were quite too large.

"She's doin' well," choked the mother. "The doctor's been gone five hours past. It's a boy, honey. They're both asleep now. Oh, my poor Lance—my poor Lance!"

A sudden glow shone in the hazel eyes. Lance turned and smiled at her so that the tears ran over her face. He set down the lump of snow he had just taken up in his hand, and rising began to stamp softly.

"It's all right, mother," he said in a tone that was almost gay. "I'm feared Sylvane's worse off."

But it appeared on inquiry that Sylvane's shoes had proved almost water tight, and that a brief run in the snow was all he wanted to send him in the house tingling with warmth. Mandy Grier, hearing the voices,

had hurried out. Her troubled gaze went over Lance's half-perished face and body, the whole worn, poor, indomitable aspect of him, even while she greeted him. With an almost frightened look, she turned and ran into the house, crying hastily:

"I'll have some hot coffee for you-all boys mighty quick." And when he came limping in a few minutes later, there was an appetizing steam from the hearth where Polly crouched beside Mary Ann Martha, whispering over a tale.

Dry foot-wear was found for the newcomers, and when they were finally seated in comfort at their food, both women looked furtively at Lance's thin cheeks, the long unshorn curls of his hair, and Octavia wept quietly. When he had eaten and sat for a little time by the fire, he caught at his mother-in-law's dress as she went past, and asked with an upward glance that melted her heart:

"How soon may I go in thar?"

They both glanced toward the door of the spare room.

"I reckon you might go in right now, ef you'd be mighty quiet," Octavia debated, full of sympathy. "What do you say, Miz Grier?"

"Well, we might take him in for a spell, I reckon," Mandy allowed dubiously, more sensible to the importance of the occasion, when men are apt to be hustled about and treated with a lack of consideration they endure at no other time.

Lance rose instantly; his hand was on the knob of the door before Mandy and Octavia reached him. When they did so, he turned sharply and cast one swift look across his shoulder; and his mother-in-law drew the Widow Grier back. Lance Cleaver entered alone the chamber that contained his wife and son.

Closing the door softly behind him, he came across the floor, stepping very gently, lest he waken the sleepers in the big four-posted bed. When he stood at last beside the couch and looked down at them, something that had lived strong in him up to this moment died out, and its place was

taken by something else, which he had never till then known.

He gazed long at Callista's face on the pillow, that ambiguous, accusing countenance of sleep, which borrows somewhat of the majesty of death. She was very thin, his poor Callista; her temples showed the blue veins, the long oval of her cheek was without any bloom. Beside her, in the curve of her arm, lay the little bundle of new life. By bending forward, he could get a glimpse of the tiny face, and a sort of shock went through him at the sight. This was his son—Lance Cleaverage's son!

With deft fingers he rolled the sheet away from the small face, so that he had a view of both, then sinking quietly to his knees, he studied them. Here was wife and child. Confronting him whose boyish folly had broken up the home on Lance's Laurel, was the immortal problem of the race. A son—and Lance had it in him, when life had sufficiently disciplined that wayward pride of his,

to make a good father for a son. Long and silently he knelt there, communing with himself concerning this new element thrust into his life, this new candidate for citizenship on that island where he had once figured the bliss of dwelling alone with Callista. Gropingly he searched for the clue to what his own attitude should now be. He had lived hard and gone footsore for the two of them. That was right, was n't it? A man must do his part in the world. His own ruthers came after that. He accepted this, then, as the biggest challenge fate had yet thrown down to him, and doubtfully he searched his weapons and accoutrements to prepare for holding his own.

Callista's eyes, wide and clear, opened and fixed themselves on his. For some time she lay looking. She seemed to be adjusting the present situation. Then with a little whispered childish cry, "Lance—oh, Lance!" she put out feeble arms to him, and he bent his face, tear-wet, to hers.

(To be continued)

## SUMMER "BOREDING": A LAMENT

By GRACE GRAHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN



WHEN sparrows build and the leaves break forth, my old sorrow wakes and cries," and I know that I have once more to go out into this weary, beautiful, expensive world, and find a place wherein to spend the months that nature and New York have made intolerable in town.

I have not yet decided whether the acquisition of an ill-kept room in

a modern-convenienceless house, with unfamiliar food, and the unstinted society of a lot of unfamiliar and undesired people, is an adequate exchange for a comfortable New York flat, an Irish servant to wrestle with, and one's own chops and steaks and gas bill to attend to. To be sure, one has the fresh air and green fields of the country, instead of hot pavements and trolley cars; but there are also mosquitoes, poison-ivy and boarders to reckon with; and when it's hot in New York one can take a bath,

and when it's hot in the inexpensive country one can't, for there the old oaken bucket is all the plumbing, and the well usually runs lowest just when the mercury climbs highest.

If you are a person of liberal means there are gorgeous hotels gap-

live somehow, and its children need fresh air even as the little Fifth and First Avenues; and for them the ubiquitous boarding-house pervades the land.

Having been convinced against my will I am of the same opinion still, and obstinately set out every spring to hunt for a "cottage of my own" within reach of New York and my income, only to find that all the cottages near New York are financially impossible and that the lovely "homes in the heart of the country," abandoned farms, etc., are so hopelessly in the heart of the country that they make up in carriage hire what they lack in rent and conveniences. So, abandoning hope as well as the farms, I return again to the inevitable boarding-house, which stands ready to receive all and sundry into its gregarious bosom, bedrooms swept and dusted "for the season," rocking-chairs



"I COULD NOT BE ANGRY AT HER MISPLACED FRIENDLINESS"

ing to receive you; and when one knows the remuneration accepted at these luxurious establishments, wonder ceases that foreigners think all Americans rich. But, alas! there are so many of us unknown to history and to foreigners who have to live on modest incomes, the unclassed fifth not rich enough for the haughty foreigner's notice, nor poor enough for the charitable native's—suspended between the gilt-edged hotel and the fresh-air fund; the kind that is told to lead the simple life that is impossible without a suitable income, and whom Mr. Roosevelt advises to increase and multiply, forgetting that the matrimonial multiplication-table is not a monetary system; for while in human beings one and one makes anything from three to thirteen or more, plain figures will not "prove" if submitted to the same test. This class of people has to

in a row on the piazza, and proprietress with the customary request for a prompt decision, so many are the victims eagerly waiting to be enmeshed.

When I have finally engaged board for the summer, I always look at every one I pass in the street with renewed interest. How can I tell which of the women may be embracing her husband and spanking her child in my company for weeks? or which of the men I may meet when, in dressing-gown and slippers, soap and sponges clasped to our bosoms and hair and eyes still full of sleep, we scramble for the bathroom—if there is one? The brotherhood of man is about to begin for me, and I only wish I could select my own family, and that it were not so large. Even the ties of blood do not always compensate for relationship, and without those ties it is apt to be wearisome.

The two matrimonial bears should be let loose in every boarding-house, which their constant company would often keep from becoming a "boreding"-house in deed.

Believing that there is safety in numbers, I engaged rooms one summer in a house where a large party was always accommodated. Convinced that familiarity breeds contempt when it is accidental and not chosen familiarity, I determined to be pleasant and polite to my fellow-prisoners while intimate with none, thus making it possible to spend my time in my own way, and only be a communal slave at meal-time. After a few successful days I thought myself safe, and was on the piazza one day, almost alone, a useful and excuseful book on my lap, feeling delightfully lazy, and busy with the house opposite. I had rebuilt the porch, thrown two dormer windows in the roof, and was busy painting it just the right shade of yellow with white trim and dark green shutters. A handsome colo-

with her, sailed up to me—and spoiled my plans for the summer! I could not be angry with her misplaced friendliness; for how can such a person be expected to understand that solitude is a cherished possession, that a good book is oftentimes companionship enough, and that boarding-house banalities are not conversation? She shines according to her lights, and the only pity is that the illuminations are not better assorted.

The ice once broken, I found myself committed to a pretty warm summer. That same afternoon while writing in the deserted parlor I overheard a now familiar voice saying: "I spoke to Mrs.—— to-day. I was determined to." "Did you find her pleasant? what age do you suppose she is?" The deaf old lady's room is downstairs and the answer comes clear and sharp: "I should take her for a fairly young woman. She has n't much to say for herself." "Do you suppose her hair's all her own?" "Well, I can't say; I



"THREE TIMES A DAY, FOR SEVEN DAYS A WEEK, DID WE BORE EACH OTHER OVER THE FESTIVE BOARD"

nial house now stood in the place of an ugly reddish-brown one, and all it needed was a honeysuckle climbing over the porch when—a high-pitched voice threw all my work to the winds. Around the corner came the words: "Well, I just *must* speak to her. Poor little woman, she looks too lonely for anything; she don't seem to know any one, and can't be having a good time." And thereupon a kind woman, the sort that loves to have a good time every minute of the day, and wants every one else to have it

guess not, there's so much of it; but her complexion's quite good."

I fled before I learned that that was n't mine either; I was going to spend several weeks more with those women, and did n't want to hear their idea of the truth.

By this time I had become common property and was obliged to manœuvre to get a moment to myself outside of my bedroom. I learned exactly at what hours to avoid running the gauntlet of the piazza, and when to slink out by the dining-room. Sher-



"A REFINED WOMAN  
WHO KNEW LITTLE  
OF FARMING AND  
LESS OF HOUSE-  
KEEPING"

of being plunged into a social vortex that would have swallowed up every precious moment. Making a dark mystery of my flittings, I at last found a secluded spot which I shared with the mosquitoes for the rest of the summer. To be sure, I was well bitten, but they only bit me externally, and a vigorous slap would dislodge them dead or wounded. One must not slap one's fellow-boarders; and the Sixth Commandment is still legally observed in the Eastern States.

Three times a day for seven days a week did we bore each other over the festive board, and never before had I such opportunities for intimacy. Even my husband lunches out six days a week, and my dearest friend does n't come to dinner *every* day. One evening I was trying to read

lock Holmes might have engaged me for my wariness, or Prince Florizel of Bohemia for my adroitness. I had suddenly become the possessor of so many close friends that I ran the risk

from Scotland back to Bayswater, where the Dove still hovered on waiting wings. "My grandmother was a Scotchwoman," pursued the gentle voice (I was getting a little fidgety, but tried to look as if I cared). "She was very *proud* of being a Scotchwoman; she was a Campbell" (I might have known they were coming), "and was very proud of it" (there are thousands more of them). "An ancestor of hers fought at Culloden" (they all did—and O for the Wings of a Dove). "My grandmother always said she was so strong because she was a Scotchwoman; she said they led such healthy lives and eat such wholesome food when she was a child" (oatmeal, of course!). "We have a picture of my grandmother holding a cat; the cat was called 'Scratch.' I think 'Scratch' is such a nice name for a cat, don't you?"

"Yes," I said, feeling catty and scratchy and none of the Dove left in me,—a stranger's cat, Campbells and grandmother being scant compensation for the breaking up of Henry James's long, beautifully wonderful, parenthetically complicated sentences.

After one summer of this sort of "boreding," I determined to try another kind; so when next the sparrows built, I chose a farm-house where my family were the only

"The Wings of a Dove"—a foolish thing to do in a boarding-house, for every one knows it needs time, solitude and much concentration to read one of Mr. James's later novels. I was getting along beautifully, and was even beginning to understand it, when "a gentle voice was heard to say,"

"Is that a Scotch view?"

Our eyes met on a chromo of a blue lake backed by purple mountains, a foreground of yellow sand, crimson trees and a peasant reflected in its imitation oil-paint waters.

"Yes," I answered, diving



boarders. It was owned by a refined woman who knew little of farming and less of housekeeping. She "did her own work" and had a semi-relative to assist her. The semi-relative was n't as nice as she was, but had to take her meals with us, and took them while we waited to be waited on. Abstract democracy is a beautiful thing; practical democracy brings discomfort. No sensible person despises a girl for trying to earn her living by waiting on table, but it is a little wearing to have to pay the board bill and do one's waiting also. This farm, in the absence of other "boreders," was quite homelike—so homelike, in fact, that the daughter of the house did n't scruple to do just as she would have done when alone. She had no musical talent, but she practised five hours daily. I made no complaint and left in the odor of sanctity, trailing a good reputation behind me; and my worthy hostess would have been much surprised had I offered to pay her for the lesson in patience and forbearance that was not in the bill, and that she was all unconscious of having supplied.

Another farm I found, where the people were all kindness, and only wanted one family at a time, they said; where mosquitoes are unknown, but poison-ivy does their work. With experienced eye I noted the old-fashioned piano in the wide hall and

was pleased to find that no one played it. After a few weeks' bliss, I saw, one day, a bedroom being prepared for occupation.

My heart sank; and fell right down when I heard that two new boarders were to arrive next day. Two ladies came, "boarders—or boreders?" I mused, looking them over and through and through. In the morning after breakfast my chair—mine by right of three weeks' occupation—had been dragged to the other end of the piazza and was now a fancy-work emporium; while shortly after a noise as of a thousand tin ket-tles and cats burst on my ear. The old piano, that venerable heirloom (I forgot to say that the house was 140 years old), had been awaked, and, in company with the voice of the young lady who had no voice, was shrieking out coon-songs, rag-time and all the current horrors. Saturday night

brought "Popper" and a "Young Feller," evidently the affianced "feller" of the disturber of the peace. The camel had got his head in the tent! Sunday morning they appropriated most of the piazza. "Popper's" cigar and "Mommer's" perfume pervaded the air, the Young Feller reclined in the hammock, and the Disturber fed him with candy while balancing herself on the edge. Perhaps I am a disagreeable, crusty, unsociable creature, but I did not join the family party, though I had known some of them for three whole days.



"A NEAT WHITE-CAPPED AND APRONED MAID"

I wonder if the boarding-house is not responsible for much of the nervousness among women. It is sometimes said to be a rest from the cares of housekeeping, but to some natures the ordering of the daily chops and steaks, and the wrestling with a foreign domestic is a child's play compared with the nervous strain of feeding in company with a lot of strangers three times a day, listening to the clatter of dishes, and being expected to take part in the clatter of tongues while some other woman's child pours soup or oatmeal into one's lap, and the greedy and ubiquitous fly seizes the very food before it can reach one's lips. Nothing but the duty of taking one's children to the country makes it endurable; and the children, like the little savages that most of them are at heart, revel in the freedom they gain from their parents' anxiety to avoid a family "row" in public. There is chicken for dinner, and Willie Jones remarks, "Jane killed that chicken, and when she cut its head off it hopped around ever so long."

Various degrees of disapproval and disgust steal over the boarders' faces, and Willie's mother adroitly tries to change the conversation, but is defeated by Cissie Brown's shrill voice:

"Yes, the horrid old hen, she never would lay an egg when she was alive,

and when they cut her open there was one inside of her."

Cissie's mother tries to smother her with the table napkin, while Nellie takes advantage of the confusion to smuggle several cookies into her pocket, and little Johnnie takes three times as much sugar as he is allowed to have at home.

And the greeting of the husband and father at the end of the week becomes almost a vulgar exhibition when the family embraces are being duplicated and triplicated all over the front yard, until the boarding-house resembles a free-love community with the immorality left out.

After a few weeks of this unsought intimacy one begins to sympathize with the grumpy Englishman who let another man go about with his coat-tails on

fire because it was none of his business to interfere. Though we would die rather than admit it in England, they do things better over there. Who that has lived in lodgings in England will deny their superiority to the boarding-house? The rooms are rented "with cooking and attendance." The lodger buys her own food and the landlady cooks and serves it, in her private apartments; the bedrooms are kept in order by the landlady, and if there is no bathroom, baths are supplied in the bedrooms; and boots are cleaned.



"SHOWS HER SCORN OF SERVICE IN HER SLOVENLY GARB AND GENERAL INCOMPETENCE"

In America, on the contrary, ladies who are not rich have to clean their own boots, and the question of baths is politely but firmly ignored. Unless one gets into a house where "hot and cold" is "laid on," and bathing is no trouble, one is not expected to bathe in America, and hot water is regarded as a luxury. In England, luxurious bathrooms being fewer, one is expected to take a bath no matter how troublesome; and poor indeed must be the house where hot water is not brought to one's room twice daily. There is something, after all, in taking civilization slowly; it assimilates better. There are fewer glittering conveniences but infinitely more solid comfort, to which the English love of method, neatness and order contributes greatly. Even in lodgings one is waited on by a neat white-capped and aproned maid, while the foreign-born American domestic, who is not above taking the liberal sum offered for her service, shows her scorn of service in her slovenly garb and general incompetence.

Of course, I do not mean to imply

that all lodgings are good and comfortable, and all boarding-houses bad and uncomfortable; there are good and bad of both, but personally I prefer to enjoy my comforts and discomforts in private. Misery doesn't always love company, and the world's "Ha, ha" every time one laughs, becomes a mere monotonous echo, when it is n't one's own world.

That boarding-houses might be a great deal worse, I know; also, that thousands of people would be glad of a chance to spend the summer even in the worst of them. But I have never been able to extract any personal comfort from the contemplation of the misfortunes of others; and so I hope that some day, when we are older and wiser, we shall see the unwisdom of sharing our family lives with so many others for months at a time, and that those of us who are guilty of the crime of genteel poverty will be able to expiate our offence in a less public and unrefined manner, and that we may be able to lodge instead of being bored throughout the summer.

## ELIHU ROOT AS SECRETARY OF STATE

By GAILLARD HUNT



ON a sultry day in July, 1905, Elihu Root stood in the room of the Assistant Secretary in the State Department and took the oath of office as Secretary of State. Through the open door of the adjoining office could be seen his predecessor's desk and chair draped in black, and the signs of John Hay's recent occupancy had not yet been removed. There were the pens and ink which he had used,

the paper upon which he had been accustomed to write, the books which he had kept near him—everything was as he had left it, for he had died only a few weeks before, with his harness on, when few or none supposed he was near the end of his journey. A newspaper reporter who happened to be present when Mr. Root was sworn in remarked that he hoped in a few years to see him rise to a higher office; but the Secretary did not reply, and more immediate things seemed to be in his mind. He sent for the Bureau Chiefs of his Depart-

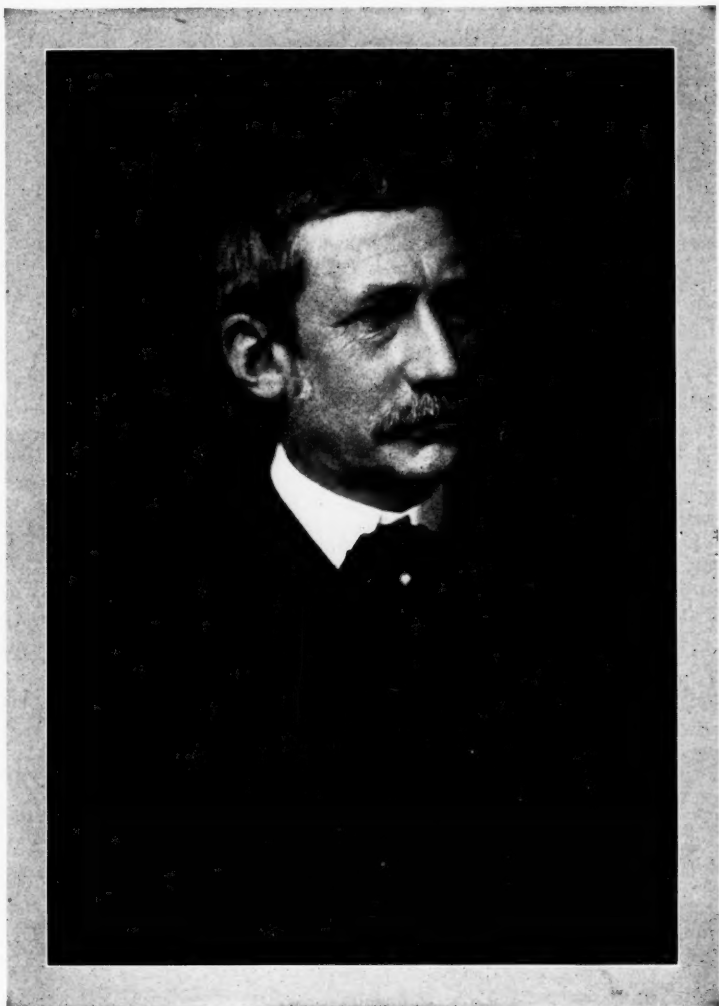
ment and made them a brief address, in which he alluded to his predecessor's great services, and said he hoped they would co-operate with him in the work which lay before him. The next day he went away for the summer and the Department ran along in its accustomed channels guided by the trained hands of the permanent under officials, who are responsible for its continued efficiency.

In October he returned and began the active administration of his Department, and to all appearances he had no other design than to work out his ideas on the subject of his Department and the country's foreign affairs. Certainly he did not court popularity after the usual manner of men who have political ambition, for he shut himself up with his work and soon became known as the most inaccessible Cabinet officer in Washington. He went even further than this, and soon after he assumed office took steps to deprive himself of all power of patronage. There were no offices in his Department which he could give away without violating the rules and the law; but there were hundreds of consulates abroad, covered by no civil service regulations, which had been filled for partisan purposes from time out of mind.

The active movement for reform of the consular service began ten years before Mr. Root became Secretary of State, when the principal chambers of commerce throughout the country, as exponents of its foreign trade, formed a central organization for the purpose of urging upon Congress a reorganization of the service upon a merit basis; but, although their efforts were unremitting, the prospects of success were never bright, until they found an ally and a leader in the head of the consular establishment. Joining forces with him, a concerted movement was made on Congress, and a new law was passed providing for the desired reorganization. The law was satisfactory to the friends of the reform as far as it went, but it contained no provision concerning admission to the service, and there was nothing to

prevent the continuance of the old spoils system of appointments. The defect was promptly remedied by the Secretary of State, who drew up comprehensive executive regulations governing appointments and promotions, removing both from the field of politics and placing them safely within the protection of the merit system. The old political hacks, failures in the walks of private life, and idlers who prefer lounging abroad to working at home, no longer find the consular service open to them, but have given place to young men, whose qualifications are ascertained by a severe test before they are appointed, who are creditable representatives of their country, who are able to guard its interests and who have become a mighty force in extending the sale of its products abroad. That much yet remains to be done in the way of future legislation which shall make permanent laws out of executive regulations is true; but public opinion is now enlisted in favor of the reform, and it is highly improbable that the degradation of the service to the low level which it used to occupy will ever be tolerated again. In the onward march towards the purification of national politics by the destruction of the iniquitous spoils system, the most notable progress of recent years has been the elimination of politics from the consular service, and the chief credit for this great accomplishment is due to Mr. Root. As one result of the reform has been to increase American trade abroad, so did another of his policies, developed early in his administration, have this as an incidental benefit.

In spite of the efforts of the Government to arouse it, there has never heretofore been an active and widespread interest on the part of American exporters in the markets of Spanish America, and it required some striking incident to call attention to the neglected commercial opportunities lying at our doors. Such an incident was furnished by Mr. Root's memorable visit to Central and South America in the summer of



Photograph by Pach Bros.

ELIHU ROOT

1906; and one of the results which followed from it was a greatly increased trade activity between the Northern and Southern continents. The main object of his visit was not, however, commercial but political.

In consequence of the expanding power and prestige of the United States, and especially because of the

recent acquisition of Porto Rico and evident possibility of the eventual acquisition of Cuba, there had developed in Latin America a feeling of fear and distrust of the great republic of the North, which seriously threatened the harmonious maintenance of our guardianship. Santo Domingo and Panama, as well as Cuba, came

under American influences, and it began to be believed that these events were but a presage to further territorial annexation. Secretary Root believed that a good understanding could be substituted for the existing suspicion by a frank explanation of the true position of the United States, and that the explanation would be most effective if it were made in the countries where the suspicion existed. Therefore he went to them as the mouthpiece of the President and the representative of the United States, and every public utterance he made was weighted with authority; but the brilliant success of his mission was due to the rare talent he displayed in addressing Latin-American audiences. He treated them with neither condescension nor patronage; but gave them his best and showed that he thought himself to be among his equals. He knew, in fact, that the people of the upper stratum of Latin-American society reach a high degree of culture; that they are sensitive and proud, and that there are many scholars among them. He knew that one domain in which their learning has been conspicuous is the great field of international law, where the name of an Argentine citizen, Carlos Calvo, stands among the highest. Mr. Root made his first speech and struck the keynote of his message on July 31 before the delegates to the Third Conference of American Republics at Rio de Janeiro.

We wish for no victories but those of peace [he said]; for no territory except our own; for no sovereignty except the sovereignty over ourselves. We deem the independence and equal rights of the smallest and weakest member of the family of nations entitled to as much respect as those of the greatest empire, and we deem the observance of that respect the chief guaranty of the weak against the oppression of the strong. We neither claim nor desire any rights, or privileges, or powers that we do not freely concede to every American Republic. We wish to increase our prosperity, to expand our trade, to grow in wealth, in wisdom and

in spirit; but our conception of the true way to accomplish this is not to pull down others and profit by their ruin, but to help all friends to a common prosperity and a common growth, that we may all become greater and stronger together.

After this exalted deliverance Mr. Root's progress became a triumph and honors were showered upon him in all the countries he visited; but his greatest satisfaction arose from the fact that he left harmony and international accord among the nations of the hemisphere.

Mr. Root was not a great international lawyer before he began to practise the science in the State Department; for of international lawyers there are hardly any in this country. He had, however, a definite idea of international rights and duties and of the basis upon which international law must rest, and in several articles and speeches he made his principles clear. The positions taken by foreign governments, he said, must be met with fairness, and public opinion must be educated to an appreciation of the rights of other countries. As the true basis of peace and order in a community is the self-restraint of the citizens, so is the peace of the world dependent upon the self-restraint of nations. The change from the personal government of former times to the popular government of the present day had made the practice of diplomacy a great representative function, answering to the popular will, instead of being a mystery known only to a few learned men. It was hard for democracy to learn the responsibilities of its power; but it was the people, not the government, which made friendship or dislike, peace or war. "In this modern day," he said, "through the columns of the myriad press and messages flashing over countless wires, multitude calls to multitude across boundaries and oceans in courtesy or insult, in amity or in defiance." The whole civilized world was swinging away from its old governmental moorings and intrusting the fate of its civilization to the capacity of the popular mass to govern. By this



pathway mankind must travel, and upon the success of this great undertaking the hope of humanity must depend. His constant plea was for

put a stop to the scandalous frauds upon naturalization which had been perpetrated for many years, were reaching fruition; but he gave ma-



MRS. ELIHU ROOT

education of the people to appreciate the rights of other peoples, for an enlightened public opinion would preserve peace. Holding these views, it followed naturally that he should take steps to prevent the popular irritation which is so often aroused by disputed claims to the nationality and allegiance of individuals.

When he became Secretary of State, the efforts to secure a new naturalization law, which would give the federal government effective control over the admission of aliens to citizenship and

material and timely aid in securing the passage of the pending bill. It laid down rules concerning the conferring of citizenship, however, and it did not deal with the question of expatriation. How one might forfeit his American citizenship or cast it off was still, as it had been from the beginning of the government, a matter of doubt. Profiting by this doubt, some Americans who had permanently left the United States without desire or intent to return; some who were born abroad and had never seen the country whose

nationality they professed; and some who had come to the United States only to be naturalized and return to foreign lands immediately afterwards, were constantly claiming the intervention of the United States whenever the governments under which they were actually residing demanded any

tion of American citizenship was thus placed upon a firm basis for the first time. To complete the programme for protecting Americans when they should go abroad, it was desirable, however, that the principles of the expatriation law should find acceptance with foreign governments, and

Mr. Root opened negotiations with all foreign governments with which we did not already have agreements on the subject, to secure treaties defining the rights of naturalized Americans when they return to the country of their origin. The first naturalization treaties had been made by Secretary Seward, and Secretary Hamilton Fish had added five to the list. Mr. Root completed seven more, and several were pending when he left the State Department. More were made by him than



MR. ROOT'S NEW YORK RESIDENCE, PARK AVENUE AND 71ST STREET

service of them. The resulting disputes over their allegiance were a fruitful source of irritation between this government and foreign governments. To meet the difficulty satisfactorily, legislation was necessary; and Mr. Root appointed two officers of his Department and one of our ministers abroad as a board to make a report on the question of expatriation and protection of American citizens. The elaborate study which they submitted, with specific recommendations for legislation, was sent to Congress by the Secretary of State, and a law was passed defining how American citizenship can be put off, when it shall be presumed to have ceased, and when American protection shall be withdrawn from one who lives permanently abroad. The vital ques-

tion of American citizenship was thus placed upon a firm basis for the first time. To complete the programme for protecting Americans when they should go abroad, it was desirable, however, that the principles of the expatriation law should find acceptance with foreign governments, and

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During the eight years of his service as Secretary of State, Hamilton Fish completed forty-three treaties with foreign governments in behalf of the United States, and this was the highest record of treaty-making of any Secretary, until Mr. Root in three years and a half made seventy-five—a record which must arouse astonishment on the part of all people who understand the difficulties which always lie in the way of bringing two governments to the point of making a binding agreement on any important subject.

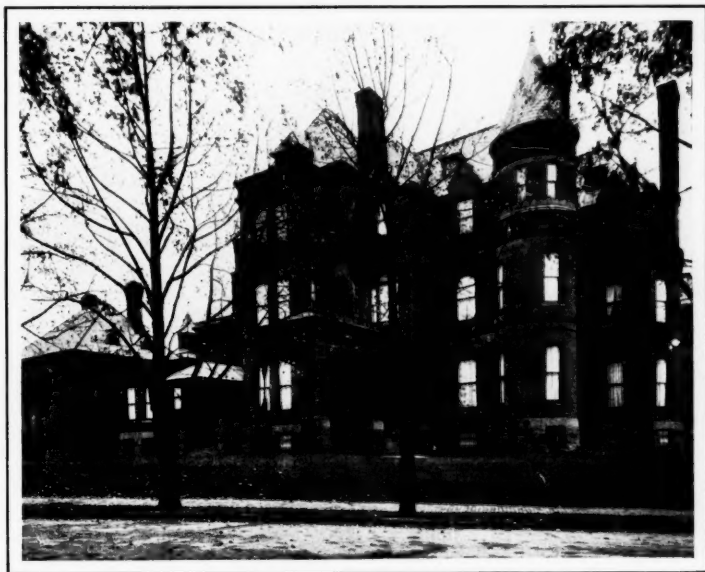
All of Mr. Root's treaties covered important subjects, but the most important were what is known as the arbitration treaties, which he made

with twenty-four countries, and which provide that such differences as may arise between the contracting states shall be referred for settlement to the court of arbitration provided for by The Hague International Conference of 1899. These treaties do not make war impossible, for they do not cover questions of national independence and honor; but they render it less probable, and tend to accustom people to the idea of settling international disputes by peaceful means. The arbitration treaties were only one evidence of the importance Mr. Root attached to The Hague Conference; and when it convened for the third time in the summer of 1907 it was at the instance of the United States.

The American delegates brought before the meeting the propositions which had been intrusted to them by the Secretary of State, and upon these propositions attention was concentrated. They looked simply to the creation, by joint action of all the nations of the world, of a permanent international court before which international causes should be tried; looked

simply to the creation of the machinery for international justice; provided for the great step towards rendering the oppression of small powers by large powers impossible, towards giving force and effect to international public opinion and rendering it a dangerous thing for any country to break the peace of the world. It is true that the conference did not adopt the American proposals; but the sentiment in their favor was so preponderant in the conference, and so overwhelming in the world, that their eventual acceptance is one of the bright hopes of the future.

Soon after Richard Olney left the State Department in 1897, he gave public expression to the opinion that the time had come when this country should no longer remain in its traditional position of international isolation—that occasions must arise when agreements of concerted policy with other powers would be necessary to the interests of the United States. Such an occasion arose towards the end of Mr. Root's service, and he



MR. ROOT'S WASHINGTON RESIDENCE

followed the course foreshadowed by Mr. Olney. John Hay had rendered the so-called spheres of influence held in China by European powers harmless to the material welfare of the United States by extracting from them a promise that they would keep the door open to the trade of all nations upon an absolute equality; but no one had guaranteed that the huge but helpless empire should preserve her political existence. For obvious reasons the United States desires that she shall do so, and Secretary Hay had not hesitated to declare

can terminate it to-morrow; but until it is terminated it is as effective for its purposes as a treaty of alliance would be, and China may rest from her fears of being sliced among greedy foreign nations. The importance of this concerted action in its effect on the destiny of the countries of the Orient has been fully recognized; but it has a more far-reaching significance, for it marks a turning-point in our development as a world-power, and has made a precedent which is likely to have a vital influence upon the history of the world.



MR. ROOT IN THE SADDLE

this fact. It remained for Mr. Root, however, to render the desire of the United States effective by obtaining a declaration of an identical wish from Japan, the great power of the East. The American Secretary of State and the Japanese Ambassador simply exchanged notes in which each stated that his country desired the continued independence of China, and each promised to communicate to the other any action which he might contemplate in the future with reference to China. The agreement is not a treaty, nor even an alliance having binding force for any longer period than suits the pleasure of the parties to the transaction; and either Japan or the United States

Soon after the agreement with Japan had been made Mr. Root announced his intention of leaving the State Department, and immediately afterwards he was chosen to be a Senator from New York. In the three years and five months of his service he had reorganized his Department and brought it to a greater degree of efficiency than it had ever attained before, and every appointment he made in it was in strict accordance with the spirit and the letter of the civil-service rules. In managing the domestic affairs of his office he was a reformer; and enough has been set

down here to show that in the conduct of foreign affairs his ideal has been to increase the power, prosperity and prestige of the United States by making it a great force for righteousness and peace.

As his administration progressed, many unfounded rumors concerning him found their way into the newspapers. It was said that he was not in favor with his chief; that his cold personality and inaccessibility had repelled those who would have been his friends, and that he was a disappointed man. There was never a sign, however, from the chief to show that he doubted his Secretary or repented of having chosen him; on the contrary, he showed that he held him

in the highest esteem, and he deferred to him as he did to none other of his advisers. And if the Secretary's ambition had been thwarted, there was no indication of it, for he worked with the intensity of one who has joy in his labors; but he was able to accomplish an astonishing amount of work by making himself inaccessible to idle visitors, and because they failed to see him, they concluded that he sat in frigid loneliness. The public should have formed a different opinion of his disposition from his occasional speeches, which were always warm with sentiment; and those who were thrown in personal contact with him and saw his flashing eye and levelled forefinger, who heard his ready wit and unstudied humor, who knew how easily he rose to enthusiasm or indignation, wondered how any one could fall into the error

of supposing that his blood was cold. Certainly no impression of coolness was made upon any one who was rash enough to oppose his will, for he is a masterful man who has his own way.

Hardly more than a month after he had left the State Department, Mr. Root took his seat in the United States Senate, having been chosen for that station by the unanimous voice of the representatives of his party in the State of New York. He has been assigned to duty on the Committee on Foreign Relations, where his qualifications for good service will have full employment. Three great Secretaries of State had been great Senators from New York—Marcy, Fish and Seward. It remains for him, reversing the order of their service, to be a great Senator after having been a great Secretary of State.

## THE LOVE OF A FOOL

By MAARTEN MAARTENS

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEXANDER POPINI



YES, he was a fool, from the first, in this world of unwise wisdom. Had he not been a fool, this record of him had never been written.

Yet he kept the secret well. Probably because he was unaware of it. Of the people who knew him only his own father, perhaps, ever clearly realized his special distinction. And successful, strong-minded fathers are far too rash in their application of the epithet to sensitive, considerate sons.

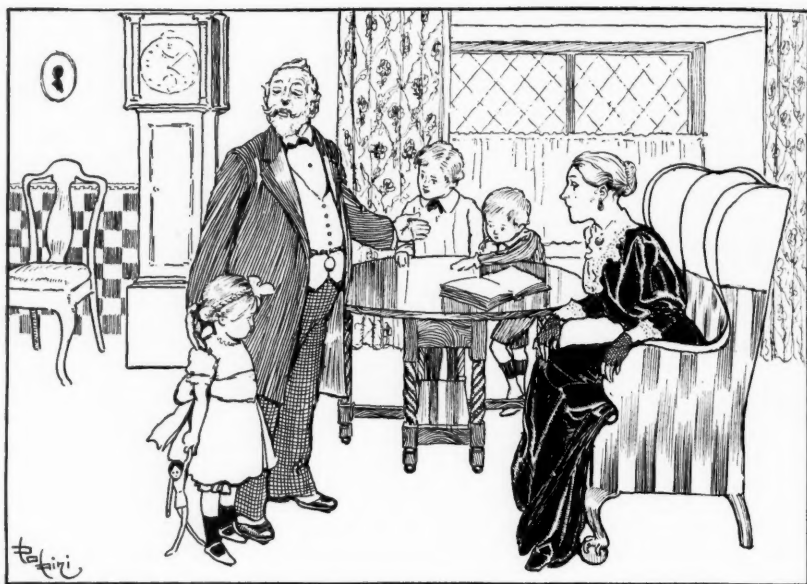
It is not an easy thing to distinguish a genuine fool. As the great Lombroso has so admirably pointed out,

the original sort, in our long and weary development from the anthropoid, have got so hopelessly mixed up with the geniuses, that the biggest volume of modern research can hardly scientifically disentangle them. Yet the thing must be done, if the race is to develop at all.

No one, however, mistook this fool for a genius. Unfortunately it is far more difficult for a fool to appear a genius than for a genius to appear a fool. At least, that seems the conclusion of Professor Lombroso; and, being a genius, he must know.

No one ever mistook this fool for a genius; yet, if the true definition of a genius be one who discovers a new meaning in life, then—

But that is the story.



"DAVID RODBART TOOK THE LITTLE GIRL INTO HIS HOUSE"

Abel Rodbart was born in Amsterdam on the thirteenth of November, 1863. His Aunt Gertruda always ascribed his subsequent want of success to that unlucky date, the thirteenth day, the eleventh month, the thirteenth year from the half-century. But she also said his name was unfortunate, though her own father had borne it. She was what is still called in some parts "a wise woman," and that surely is nearer a fool than anything on God's earth.

When Abel was five years old, she had to leave her out-of-the-way village in Limburg, to come and look after him. For his mother had been called away to a place where—let us hope!—no servants give notice. Mevrouw Rodbart, young, with two infant sons and a husband who always wanted everything different, died of her servants' giving notice. They did so, because Mevrouw Rodbart told them they must mind their master. When the unmarried Gertruda took the reins of her brother's establishment in her hands, one of the

first deeds she did was to bid the domestics mind *her*. Things became much more uncomfortable accordingly, but at least there was peace now, for her. And the widower, who had loved his wife in his own manner, stayed away from the house a great deal more.

Old David Rodbart was a manager and organizer above all things, a practical, hard-headed business man. His father had been successful before him, but had died nearly ruined by a friend. David had taken up the business—a paper-factory—righted it, got it into working order, doubled it in size and importance. The mills were a model place that foreigners were taken to see. The better the works grew, the less their owner cared for other matters. He accepted the new fact that a widower's household must naturally be disorganized and unlike what he wants. He always kissed his two boys, even when they grew rather big for it. And, not trusting Gertruda, who was haphazard, he had ordered his book-

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keeper, severely, to remind him of the children's birthdays, a day before the date. He did a fine thing too. He was a man who lived his life in a selfish routine with generous bursts. Importunity annoyed him; small contributions he ignored, but, once or twice, he came forward with a great, saving donation. He had none of the small change of charity.

And so, when the man whose easy confidence had ruined his father a generation ago, died in penury, leaving an orphan grandchild uncared for, David Rodbart took the little girl—she was some sort of connection—into his house. Nobody approved of this more than Abel. For Abel retained a memory of a time when life was distinctly less dull, because a white frock and a bright voice suddenly filled the gloomy nursery, and you were caught up and whisked round with laughter and song. Aunt Gertruda, like father, never seemed to know you were there, except to realize that you must n't do *that*. And the worst of Aunt Gertruda was that what she did n't want you to do was so often just what you were trying to do for *her*. Mevrouw Rodbart, whose tendency was to trifling hourly altruism, had early taught the child to "think of others," ministering to any number of little real or fancied wants. Unfortunately, bony Aunt Gertruda needed none of her dead sister-in-law's little comforts. When six-year-old Abel lugged hassocks across the room or jammed cushions down her neck or clambered upon window seats to pull down the blinds, she angrily bade him leave the furniture alone and not scratch the paint. Bewildered, he wasted his attentions on his younger brother, Samuel, who remembered no mother, and was quite content to eat as many of Abel's chocolates as he could get.

But Samuel, though a couple of years younger, needed no protection. In fact, he was stronger and perkier, able—and willing—to fight for the chocolates, ungiven. Aunt Gertruda could not make her elder nephew out. He would give a dozen bonbons to

Samuel, and yet, if Samuel cribbed one more, he would thrash him. To the spinster's mind this seemed extremely unreasonable; but then she was no student of character. In fact, she did not believe anybody had any character—the stars alone decided our fates, so it did n't matter what we were or what we did. On the children she had no influence. Abel unconsciously believed her to be of the same sex as his father; the maids about the house possessed no sex at all. His mother had left one lasting relic behind her, a card over his bed with gilt letters: "Be kind."

The arrival of Agnes therefore was the event of supreme importance in Abel Rodbart's life. He was twelve years old when she came into that life, a pink-cheeked, fair-haired child of seven. Into the gloom of that life, a sudden gleam of sunshine. Most people would have told you she was just a fair-haired, pink-cheeked child. She was never that to Abel. She had those appealing eyes which seem to ask the other sex, in man or woman, to be good to the possessor. The woman who owns those eyes should n't meet the right kind of man.

There was nothing remarkable about Abel at twelve—neither then nor after. His masters barely noticed him. He did his tasks like other boys, neither better nor worse. And he did other boys' tasks as well, especially Sam's. (He was always helping Sam.) And Dirk Roskam's, even more. For Dirk Roskam was his chum, also quite a nice, ordinary boy, but to Abel a hero above heroes, mentally and muscularly supreme. In all the sports Abel loved Dirk Roskam was his master. Whenever a swift decision must be taken, Dirk Roskam took it right. If he was n't good at sums or French exercises, what does that prove? Sums are a superfluity, and French is rot. In their early days Dirk obtained a prize for gymnastics, and Abel for Dutch composition. Both were glad that the other had not got "good conduct."

All the tenderer, for this contrast

of bravery, was, Abel's behavior, from the first, to the orphan, Agnes Rink. He slaved for her, without knowing that he did anything at all. He was always carrying things, getting things, remembering things, making this or that. He developed strongly for her sake his own mild liking for pets. He got her a pair of rabbits, especially lop-eared and lovely, from Dirk (for a fortnight's pocket-money), because she had admired them. He looked after them, when she forgot, or went to stay with her grand school-friends; he learnt carpentering to make her a rabbit-hutch, and when she cried because her chickens would n't lay, he cheated and, getting up before daybreak, slipped his eggs into her hen-house. All this, of course, not in one crowded fortnight, but along the slow development of the years.

One thing, indeed, he did for her with full consciousness, and that was defending her from his brother Sam. The latter had welcomed the advent of a girl from *his* masculine point of view, which was that the inferior being must do the inferior work. He had graciously accepted Aunt Gertruda's instruction to "be nice to the child" and so, in melting moments he had kissed her for bringing his boots. But, also, he had scolded her for not bringing them. Over the male attitude towards the youthful Agnes Rink the two brothers quarrelled at once, repeatedly, irredeemably, all along. Abel was quite sixteen—"a big, hulking brute of sixteen"—when Sam one day called Agnes "a dependant" to her face. The two brothers, as has been said, were equally matched—the younger was even the quicker fighter—but, this time, a man-servant had to deliver Sam before he was half-killed. Summoned to the presence of an amazed father, who seldom asked about home events now, Abel had to explain. "But she is a dependant, if you come to think of it," said the still more puzzled parent. "There's nothing disgraceful in that!" "There is something disgraceful in stating it,

when she's by," maintained Abel. We all know how little tension the brotherly bond can stand after a certain age. Soon there was no love lost between Abel and Sam Rodbart.

Both boys, having passed through the so-called Commercial College, successively entered the business. The paper mills were more flourishing than ever. They had acquired an international reputation, entirely unadvertised—in these days when such a thing hardly seems credible—save by the intrinsic value of the article supplied. More and more the old widower's thoughts and powers were concentrated on his specialty, *his* paper. Rodbart's paper, the paper all the great publishers could take or leave, if they liked. Only none of them left it, for, if they did, what would the connoisseurs say, when they got their *éditions de luxe*? He could safely go on producing his paper, personally interested in every sheet. He needed time for nothing else. He had never given a thought to a second marriage, already old when his young wife died, for he had long remained a hard-working bachelor. "Work!"—that was his ideal of existence. Money-making was only an inevitable result. He might probably have made a great deal more than he did had he set his heart on it. But he did n't want to make money: he wanted to make paper.

His two sons, as he noticed with pleasure but nowise with surprise, were steady, quiet, though not dull, and hard-working as he. They took to the business readily, as was natural, after their bringing-up. Like many fathers who are unable to distinguish their children's characters by sight, he imagined all the good in them to be the outcome of his personal influence. "My children have learnt from *me*," he would say when people discussed the youth of the period. He was immensely, and rightly, respected in the city. A Seamen's Hospital was badly wanted: he started it with a donation of one hundred thousand guilders, marked "N. N."



"SAM HAS ASKED YOU TO MARRY HIM?"

If the father was respected, the sons were as generally liked. People could n't understand why the young men, so universally popular, did n't seem to get on with each other. Sam was so full of spirits, a capital singer and dancer; Abel always contented and obliging, willing to play for hours;—and who could play dance-music as he? The old ladies put their heads together and wondered if, perhaps there could be some rivalry over that charming, unassuming girl whom Mynheer Rodbart had generously, if a bit recklessly, taken into his house? No use asking that insignificant Aunt Gertruda, who thought marriages were made in an astrological heaven.

There was no rivalry, for Abel had never imagined that Agnes could

think of him with anything but cheerful kindness. He had always understood that she would bestow her hand on some outsider and had rather hoped it might be Dirk Roskam, in business now also, as a stock-broker, and still the object of Abel's enthusiastic, if more reasoned, admiration. It came therefore as a surprise to the elder brother when the younger announced his intention of marrying Agnes Rink.

"Have you proposed to her?" asked Abel.

"No; I intend to do so to-night."

All the time, at dinner, Abel sat watching his pretty "cousin," in quite a new, agitated mood, and light. Would she be recognized, on the morrow, as his future sister-in-law?

He paced the smoking-room, gnawing his moustache, till quite late. "Well?" he said, when, at last, Sam came in.

"She has asked time till to-morrow," replied Sam, with wide-open eyes of amusement. "By Jove, I understand. She did n't want to seem too eager."

"She has asked time!" repeated Abel. And he lit a cigar.

Next morning Agnes interrupted old Mynheer Rodbart's newspaper reading. She knew exactly where to find him—as she would have known all through each day—in the little room by the front-door, before breakfast, awaiting the barber.

"Sam has asked you to marry him?" said Mynheer Rodbart, disturbed in his City Council report. "Well?"

"Do you approve, Mynheer?" asked Agnes. Old Rodbart had never encouraged any "uncle" nonsense.

"He spoke to me, of course, *first*," replied David Rodbart with pompous reproach. "*My* children have been taught—" He stopped, to find a good expression, for what his children had been taught.

"So you wish it?" insisted Agnes.

"I do not object, my dear, unless you want to marry somebody else."

The girl was silent.

"Be explicit," said Mynheer Rodbart irritably, laying down his paper. The expression was a favorite one with him: thus used, it put the other person at a great disadvantage.

Agnes hesitated, then, speaking passionately, "My benefactor!" she cried. "I must tell you all! I cannot tell him, and I cannot do injury to any of your house! The man I would most gladly give my heart to will never ask me for it." She hung her head, trembling.

"What an extraordinary confession!" said Mynheer Rodbart, wondering why the barber was late.

"I—I have no one else to make it to." She was very near tears, but she knew how he would hate them. "Aunt Gertruda would want his name to—to consult the stars."

"You dislike Sam?" demanded the manufacturer, relieved to hear the bell ring.

"Oh no!"

"Well, then, of course you must accept him—I may say, Agnes, thankfully. He loves you. I know what my children are. And as for wanting a man who does n't want you, I——"

"Don't, please," said Agnes.

"But I understood you to remark——"

Thereupon Agnes burst into tears, after all, and fled before the entering barber. Mynheer Rodbart, in the course of the day, announced with some satisfaction to various intimates the engagement of his son Samuel to Agnes Rink. The generosity of the thing pleased him, and also the recognition of the generosity.

The young man himself was quite satisfied with the thing, till he began to discover that his friends thought he might have done better. This annoyed him, for Sam Rodbart was intensely vain. All the same, a few months passed of very unemotional love-making, and then, suddenly the emotion came, wrong.

"I say, Abel, I'm in a devil of a hole."

"Well, what is it?"

"Will you help me?"

"Of course I will, if I can. How much is it?"

"D—— it, you think a fellow can only want money."

"Not always, I suppose," replied Abel calmly. "You don't mean to say you want my advice?"

"No, thanks." Sam paced the room, and Abel, smoking, waited.

"Here goes! I've found out I'm not in love with Agnes, as I thought."

Abel, white as a ghost, sprang to his feet with such an oath as had never passed his decent lips before.

"Are you mad?" exclaimed Sam.

"I—Sam, you don't mean, you can't mean, you may n't mean what you said just now!"

But Sam explained that he meant it, and intended to mean it. He had fallen violently in love with a French girl he had met only a

few weeks ago. "And I'm glad to say, at least, she is n't rich," said Sam.

"That doesn't make any difference," retorted Abel hotly. Then, even at that moment, he felt ashamed of being unjust. "I mean not for Agnes," he said.

"But it does for me," argued Sam naïvely. "You see, people would say——"

"But what would people say of *her*, about *her*!" cried Abel. He turned away. "Don't let's talk," he said.

"But we must talk! That's just like you. You're the most selfish brute—there. I don't want to be beastly—only, you must listen to reason."

"What do you want of me?" questioned Abel, in the same dull voice.

"I want you to tell her."

"I can't. You can't expect——"

"Yes, you can. Better than any one else. Because why? Because I feel sure she's sweet on you."

"You lie!" cried Abel, facing round.

"You're a cad, Abel, but I forgive you. We never can get on. Your manners are so different from mine. You remember, when you half-killed me, for nothing, a dozen years ago? Go and marry Agnes. She is fond of you, and that makes it easier for me."

"It would make it possible for you," replied Abel haughtily, "if it were true, but it is not. Go and tell her yourself that you throw her over—the purest, the noblest, the best——"

"Eh?" said Sam, half-amused.

"She's as good a woman as ever breathed. And you——"

"Well, I?" The younger brother drew himself up.

"Oh, we men are just men," said Abel.

"Since I am in love myself, I know what love is," persisted Sam, complacently. "And Agnes is n't in love with me."

"If she throws you over, she *may* throw you over," answered Abel. "If not, you must marry her."

"Will you compel me?"

"No," said Abel, sadly. "I can't do that. But look here, Sam, it's true we don't get on. You've often said we could n't work together after father's death: I'll give up my share of the mills, if you marry Agnes."

"Your share of the mills?" The younger brother stared, in stupefaction. For to the sons, as to the father, the mills were the pride of life. "Abel, there's no getting any sense out of you! You are the most unutterable fool!"

"I suppose I am, for I'm not sure, after all this time, what Agnes really thinks of you. But the moment has come to find out," replied Abel.

He found Agnes amongst her tea-things, a Dutch picture, arranging the tiny china cups, with the copper tea-kettle singing beside her, under the soft light of the oil-lamp.

"Sis," he began, for they often called her that, and none more than Abel, "I sometimes think you are marrying Sam out of gratitude to us all."

"You are far too clever, Abel," she answered, with eyes downcast, very busy moving the cups.

"That's quite a new view of me," he said, laughing. "Of course there's not the faintest cause for gratitude, for you've given far more than you've got—in kindness, I mean; but the nicer people are, the more they feel grateful for nothing."

"We won't discuss my indebtedness," she said, uncomfortably.

"I know I'm bungling as usual. All I want to say is: If you marry Sam without being head over ears in love with him, you're a bigger fool than I."

"Abel!"

"I don't care. You make me say the things. You'll fall in love with some one else later on, some day, and that'll be a crime."

"A crime!" She repeated the last word, but as a new thought, from deep down somewhere in her own innermost being. She put her hand across her eyes.



"SUDDENLY SHE LOOKED HIM STRAIGHT IN THE FACE"

Then suddenly, she looked him straight in the face. "You are a good man," she said. "My life-long friend. Do you think it is a

crime to marry one man and love another?" She gave a little gasp; her hand caught the table. "Oh, don't! don't!" she cried. "Forget



that I said it! Oh, Abel, what is your reply?"

"Yes, I think it is a sin to marry a man you don't care for," he said softly, his answer made so much the easier now. "You had better let me tell Sam."

"Oh, Abel, he will be so angry!" she exclaimed, in hot alarm.

"I think not," he answered a little bitterly. He paused, in a frightful fix, but with a woman's intuition she had understood. "Tell him he is free," she said gladly. "And tell your father as much as he cares to hear."

"No, no, you misunderstand," he declared, distressed. "I mean——"

"Just so. You are quite right, Abel, and you're the dearest fellow on earth."

"I know I'm a bungler and make a mess of everything. I told you so just now. Agnes, I won't add another word, unless you say I may." His voice had grown imploring.

There was quite a long pause; she jingled the tea-cups before she murmured, "You may."

"Agnes dear, it's all so new to me, but—but I want to say it so dreadfully. The—the man you spoke of—if he does n't speak, it can only be because he dare n't. I'm sure it is."

"Oh, don't," she pleaded. "I ought n't to have—I did n't know what I was saying—you see, I've never had anybody—you've always been—oh, Abel forget."

He sat down heavily by the table; she could not hide her face from him in the light. "Are n't you and I brother and sister?" he said. "Sis, there's only one man I know worthy of you, only one I could bear to think of as laying a claim to you. I don't wonder you—" he sat watching her face—"By George, it is he! I'm glad, Sis. He is worthy of you. Oh, Sis! Sis! Sis!"

She tried to speak but could n't. He got up, to spare her.

"Dirk Roskam is my dearest friend," he said. "I'm—I'm glad it's he. And to think of you starting to marry Sam!"

She sprang up. "Abel, you must n't! you can't! I was mad! Abel, spare me!"

He spoke gravely. "Dear Sis, be sure your honor is safe in my hands. Without breathing on it, I shall make Dirk the happiest of men." And he went out of the room, to hide his aching heart.

To Sam he said: "She more than forgives you." He hated saying unkind things, but he really could n't humiliate Agnes to Sam.

Henceforth Mr. Samuel Rodbart turned against his father's "dependant" and, safely married, gladly respected, permanently prosperous, he spoke slightly of her, when he remembered her at all.

From Sam to Dirk Roskam was a rough stage for the *postillon d'amour*, but he rode it, straight and fair. The young stock-broker listened attentively to his friend's ingenious suggestion, that he should "try his luck with Agnes." "She's an awfully nice girl, is Sis," argued Abel. "No one knows her better than I." He tried to think he was n't nervous ("men are n't nervous"), waiting for the other's reply. "I should have proposed to her before that brother of yours did," said Dirk at last, "but I knew I could n't and—perhaps I showed her as much."

"Knew you could n't? Showed her as much?" repeated Abel blindly, "I say, do you happen to have a drink anywhere about?"

"Of course. Glad to see you falling into bad habits, Abel." He got out some whisky and soda. "No, could n't. Could n't afford it. Seems to me the man who asks a girl to marry him when he can't support her does n't act fair to the girl. Surely there can't be two opinions on that subject."

"N-n-no," said Abel. "But I should have thought your means—" and he drunk his whisky and water.

"I made eight thousand guilders last year, and a man nowadays can't live under double that."

"Oh, Dirk, he can."

"Well, his wife can't; it comes to the same thing."

"Oh, Dirk, she can. *She can.*"

"We must agree to differ then. Have some more whisky?"

The conversation ended there, for the afternoon. In the evening, however, Abel resumed it.

"Hullo, you here again, Abel?"

"Yes. I want to talk seriously."

"Not about a subject that's tabooed. You don't look a bit well. Does that mean more whisky, or too much?"

"Dirk, do you mean to say, seriously, that you would propose to Agnes, if you had twice eight thousand guilders a year?"

"Seriously, yes. Why not? I could n't get a better wife."

"You could n't. Yes, I will have a drop more whisky. I've a hundred thousand guilders, my share of my mother's fortune. You can have them. That'll make eight thousand over a dozen years—just about what you want."

"You're awfully generous, Abel. But what after the dozen years are over?"

"Well—I hardly like to say it, but my poor old dad is seventy-nine. I hope he'll live a long time yet, but, when he does die, I shall have a great deal more money than I need."

"Unless you die, or marry, before him."

"I shall never marry," said Abel.

"Never's a long word, Abel."

"Live to be as old as Methusaleh and you'll never see me do it," said Abel, bravely.

Dirk Roskam stood reflecting. "You *might* have suggested that in twelve years I should have money of my own," he said, discontentedly. "But it's like you, Abel, to have more confidence in yourself than in your friends."

"True!" answered Abel, in cheery accents. "I ought to have thought of that. Perhaps you'll be richer than I in a dozen years."

"I believe I shall. I trust I shall," said the stock-broker. After a little

more objection and explanation he accepted his friend's proposal "in the spirit in which it was made." He was not super-absurdly grateful, because he "understood the desire of the Rodbart family to give their *protégée* a dowry." "*Vous la dotez,*" he repeated. "Just so," said Abel. The latter added that he had but one condition. Agnes must never know anything about her *dot*. To this Roskam briskly agreed.

All the way home Abel constantly proved to himself how glad he ought to be that Dirk had not declined the money, as he, Abel, had foolishly feared. "In these matters, my dear Abel," he said aloud on his doorstep, "you really seem little better than a fool."

Certainly the other members of the Rodbart family would not have bestowed a *dot* on Agnes Rink. The old man was furious with her: he had no half-prejudices. "Stock-broking is n't work," he said. "The whole money-business is just theft." The truth is, in his canny old inmost heart he would have liked Agnes to marry Abel. "Abel's the best of the lot, but he's a fool," the old man said. The unimportant Aunt Gertruda was as angry as anybody, for she had trumpeted all over the city that the stars in their courses had long foretold to her the marriage between Agnes and Sam. Agnes went to stay with some friends, but she was married, after a good deal of diplomacy on Abel's part, from the house of David Rodbart.

Abel remained alone with his aged father and Aunt Gertruda. The business prospered, the paper went all over the world. All the Rodbarts were good and upright business men: nobody could deny that. The old father must be very wealthy. He was over eighty and manifestly breaking up. Why did n't Abel marry like his brother? Abel's health was n't very good. He had overstrained his heart, it was said, rowing and riding so much. A good chap, Abel. Ready to give the coat off his back.

The house was manifestly dull, full of valetudinarianism now and superfluous precision. The old man suffered a great deal from gout: it affected his breathing; he managed the business from his wheel-chair, then from his bed. Only his head was clear: his temper grew to be frightful. Aunt Gertruda remained complacently indifferent, bidding the household say "Yes" to the invalid and do as she ordered. The household demurred and compromised, to every one's discomfort, until convinced that the master would very soon obey an order from the Master of all.

But in these prolonged final days of continuous harassments at home from his father, at the office from Sam, Abel broke down, suddenly and altogether. The doctor said he had expected it to happen sooner. Abel said so too. They both knew what was the trouble, had known for long. Abel lay prostrate one morning with a disease which in its progress—all doctors will recognize its symptoms—had already arrested the circulation in one limb. He would never walk again. More than that, he must lie awaiting certain death by mortification. There was no escape.

It soon became known in the city that Abel Rodbart was very seriously ill. He was on terms of friendliest lifelong intimacy with his doctor, and he asked that doctor, in the evening, to tell him the whole and absolute truth. It is doubtful whether doctors should ever fully accede to this fashionable request, but they do, nowadays, often with startling frankness. Their position, in these issues of life and death, needs, for want of omnipotence and omniscience, superhuman intelligence and tact. Abel's friend was one of the frank doctors.

"I give you a couple of weeks," he said.

Abel, lying back on the pillows, turned his eyes to the rising sun.

After some minutes of silence, "Be explicit," he said. It was his father's phrase: he noticed that.

"How do you mean, dear chap?"

"I want to see exactly how I stand. You know how often we've talked about this, Blake, about useless suffering and doctors preventing it—well?"

The doctor hesitated.

"You remember what I made you promise—what you solemnly promised, Blake?"

"I do remember, or I should never have said what I said just now. Dear fellow, the moment has come, if you really mean what you've so often said. I can keep you under morphia."

"And I shall suffer less?"

"You need hardly suffer at all."

"Hardly at all?"

"If I make doses big enough."

"Only then I shall live so many days less. Well, I have n't any one to live—and suffer for, Blake."

They were both silent.

"I remember our talks," repeated Abel, still gazing into the sunrise. "So do you. Make it short, Blake. Don't let me lie here—with mortification—half-dead."

"Hush!" entreated the doctor. "Don't say these things."

"But I want to say them!" For the first time he lifted his head and looked at the doctor's face. "Blake, when you come to-night, don't talk, but—I'm ready—give me an overdose."

"Hush! Hush!" repeated the doctor. Nevertheless the two understood each other. Many a scientific argument on the subject lay between them. Blake had always foreseen the long-drawn, unendurable, useless agony of the close. Had Abel somehow guessed it, or heard of it, that he had extracted, in good time, by sheer insistence, the promise whose fulfilment he now claimed? But Blake was quite right, thought Abel. The doctor who acts must act in silence.

He lay waiting through that long day with many a strange thought rising and sinking in his placid soul. It was only too true, as he had said to his doctor, that, in spite of the many friends and friendly acquaintances now inquiring about his health,

through the length and breadth of the city, he had not a soul in his heart-circle to live with or suffer for. He had never had any one to care for him—not really care. Oh, yes, Agnes loved him as a brother. She would be very sorry. She was happy with her handsome, pleasant-voiced husband. And the poor old dying father liked the elder son, liked him best. And Agnes's children would miss what they expected from Uncle Abel, daily spoiling and spoilt.

He was disturbed in these thoughts, towards nightfall, by the intrusion of Agnes's children's father. For Dirk Roskam would always be that to him—all that.

"Yes, I forced my way in," confessed Dirk. "I hope it is n't very bad, is it?"

"Yes, I fear it is rather bad," answered Abel gently.

"How weak your voice is. I can hardly hear you. But you'll be all right again soon."

Abel did not deny this. He only asked his visitor to draw down the blind. "I don't like the sunset," he said.

The stock-broker complied. He hemmed and hawed a bit in the dusk and played a tune with his fingers on the table.

"Blake is coming presently. I'm rather tired," ventured the sick man at last.

"Look here, Abel, it's no use my beating about the bush," burst out Roskam. "You've always been a good friend to me. Here goes! I've spent your money. I've been unlucky. There is n't any left."

"Why, I thought you were doing well—were quite rich!" exclaimed Abel.

Roskam laughed bitterly. "A stock-broker always says that," he replied.

Abel was silent for a moment before he spoke: "Say what you want to say."

"If anything were to happen to you—I see you know you are in a bad way—our last chance would be lost."

"Yes—your last chance—" repeated Abel thoughtfully.

"It's deuced wretched and miserable for Agnes—and the children."

"I—can't give you more than I've got," whispered Abel.

"I know. I'm not blaming you. Far from it. I suppose you can't ask your father to do something for us? He must be worth a million at least."

"My father is n't in a state to speak to."

"I know the doctors have given him up, but that's just the state—is n't it? He'd do it for you. But you know best what you want and what you don't. I was always an unlucky beast. It's hard on Agnes."

"I can't worry my father—I can't."

"Well, then, there's no more to be said. I had hoped, for old sakes—good-bye, Abel, I shall be in the *Gazette* next week."

Abel struggled up, on his pillow. "Can you hold out another month?" he gasped.

"What's the use?"

"How much do you want?"

"A hundred thousand."

"At the least?"

"No, at the most," said the other, a little shamefaced.

"Hold on all you can—and I'll see what I can do—somehow. Good-bye now!"

"Good-bye and good health, Abel. You always were a good fellow."

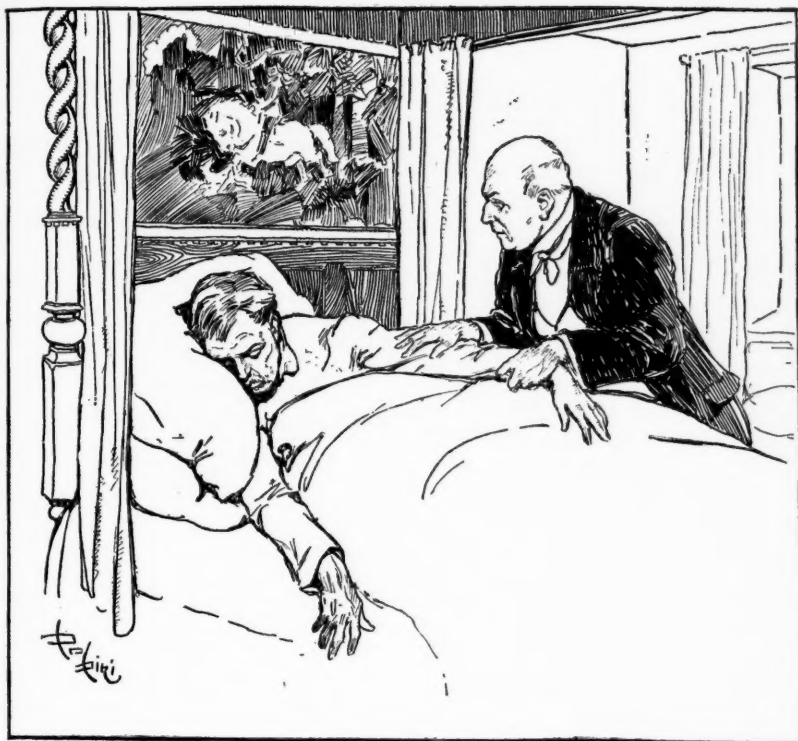
Scarcely had the doctor entered the room, ten minutes later, when the question burst, to meet him, from the lips of the man hanging, haggard, against the bed-head:

"Blake, my aunt says that father's so bad—is that true?"

"Well, you know, he's a very old man. And this attack of yours has given him a great shock."

"Who's going to die first, he or I?"

Never had Dr. Blake had such a patient. Iron-nerved physician as he was, his voice shook. He had wanted to spare Abel all this, for one thing, when he suggested the morphia he dared not apply untold.



"ABEL HAD FAINTED"

"Your father has had a stroke this morning: he can't linger long. He has no pain."

"A week?"

"Well, yes, perhaps a week. Abel, my dear old boy!"

"Don't, Blake! Blake, you must n't give me anything. I must live as long as I possibly can. I must live a week—at least."

"Abel! Abel!"

But Abel had fainted.

He lived longer than a week. Aunt Gertruda kneeling by his side often prayed that he might die. Once, in an hour of respite, he sent for his lawyer. "I want only one slight change," he gasped. "A legacy, to Dirk Roskam, of one hundred thousand guilders. All the rest as it stood." The morning they told

him that the old man, long unconscious, had ceased to breathe, he turned his face to the wall.

When Samuel Rodbart (rather hurriedly) opened Abel's will, he found that, with the exception of numerous legacies, the whole large fortune the dead man had inherited from his father, one million of David Rodbart's two, was tied up in equal parts for Sam's boy and girl and for Agnes's children, tied up as securely as legal precaution can tie.

"Agnes's children! Disgraceful!" said Samuel, as the paper dropped from his hands. "But the poor fellow was always a fool!"

Aunt Gertruda, however, was comforted, for she declared the stars spoke most auspiciously of Abel, though she could n't quite make out what they said.

## SOME RECENT NOVELS

By H. W. BOYNTON



HAVING somewhat casually assembled a group of novels which gave promise of fairly representing the varied output of the season, the writer was interested to find them presently pairing off, as if by sheer force of springtime and propinquity. In default of any ready-made theory, we may as well take them as they seem to offer themselves, two by two. As a whole, the little procession appears to bear the standards of the chief types of present-day fiction.

First of all in popularity, perhaps, stands the society (not social) romance. That famous matter-of-factness, that triumphant democracy itself, of which our age is consciously and rather complacently possessed, give especial potency to a formula combining high life and the improbable. There has been enough of your cottage love-making: *Phyllis* in the conservatory, with her diamonds, her grooming, and her breeding (which can hardly be too much insisted upon), is the person who fetches us. Let us, if possible, assist at her toilet. Tell us, at least, in how many waters her maid is wont to lave her of mornings; sing to us with no uncertain sound of her boudoir utensils of cut glass and gold, her brushes, perfumes, powders. Finally you may bring in the lover, Aladdin of Mayfair or of Wall Street, with his wonderful motor and irreproachable accent and as many adventures as you like: we know they are "coming out all right." Ours is a happy day for romantic reporters such as, for instance, Mr. Robert W. Chambers.

To this general class, it must be admitted, belongs the *Baroness von Hutten*. "*Our Lady of the Beeches*" seemed to have a promise which has not been fulfilled. Its successors have been more rather than less irresponsible; their buoyant and negligent manner has seemed to stand more and more on its own merit as a graceful manifestation of the "society" point of view. In short, the novelist is quite obviously and not criminally bent upon giving a vulgar world what it likes and letting it go at that. The "*Pam*" series of novels, of which "*Kingsmead*" is the latest, but not, by all signs, the last, proffer a most palatable compound: personages of wealth and of title, situations of a piquancy easily carried off by the nonchalance of the elegant chronicler. She cannot, she blandly admits in the "*Kingsmead*" preface, be bothered with mere consistency; and she warns the "nimble critic" against "jumping at" the discrepancies of her casually continued narrative. The people of these tales she has "planted higgledy-piggledy, in their youth and in their mature age, anywhere, it seems, between 1895 and 1905,—poor Pam advancing in years at a horrible speed."

In "*Kingsmead*," Pam is mother of a Pammy—just now in the large school-girl stage, but plainly to be heard from later. Lord Kingsmead himself is the Tommy of "*The Halo*": without his title merely an abnormally unselfish, sensitive, romantic youth. With his title he is of course far more than that: his very plainness and physical insignificance seem the fruit of condescension. He is a Sentimental Tommy with a gilt edge: "a gentleman"—so the publishers enthusiastically declare—"to his fingertips." Beyond this we ought not



perhaps to expect very much of him, and he gives a good deal—up to the moment when the business of the "Mignonette Lady" assumes its frankly preposterous phase. He is trying to marry her to a friend (in every way his foil), when he discovers in a breath that she has a past and that he loves her himself. She confesses and, loving him, begs him to conceal the truth from the friend, so that she may marry him for his money. Kingsmead thinks this rather naughty of her, says she is not fit to marry his friend, prevents the match, and washes his hands forthwith of the Mignonette Lady. The fault one finds with her is that she is even more improbable than impossible. But she is really more casual than either—a figure dashed off by a clever, not over-scrupulous—a complacently amateurish hand. And Tommy himself hardly pretends to be more than that.

In "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box," the late Henry Harland discovered a very happy knack at drawing-room romance. His atmosphere of sumptuousness, his light and innocuously daring dialogue, his nonchalance, bore us, the least eligible, the least solvent of us even, into that comfortable heaven of Italian villas, English country-houses, motors, jewels, and love-making where (in fancy, at least) we fain would be. One is not sure that the posthumous publication of "The Royal End" can be quite justified as a memorial. It is not "up"; and the frankly owned manner of its making forces us to an ungracious surmise as to the cause of its deficiency. The opening chapters are characteristic and charming. The scene is Venice; the persons are an English milady, an American heiress (European-bred), and an Italian Prince. There is also a dog who bids fair to be somebody in the story, but disappears immediately. Of course the Prince falls in love with the heiress; but he does not get her, either in the morganatic marriage which (having become heir-apparent to a little principality) he at first offers, or in the more dignified part-

nership, now entailing the title of Queen, which he is presently constrained to offer. The real trouble is that she loves another, an English baronet, who is linked in matrimony to a barmaid, and who apparently does not love the heiress anyhow. But of course he does, and of course the barmaid dies; and the heiress, having comfortably lost her huge fortune, is free to settle down with the baronet on some New England acres which have been in the family three hundred years—rather a large order for New England. What must be said is that the last three of the seven parts are inferior; they seem to have very little of Mr. Harland in them, and this is not altogether due, it may be supposed, to their American setting.

"The Inner Shrine" pretends to be something more than society romance. Its point of view is, or strives to be, that of the elect in contrast with the wealthy and smart, and its action is intended to take place upon that comparatively elevated plane of refined motive and subtle speech which we connect with the work of Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mrs. Wharton. By all accounts, the story served its purpose excellently as a *Harper* serial: it aroused much interest and more curiosity. It was scrutinized for traces of its authorship, attributed to this well-known writer and that, treated, in short, with the respect due to what might be anybody's, and therefore anything. The question of the story's real quality, irrespective of its source, was perhaps less considered. It has an approved Paris-New York setting, and an approved "international" element in its love-plot. Diane Eveleth is a Parisienne of birth who has married a wealthy American of foreign breeding. She is a technically blameless coquette. A Frenchman whom, in the eleventh hour, she has rebuffed, proclaims himself her lover. He is called out by the husband, who commits suicide under cover of the duel. The Frenchman's code of "honor" requires him to stick to the lie, and permits him to repeat it idly

in future years. It pursues Diane to America, and almost prevents her marriage to the man of her second choice, who is nearly as obnoxious a person in his way as the Frenchman—a hero who could have been created, it is safe to say, only by a woman. The mainspring of the story is, it will be seen, a scandal; the whole savor of it, beneath its agreeable perfume of style, is that of opera-box and smoking-room morality. Its issues, its persons, are essentially trivial.

If *Harper's* is not to be particularly felicitated on its latest serial, it is not to be greatly commiserated, either, upon Mrs. Ward's apostasy so far as "Marriage à la Mode" is concerned. Her habit of holding a brief has always entailed its risks, and in this instance, at least, fairly incurs the forfeit. From its opening sentences, one smells the tract. American divorce! what more fruitful theme for the British (or American) moralist? It may be cheerfully admitted that Mrs. Ward has made a sad picture of it, with her two selected instances. The first is that of a New York girl who marries a charming and talented Jew. She determines to divorce him because she finds him socially inconvenient, and he has recourse to that well-known American custom of casting himself over Niagara. The relict is looked at somewhat askance, but refuses to admit responsibility. Under her influence comes presently one Daphne, an American girl and, it is perhaps hardly necessary to say, a great heiress. To this maiden, with her predisposition toward a flexible marriage law, add a young Englishman, an impecunious "Apollo," and you have the whole story in the rough. After three years of marriage, during which she has very comfortably turned him about her finger, she becomes jealous of his past. This does not involve a barmaid, for a wonder, but a former engagement of which he has not told her. The ex-fiancée turns up, and a series of trivial chances transfer Daphne's jealousy from past to present. She flies with the child

to South Dakota, and gets an American decree of divorce with custody of the child. This decree does not hold good in England, so that the Englishman is still bound. He takes to drink and other things. He plans to kidnap the child (with the aid of an American officer); but the child dies, whereupon he takes to more drink. What Daphne hears of him at last moves her to go to his rescue. She finds him in England, and offers to help him, breaking down at last in the sudden realization of what she has done. Reunion is impossible, and he goes off to die alone of consumption. A good plot: the disconcerting thing is that Mrs. Ward should have handled it with such vehemence, such violence. Her hatred of the sin far too plainly extends to the sinner. And her indictment of the "States" is so specific that it is impossible not to take Daphne as, to her mind, a representative American. Consequently, her success in making Daphne a hateful person, ill-bred, pretentious, egotistical, peevish, strikes one as a little malicious—though, no doubt, unconsciously so. The whole thing might have been done on a higher plane, less crudely—should have been so done by this distinguished commentator on human affairs.

From the literature of sophistication, of the cosmopolitan and the expatriate, of hair-split emotion and wire-drawn speech, it is a relief now and then to emerge into such an atmosphere as that of Mr. Phillpotts's Dartmoor: an atmosphere "opalescent, milky, sweet, as though earth's sap, leaping to the last tree-tip and bursting bud, exuded upon air the very visible incense and savor of life." So the novelist himself describes it in one of those passages of description which approach the lyrical as closely as excellent prose may. And into this air he lifts us—"high on Trowlesworthy, where the rushes chatter, and where, to their eternal treble, the wind strikes deep organ music from the forehead of the tor." Below lie the farms and crofts where pass, for the most part, the human

lives of certain episodes in which our guide is presently to make us witnesses. We shall find the human element in the scenes not unworthy of its setting,—rude, frank, coarse, and altogether free from the vulgarity of cities. Mr. Phillpotts has written no better story of the moor-country than "The Three Brothers." It is worthy to be shelved with the "Children of the Mist" and "The Whirlwind." And, with all its seriousness, it is less sombre than most of its predecessors. Its comedy episodes are better managed, more worth while for their own sake; and it actually has a happy ending for the persons in whom we are chiefly interested. The writer has nowhere exercised more successfully his gift of interpreting peasant life, or rather human life in peasant garb. The plainspokenness of these moor people, their directness of thought and action, blow like the rude, clear air of the fens through our charily-opened city casements, on the hither side of which we niggle with emotions as with words. I, for one, find more refreshment, and more meaning, in such a tale as this of the brothers Baskerville than in all the "psychological" ticklers—or shockers—with which our city-fed presses groan.

And this is not due to the strangeness of the old-world setting in which Mr. Phillpotts has placed his vivid human picture. The same refreshing quality, this simple and sincere force, may be found in some (not enough) of our own fiction—in Miss Brown's "Story of Thyrza," for example. She has done nothing so good on the larger scale. The trouble with most of our chroniclers of American rural life is that they themselves do not feel the dignity of it. Our country people are not peasants; they lack the picturesqueness, the solidarity, of (for instance) M. René Bazin's people of the Vendée. In a country where any farm may produce at short notice a President or a Fifth Avenue multimillionaire, it is impossible to regard the rural class with the condescension or the

affectionate indulgence which a peasantry is likely to inspire. On the other hand, it is hard to look upon the country type as complete in itself. And it must be confessed that our rustic speech and habit are rather uncouth than quaint, from their very approximation to something different. The ploughboy does his work in a black waistcoat and a derby hat. The milkmaid puts on her Merry Widow and feather boa when she takes her eggs to market. Of this grotesque aspect of our country people, the story-tellers have been sufficiently conscious. Only a few of them have treated it as an aspect, without exaggeration and without apology. One of these is Mr. Garland, in whose "Main-travelled Roads" there is not a false note; and another is certainly Miss Brown. The grim and comic sides do not preoccupy her: she searches, and not in vain, for the purity and strength of character which are nowhere to be more commonly found than in our New England villages. Thyrza's story is sad enough, in its superficial guise; and yet it is a story of triumph, of poignant sweetness: unaffectedly indigenous, and therefore of far more than local appeal.

In "Fraternity" and "The Pilgrim's March" we return to city life, but upon a very different plane from that of the polite chroniclers. These stories, like Mr. De Morgan's, have to do with a middle-class London—upper middle-class, to be sure, but more occupied with life than with questions of precedence. "Fraternity" is not a story of triumph, but rather a wistful record of the puzzling thing called human experience. The real hero of it, if there is one, is a very old man—a natural scientist turned social philosopher, who is writing an endless "Book of Universal Brotherhood" and is regarded by the world and his own family as a harmless old crank. One feels that Mr. Galsworthy himself is inclined to regard him, somewhat tentatively, as a prophet. Noble passages are quoted from the great work, presenting an arraignment of

modern society in a tone both scathing and remote, and the promise of better things. To the events of the narrative he plays the part of chorus, instinctively apprehending the significance of events and situations which the others can only interpret by the half-lights of reason and personal prejudice. The three persons in whom the smaller action centres are a dilettante author (with a competency), his wife (a painter of some talent) and a little model. The man and the wife are of jarring temperaments. She loves him, but has worn out his love by a chill detachment of manner which really conceals a sensitive spirit. She becomes jealous of the little model, who has only youth and an appealing femininity to recommend her. The result is a practical separation *a thoro*, and in the end the man is almost goaded by his wife's distrust and the little model's infatuation for him to become what he is suspected of. His fastidiousness prevents the actual catastrophe: he sends away the little model, scornfully confesses his virtual breach of faith, and withdraws from a nominal domesticity. He is confessedly a modern Hamlet, incapable of firm opinion or action—a sufficiently dispiriting though not ignominious type. But there is a larger, if vaguer, action: these are but suggestive figures in the foreground. Behind them and about them are the swarming, struggling millions of modern London—of modern society in the big sense. Justice, harmony, brotherhood, the author seems to ask,—when are they to dawn upon us, how much longer will life be supportable without them?

It is unfortunate that "The Pilgrim's March" should have been hailed—should, indeed, have been officially heralded—as "reminding one of De Morgan." A certain inconsequence of manner, a suggestive fragmentariness of dialogue, the book has in common with "Joseph Vance" and its successors. But the absence of digression—the De Morgan trait

most certain to be imitated by a deliberate copyist—should alone acquit Mr. Bashford of conscious discipleship. No doubt he has read Mr. De Morgan and taken heart, observed that it is not out of the question to break clear of the pat and explicit convention of the modern novel. He has written a story of original power and charm—about half the length, some (not all) readers will be relieved to know, of a De Morgan novel. The speech, being chiefly that of young persons, runs for the most part in that astonishing vernacular with which we are constrained to credit the juvenile Briton and some others. Everything is jolly, or ripping, or rotten; indeed we find a host (no longer very young) apologizing for the "jolly rotten dinner" upon which some casual guests have stumbled. The host is Robin, the hero of the tale. His father is a retired officer whose pension dies with him, and Robin is forced to go up to London to seek his fortune. He is placed in a nonconformist family, is converted, and becomes engaged to the pretty and pious daughter of the house. But he has remarkable artistic powers, which are aroused half by accident. He begins to study, and his religious zeal (he has been a lay preacher) passes over into a pursuit of beauty. There is a model, a very different person from Mr. Galsworthy's stupid little girl—as charming in her way as the once famous Trilby (does she charm anyone now?) and far less reprehensible. Robin and she very nearly make a mess of it, and the pretty nonconformist releases him. He becomes a successful sculptor, and in the end marries the girl he left behind him as a playfellow when he first came up to London. Not a particularly novel plot, you may say—the delightful freshness of it is in the telling. And in one way Mr. Bashford indubitably does "remind one of De Morgan": in the hearty and healthy optimism which is the note of the whole matter.



## The Lounger



THE few words that Mr. Robert Collier printed in *Collier's Weekly* on the death of his father, Peter Feneion Collier, were all that such words

Young Mr. Collier has long been the dominating spirit of the *Weekly*, though his father's guiding hand has always been upon his shoulder. The



ROBERT COLLIER

Present head of the Collier publishing house

should be; for they were affectionate without being sentimental, and confident without boastfulness in speaking of what he proposed to do in carrying out his father's ideas.

elder Collier was a self-made man, and a very successful man. At one time he was principally a publisher of books, but it is as the founder of *Collier's Weekly* that his name will

be handed down. His private life was very much that of an English, or perhaps I should say an Irish, squire. He had a fine country place in New Jersey where he indulged his love of sport. His favorite amusement was riding to hounds. He was a fine horseman, and it was not out of keeping that he should have come to his death at the Riding Club, of which he was a moving spirit. His son is now the sole proprietor of *Collier's* and the Collier publications, and he not only loves his business, but has been trained to it since his college days, and has already made his mark as an editor.



Although the late Charles Warren Stoddard wrote a number of books, it will be by the little volume "South Sea Idyls," written over thirty-five years ago, that he will be best known. That is a charming book. The others are in very much the same spirit, but they will be forgotten when that is being read with as much avidity as when it first charmed the reading public.



As Mr. Rockefeller passes out from the pages of the *World's Work*, Mr. Alexander Irvine, lay preacher of the Church of the Ascension, passes in. Mr. Rockefeller has told us how he worked up to multimillionaireship, and Mr. Irvine will tell us how he worked up to socialism. Mr. Irvine, though a socialist, is not at odds with Mr. Rockefeller. In a published interview he expresses not only admiration for the man but also for his doctrines, so the *World's Work* will not be giving us an antidote to the poison which some people associate with the name of Rockefeller. What Mr. Irvine writes will be interesting, but I hardly think it worth while to sow broadcast the doctrines of socialism.



Mrs. Kenneth Brown is most fortunate in having her book "Haremlik" appear at the psychological

moment. Her name does not sound very Turkish, but before she married the young American novelist, Mr. Kenneth Brown, she was a Miss Demetra Vaka. She is a Greek whose ancestors lived for centuries in Constantinople, and she was born in that city and knows as much of the life of the Turk as we do of the life of the American. As is the custom in Turkey, a marriage had been "arranged" for her; but, although she had not yet imbibed the spirit of the American girl, it must have been latent in her, for she revolted from this unpleasant situation and came alone and penniless to the United States before she was eighteen years of age. Here she worked on a Greek newspaper. Having been well educated, she knew French almost as well as her native tongue, and she had not been here long before she obtained a position as teacher of that language in a fashionable boarding school. Some years ago she returned to Turkey and visited the harems or her oldtime friends. In this way she refreshed her memory of Turkish social conditions, and hence her book "Haremlik," which, as I have already said, was published at the psychological moment.



John Davidson, the English poet, who died by his own hand recently, was not an orthodox Christian. He was a gloomy man, and embittered by his want of recognition. How any man who wrote such poems and novels as he wrote could expect to make a living by his work is hard to understand. He did have friends, though, and loyal ones, who when he was suffering the pangs of poverty raised money for him and provided him with work. He was given book-reviewing, but he hated it. The poetry of the present generation of poets did not interest him, and no wonder. The late Sir Wemyss Reid succeeded in having him put on the civil list, but that meant only £100 a year.





A fantasy by Gilbert Holiday

From the *London Graphic*

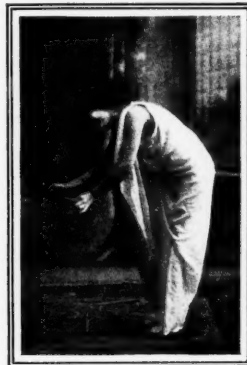
#### THE MOMENTOUS BUDGET OF 1909

There are those who honestly believe that Mr. Lloyd George's budget will prove the undoing of Great Britain. Nothing that has happened in recent years has so stirred things up. Its tendencies certainly do seem to be more or less socialistic—more rather than less,—and their working out will be watched with no little interest on both sides of the water.



It is almost impossible to pick up a magazine or weekly in this coun-

try without reading something about Mr. Roosevelt's African hunting-ground, either from the pen of some one who has been there, some one who is there now, or some one who is going; and all these accounts are copiously illustrated by snap-shots and maps. It is not so odd that this should be so in our own magazines, but it is rather hard to pick up English periodicals and find the same thing. Mr. A. R. Dugmore has gone ahead of Mr. Roosevelt, and is furnishing snap-shots and maps to English



From the *London Tatler*

MME. MAGDELEINE THE "UNCONSCIOUS DUSE"

as well as to American periodicals. You can't get away from Africa, turn where you will.

To invent a new dance is the object now of every vaudeville "artist" before the public. We have Greek

dances, Indian dances, Serpent dances, Fire dances, and every sort of a dance that could possibly be thought of; and now they have a dance in London which is called the "Hypnotic Dance." The lady who does this hypnotic dance is known as Madame Magdeleine. In an interview printed in the *Tattler* of London, Madame Magdeleine says: "I am no automaton, I am an artist; only I require to be put in the trance before I can carry out my art." Now if this is n't exciting, I should like to know why. Think of it,—a lady who dances in a trance!



When asked if she saw or felt anything external when dancing, she answered, to illustrate her point, that a doctor once kept pricking her arms while she danced, and that she felt nothing and went on dancing; it did not hurt her, but she knew what he was doing. Madame Magdeleine, according to the *Tattler*, is of romantic origin. She was born at Tiflis; her mother was a Georgian, a natural dancer, and her father was a Switzer from Geneva, who lived for some years in Persia, where "he became a millionaire in the process of setting up palaces for the Shah." Then he lost his money and returned to Geneva. Madame Magdeleine was then six years of age. Her uncle, who was a dancing-master, taught her to dance. At the age of twelve, she played the piano; at fifteen, won a prize as a singer; at eighteen she went to Paris, and seven years later married and in the course of time "had two fine, healthy children." She now began to get headaches which were so violent that she felt that she would go mad.



Having suffered many things of many physicians, she finally consulted Professor Magnin, who had made a great reputation as a healer of nervous diseases. He was a psycho-therapist and hypnotized her three times a week. Soon she was well again; and meanwhile he had made a great discovery. At the chiming of

a certain clock in his consulting room, Professor Magnin noticed his patient's features assume an ecstatic expression. A few weeks later he got a musician to play a Chopin waltz while she was in one of her trances, and she danced it magnificently. It is through the hypnotic suggestion of Professor Magnin that Madame Magdeleine does these dances which have set London quite mad. Probably by the time this paragraph is in print, some enterprising American manager will have secured Professor Magnin and Madame Magdeleine. Her dancing is said to exceed in grace and charm that of any dancer that has been seen on the London stage. Whether Madame Magdeleine could dance and act without the influence of Prof. Magnin remains to be seen. She is apparently the Trilby to his Svengali. Her case has been investigated by the best-known medical experts in London, who pronounce it a genuine one of hypnotic condition.



There is a law against sending indecent literature (which includes pictures) through the mails, and yet there seems to be no law against the parading of indecent posters and indecent photographs along the streets. Where does Anthony Comstock draw the line, I wonder? He not long ago arrested a young woman clerk at the Art Students' League for sending out an art publication that contained studies from the nude. The pictures were reproductions from the artists' drawings and were intended only for artists and art-students. Mr. Comstock had no more reason to arrest that young woman than he would have to arrest the young woman who takes tickets at the door of the Academy of Design because there are "nudes" among the pictures hanging on the walls. I remember a most charming one in last winter's exhibition, of a female figure clothed only in sunshine and shadow. Why did Mr. Comstock let that escape him? When you call a thing art, this censor of our morals lowers his horns and charges at it

furiously; but when it is downright indecency and flaunted along Broadway, he sometimes turns his head and fails to see it. The posters and photographs used to advertise "The Girl from Rector's" and "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge" are indecent beyond description; nothing half so vulgar has been flaunted in the face of the public before. They are exhibited with but one intention, and it would be childish to call them "suggestive." Yet nothing is done to prevent their being openly and bodily paraded before the passers-by, be they old or young. One can refrain from going to see the plays that they advertise, but one cannot very well refrain from walking or driving through the streets. Assemblyman Murphy's bill is a step in the right direction, although it leaves much to be desired.



There is much to be done in suppressing the obscene penny-in-the-slot pictures, as well as the two-dollars-in-the-box-office plays. Some of the former are as degrading as the plays I have mentioned. How men and women can be found to pose for such pictures is beyond my imagination; and they are offered for the entertainment of children! It may be that we shall have to submit to the dictation of a censor, after all. I should be very sorry to have it come to this, but I am sorrier for the hideous exhibitions that have been offered to the public in this year—not of grace, but of disgrace.



It is said that within the last nine or ten years about a hundred magazines have been offered for sale, and that more are for sale now or "are begging for decent shelter." There have been more changes in the magazine world in the last five or ten years than in any other branch of the publishing business. Within the last few months, I might say within the last few weeks, there have been notable changes among the magazines. Some have gone, or are

going, out of business, others have changed hands, and I have heard of one that is supposed to be among the more successful, if not the most successful, of the lower-priced magazines, which was offered for sale not many weeks ago. It was offered, so I am told, for a million dollars, which price would have been a low one if the magazine had continued to earn as much as it is reputed to have earned since it became the institution that it is to-day. For one reason or another the negotiations fell through. The buyer was ready with the cash to make the purchase, but the seller apparently changed his mind. At any rate, he packed his bag and went abroad for his usual vacation, leaving his magazine in the hands of his own people.



There is a fascination about the magazine-publishing business, but it is not what it used to be. In the old day it was "up to" the editor to make it successful. The publisher did not count for as much as he does to-day. If you made a good magazine you got readers—not as many as you get to-day, but enough; and as for advertising, which is now the bone and sinew of the magazine business, it counted for little or nothing. Advertisers looked askance at monthlies. They advertised their wares in weeklies and dailies. The original *Scribner's Magazine* (now the *Century*) was the first magazine to solicit general advertising. *Harper's Monthly* advertised only the publications of Harper & Bros.; so that *Scribner's* had to train the advertiser to advertise in magazines. He is out to reach the people, and the magazines and weeklies that count their readers by the million can get almost any price they choose to ask for their advertising space. But to get that million circulation is the thing. "The shrewdest buyers of wares now living on this planet" are said to be the buyers of advertising space. Notwithstanding all the arguments against starting magazines, or buying magazines that are already



Photograph by Pach

#### THE WAY MR. EDISON GOES ABOUT AMONG THE ORANGES

started, or have failed, there are always people eager to put their money into business of this sort. It is an interesting business, there is no doubt of that, but it is a trying business as well. The competition, not only for advertising but for authors, is nerve-racking. In the good old times before the panic, an author could get any price he asked or that his agent asked for him; but now magazines do not have so many of the popular writers' names. They have a few, just enough to attract attention; but they fill in with the less famous and the less expensive writers. After a while, however, these less expensive writers will become famous, and then they will be having their innings; and then the editors will be looking around for promising youngsters to take their places. And so the wheel goes round.

Where is the wonderful storage battery that Mr. Edison was going to make, so that the poorest of us could have electric motor-cars? I see by the accompanying picture that the inventor runs about in an electric, but I do not believe it is the one whose propelling power he has been at work upon for so long.

22

I am immensely interested in a description I have been reading of a "safe and sanitary house for \$1000." The hotel described by Mr. Upton Sinclair in his "Metropolis" could not have any more labor-saving devices or modern conveniences. The houses described are building in a suburb of Washington; and they are to be built by the Standard Oil Company in its model town at Bayonne, N. J. They may be the same as those

invented by Mr. Edison; but his, I believe, are to be seen only on Long Island. They are wonderful houses, and a touch seems to be able to accomplish all the work. There is only one thing about them that I do not like, and that is that one must take one's bath in the kitchen! "A substantial sink is built into one corner of the kitchen with a watertight partition, so that it can be divided into two tubs for washing and rinsing clothes, or left in a single tub for bathing." Dishes need not be washed in this tub, unless the lady of the house so desires, provision being made for a smaller sheet-iron sink, which may be attached for the purpose. Let us hope that the little sheet-iron sink will be made obligatory. I know that in farm-houses and the homes of working men, other things than dishes are sometimes washed at the sink, and it is not uncommon to see a toothbrush reposing on the ledge over the kitchen faucets, one brush sometimes serving for the entire family. I recall having once looked out of a back window in a country town into the yard of a native family, each member of which not only took his harmless, necessary morning wash at the hydrant, but used in turn the family toothbrush, conveniently tied within reach of large and small. I may add that I had often admired the white and shining teeth of this family, little dreaming how they were obtained.



A clerical correspondent writes as follows to Dr. Robertson Nicoll of the burial of Swinburne:

Amid scenes of idyllic beauty, and on one of the fairest days of the early spring-time, the body of the last great Victorian poet was simply but impressively laid to rest in the parish churchyard of Bonchurch, Isle of Wight. Close by is the old home of his early days, now converted into a convent, and the quaint little church and graveyard, now disused, where John Sterling rests. Amongst the crowd which thronged the churchyard I noticed the

Rev. J. H. Jowett and Mrs. Jowett, who are spending a few days at Shanklin, silent and reverent spectators of the solemn event. Only one note was wanting to complete the harmony of what might have been a fitting and beautiful close to a distinguished life.

Swinburne was not an orthodox Christian as orthodoxy goes to-day, and that, I fancy, accounts for the missing "note."



Whenever I see a table of figures showing how some one has lived on nothing a day, I am always interested. I recently read an article in the *World's Work* recording "A Rich Personal Experience Without Financial Margin." It is the story of a woman librarian who was left a widow with one child and who took a position at \$50 a month in the public library of a prosperous village of six thousand people. She was obliged to hire a girl to take care of the child while she worked in the library. Her monthly expenses for the first six months were at the rate of \$46. That did not leave much for the cat, as the saying is. This four dollars surplus had to furnish clothing for the mother and child and provide for the incidentals, which usually are much more than they are expected to be. The little servant girl, to whom she could only afford to pay four dollars a month, wearied of her position and resigned. Then the librarian had to turn in and do her own work, as well as the work of the library. She gives us the figures for food for a year, and they come to \$164.49. Her whole expenses for the year, including rent, service, gas, furniture, food, clothing and incidentals, come to \$564.70. If it were not for her child, she would not care to live. He makes all the difference. He is her "compensation for the past, her consolation for the present and her hope for the future." It is a pretty bitter story, and the worst part of it is that it is true, and that there are many others like it, and some even worse.





From the London *Graphic*

THE BEATIFICATION OF JOAN OF ARC—SCENE IN ST. PETER'S, ROME

It cost the Roman Catholic Church \$250,000 to make Joan of Arc a saint; it cost Joan her life. The Maid is now known as the "Blessed" and "Protectress of France." Later on she will be "The Venerable Servant of God"—a title bestowed on candidates for sainthood when "the Devil's

Advocate" has been defeated. If ever a human being deserved the honor of sainthood it is the Maid of Orleans. So far as the Church goes, she has had to wait many centuries for it; but so far as the world at large could confer it upon her, she has had it ever since her martyrdom.

They say that Mr. Howells is in his seventy-second year. I think they must have transposed the figures. Mr. Howells cannot be as old as this. He has always been mature, but never old—for I suppose that a man of seventy-two must be considered old. As far as his writing goes, it is as fresh as ever; and as for his appearance, he is a little stouter and a little grayer than he used to be, but he is no old man. Still, he is no longer a very young man; and yet it seems to me but a few years since, like young Lochinvar, he came out of the West and settled in the East as the presiding genius of the *Atlantic Monthly*. He was a delightful Mr. Howells then, and he is a delightful Mr. Howells to-day. Howells, James, Aldrich and Harte were the "big four" of the active literary world thirty years ago. Aldrich and Harte are dead. Howells and James, whose names were the most frequently coupled, are still living and still writing. And long may they live, and long may they write.



Mr. Hiram Percy Maxim is not only offended, but hurt, by the attitude of some people towards the "silencer" he has made for guns. He thinks the outcry against it as a burglar's or murderer's weapon is hysterical. He argues that the size of the appliance for an ordinary revolver, one of thirty-eight or forty-four calibre, would be too big to be carried on a concealed weapon; and this he seems to think settles the question. It may settle the question of the burglar, but not necessarily of the murderer. The murderer could carry the silencer-fitted revolver under his coat, whereas it might interfere with the work of the burglar. He could not get at it quick enough if it were concealed. The murderer would have plenty of time. With smokeless powder and a noiseless revolver he could arrange his deadly work so that it would be difficult to discover him. It is hard enough at best to discover murderers in these days, but with

science playing into their hands it would be even more difficult. Mr. Maxim cites as one of the attractions of his silencer that we can have target practice in our own houses, "without causing the slightest disturbance." "In fact," he tells us, "to meet this demand for house target-practice, the company marketing the silencers has had to invent a sand-box bullet-stop for indoor shooting." This does not call up a very attractive picture before my eyes. I see myself coming home unexpectedly, letting myself in with a noiseless latch-key, so as to give my family a pleasant surprise, and being shot to death as I cross my threshold by a "silenced" pistol in the hands of a relative who is doing a little target-practice down the hall.



The great writers of the last generation are slowly but surely passing away and leaving almost no one to take their places. This is not idle croaking; it is gospel truth. Who, among the poets of the younger generation, will compare with Swinburne, in achievement or fame? Who is there, in the younger generation of novelists, to compare with Meredith? Thomas Hardy, you may say; but he is not of the younger generation, and he is no longer writing novels. Phillips? Yes; there is greatness in his novels of the moor, but his field is too restricted for his work to rank with Meredith's. Still, he is one of the big men, and I thank heaven he is still living and still writing. Meredith was never one of my favorites, though I admire some of his novels immensely. Others I cannot understand, any more than if they were written in Esperanto. (By the way, what has become of that to-be-universal language? I hear that some of its former devotees are already devising a still more perfect tongue!) "Diana of the Crossways" is my favorite among Meredith's books, but some of his younger admirers find that fine story too obvious. To them I recommend "The Amazing



From a sketch by Mortimer Menpes

GEORGE MEREDITH

Courtesy of Frederick Keppel & Co.



From the painting by J. W. Alexander.

Property of the Colony Club

MRS. J. BORDEN HARRIMAN

Marriage." There is nothing obvious about that!



Mrs. J. Borden Harriman has been President of the Colony Club since its inception a few years ago. The portrait here reproduced, was presented to the Club by a number of its members and hangs in a conspicuous place in the Assembly Room of the clubhouse in Madison Avenue. Mr. Alexander (who, by the way, is now President of the National Academy of Design) has caught the elegance and distinction of his subject, and made a picture that is something more than a mere portrait.



What is it that happens to the character of a man the moment he becomes a chauffeur? Before joining the ranks of the drivers of motor-cars, a man may be as honest and as trustworthy as a church warden, but the moment he gets his license in his pocket, and his hand on the wheel, his character seems to change, and he becomes possessed of a demon of recklessness and dishonesty. As a clerk or a mechanic he would no more think of robbing his employer than he would think of flying, but once a chauffeur he will not hesitate to take his master's car and use it as his own, driving it like the very devil of speed, and running every risk of its destruction. Often, in nine cases out of ten, he destroys either the car or whoever may be in his path—or both. Only a short time ago a chauffeur took his employer's new seven-thousand-dollar car and completely ruined it, while taking some of his friends on a "joy ride." For this form of dishonesty and wilful destruction of another's property there is, at the present writing, no redress, though relief is promised in a bill which Governor Hughes may have approved by the time this is printed.



I do not say that all chauffeurs are dishonest, but I do say that too many

of them are; for many even of those who may not destroy their employers' cars will practise every form of graft upon him. That the chauffeur is the bugbear of the car-owner is so well established a fact as to be hardly worth mentioning; it is thoroughly understood. Happy the man who drives his own car, for he is not the slave and dupe of another man. A large part of the chauffeur trouble is due to the garage. If chauffeurs were not allowed to take out cars without a record being made each time, and such time cards being submitted to the owner every week, it would go far toward stopping the joy-riders. As the situation is now, I really think the happiest man is he who rides in his friend's car rather than in his own. Talk about sending missionaries to convert the heathen!—it would be better to send them up to the garages, to convert the chauffeurs and the men who help to make them dishonest.



The Baroness Orczy has invented a woman Sherlock Holmes in "Lady Molly of Scotland Yard." She promises to be a most interesting and exciting person; she will surely be dramatic, as the Baroness Orczy has one eye on the stage when she writes, with the success of her play, "The Scarlet Pimpernel," always before her. The great success of this play, which was also a novel, has rather an irritating effect upon the author; she is always being told that she can never equal "The Scarlet Pimpernel." She thinks she has not only equalled but surpassed it, but it still remains a favorite with the public. "Lady Molly" is in an entirely different vein. The heroine is "a woman of hairbreadth escapes, strange disguises, marvellous feminine intuitions, and an unrivalled scent for a motive—especially where women are concerned." "The Scarlet Pimpernel"—to return to that favorite tale—was a play before it was a book, and it is a curious thing that neither the Baroness Orczy nor her husband, who helped her to write



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HOLBEIN'S "CHRISTINA OF DENMARK"

it, had ever been behind the scenes in their lives. This disproves the argument that no one can write a successful play who has not had some experience in the theatre.



Before this paragraph is printed, it will be known that the lovers of art in England have not been able to prevent Holbein's famous painting, "Christina of Denmark," from leaving their country. The portrait was painted when Henry VIII thought of making the Princess one of his string of wives. Its sale to Messrs. Colnaghi & Co.—for an American client, it is understood—was announced on April 30; the announcement being accompanied by a statement that the owner, the Duke of Norfolk, had given the Trustees of the National Gallery (in whose care it has been, for years past, as a loan) a month's time to purchase it at \$330,000 in behalf of the Nation. Mr. Lloyd George, Chancellor of the Exchequer, said the Government could not buy it; but an unofficial movement was





Designed by Francis B. Wheaton.

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started to save it for the country, the first contributor being the Right Hon. Lewis Harcourt, who offered \$50,000 to that end. Mr. Harcourt's wife being a niece of Mr. Pierpont Morgan, that gentleman is probably not the prospective purchaser. It is rumored that the future owner will be Mr. H. C. Frick of New York or Mr. P. B. Widener of Philadelphia. Sir Philip Burne-Jones declares that if the panel comes to America, the painting will be lost to the world, as it will inevitably crack in the overheated room or gallery in which it will be hung.

The writing of what may fairly be regarded as the American National Anthem—unsingable as it is by the untrained voice—is appropriately signalized by the placing of a tablet at Fort McHenry, Maryland, at the spot where the flag was flying during the bombardment of September 13, 1814, when Francis Scott Key saw it and was inspired by the sight to write his stirring, patriotic lines. The tablet was cast in this city at the bronze foundry of John Williams, Inc., from designs furnished by Mr. Francis B. Wheaton, Advisory Architect to the War Department.



# Noteworthy Books of the Month



## Travel and Description

Brown, Demetra Vaka  
Greely, A. W.  
Lees, Frederic  
Robinson, Charles V.

Haremluk  
Handbook of Alaska  
A Summer in Touraine  
The British Tar in Fact and Fiction

*Houghton*  
*Scribner*  
*McClurg*  
*Harper*

## Poetry and Belles-Lettres

Booth, William Stone  
  
Finck, H. T.  
Garrison, Theodosia  
Hewlett, Maurice  
Peck, Harry Thurston  
Swinburne, Algernon C.  
Symons, Arthur

Some Acrostic Signatures of Francis  
Bacon  
Grieg and His Music  
The Joy of Life  
Artemision  
Studies in Several Literatures  
Three Plays of Shakespeare  
Plays, Acting and Music

*Scribner*  
*Lane*  
*Kennerley*  
*Scribner*  
*Dodd, Mead*  
*Harper*  
*Dutton*

## Fiction

Bachelor, Irving  
Butler, Ellis Parker  
Chamberlain, Lucia  
Danby, Frank  
Davis, Richard Harding  
Futelle, Jacques  
Glasgow, Ellen  
Glyn, Elinor  
Klein, Charles  
McCall, Sidney  
McCutcheon, G. B.  
Partridge, Anthony  
Rideout, Henry Miller  
Waller, Mary E.  
Ward, Mrs. Humphry  
Williamson, C. N. and A. M.

The Hand-Made Gentleman  
Mike Flannery on Duty and Off  
The Other Side of the Door  
Sebastian  
The White Mice  
Elusive Isabel  
The Romance of a Plain Man  
Elizabeth Visits America  
The Music-Master  
Red Horse Hill  
The Alternative  
The Kingdom of Earth  
Dragon's Blood  
A Year Out of Life  
Marriage à la Mode  
Set in Silver

*Harper*  
*Doubleday, Page*  
*Bobbs-Merrill*  
*Macmillan*  
*Scribner*  
*Bobbs-Merrill*  
*Macmillan*  
*Duffield*  
*Dodd, Mead*  
*Little, Brown*  
*Dodd, Mead*  
*Little, Brown*  
*Houghton*  
*Appleton*  
*Doubleday, Page*  
*Doubleday, Page*

## Miscellaneous

Dickinson, G. Lowes  
du Maurier, Guy  
Hartt, Rollin Lynde  
Hueffer, Oliver Madox  
Mathews, John L.  
Miller, Irving S.  
Münsterberg, Hugo  
Rockefeller, John D.

Is Immortality Desirable?  
An Englishman's Home  
The People at Play  
The Book of Witches  
Remaking the Mississippi  
The Psychology of Thinking  
The Eternal Values  
Random Reminiscences of Men  
and Events

*Houghton*  
*Harper*  
*Houghton*  
*McBride*  
*Houghton*  
*Macmillan*  
*Houghton*

Wagner

Letters of Richard to Minna Wagner

*Doubleday*  
*Scribner*

Noteworthy recent publications are recorded on this page, the list serving as a supplement to the reviews and literary notes on the preceding pages. Books bearing the imprint of G. P. Putnam's Sons are not included.

